

TUCSON • ARIZONA CITY MAGAZINE

September 1987

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El Nacho

He escaped poverty in Mexico, he inspired fear everywhere, and he died violently in Tucson. By Charles Bowden and Arturo Carrillo Strong.

Is the CIA at Marana?

Nobody's certain, but those dudes sure act weird.

The Graying of Tucson

Developers are ringing us with Sun Cities. And these folks vote no.

☐ Popes Just Wanna Have Fun

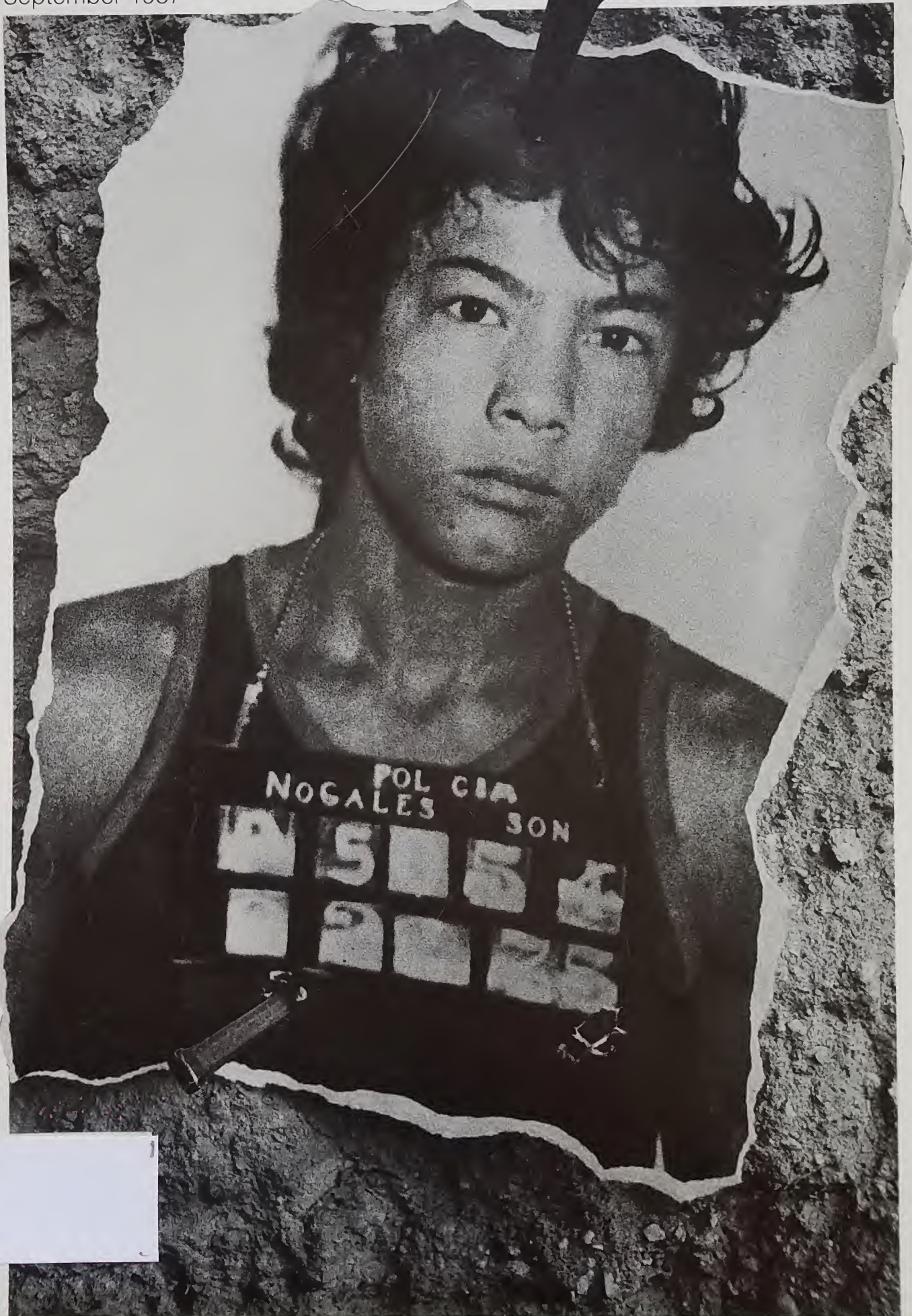
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☐ The Arizona Starr

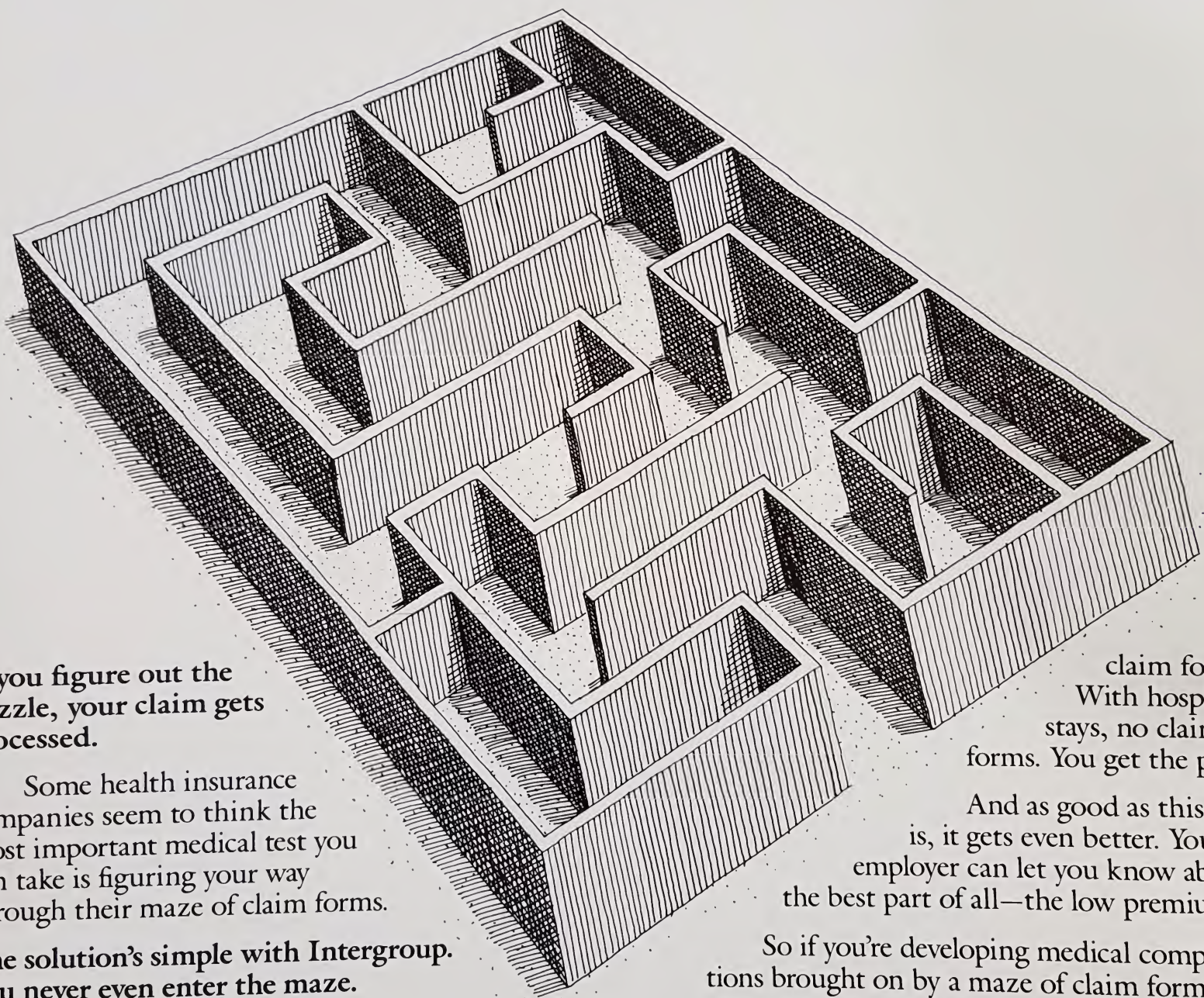
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Fox Theater, Tucson (1933) Courtesy of Arizona Historical Society/Tucson

FEATURES

29 El Nacho

He ran drugs, he murdered wantonly. His own death did not end the killing. By Charles Bowden and Arturo Carrillo Strong.

36 What the Pope Should Do In Arizona

Park the Popemobile and take a schlep through the real Southwest! Drawings by Ned Sutton.

38 Spooks at the Edge of Town

You've heard all those rumors about the CIA out in Marana. Now meet the outfit. By C. Roger Fulton, Jr.

42 The Magic Wood

It makes elemental furniture, Arizona style. By Tom Dollar.

49 The Graying of Tucson

So you like to boast that we're home to Arizona's hip intelligentsia, while Phoenix elected Ev Mecham? Just wait. By Norma Coile.

DEPARTMENTS

5 Letters

Resorts ruckus. Too many ads (in our dreams!). Save the ironwood.

8 Where to Howl

Guide to good times. Food and drink, music, theater, art and other things—including a walk around the world.

23 Desert Notes

A great idea gets scrambled at HPBooks. Tucson's new symphony conductor worries affably. And a very private battle of hearts and minds.

55 Straight Shots

Textures. By Keith Schreiber.

60 Local Custom

The annual pilgrimage to Magdalena is the price for miracles. By Jim Griffith.

66 One of Us

For Lynn Pyeatt, TGIF means calf-roping time.

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COLUMNS

12 Theatre

After last year's thorny season, Arizona Theatre Company takes a walk on the mild side. By Lee Thorn.

20 Rednecks

Where Bubba Hernandez would go for chili dogs. By Emil "Billy Bob" Franz.

58 Sports

It's first-and-ten in Arizona. Can Bart Starr still throw the long ball? By Richard S. Vonier.

62 Byrd

Even above the hubbub at Sears, St. Jude hears prayers. By Byrd Baylor.

64 Books

Why our history is too sexy to be left to the historians. By Charles Bowden.

Cover: Photo illustration by Hal Gould and James J. Forsmo.

All available back issues can be obtained from Bookman's, Arizona's largest bookstore—1930 East Grant Road, at Campbell. 325-5767.

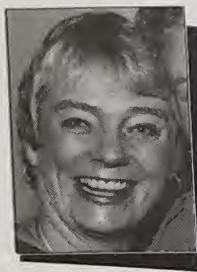
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HOWDY



Howdy,

No campaign rhetoric here this month, no preview of what's in the magazine, no iguana's eye-view of what the Contras are doing to the environment in Nicaragua. I wanna talk about something serious:

The damn phone book.

It's been a mess for several years. This summer, InterBell or Mountain West or whatever the hell the phone company calls itself now, has managed to botch it even more. The new one's been out a month and I still haven't figured out how to use it. Don't say I'm just a dumb lizard. If I can invent a magazine, I oughta be able to look up a phone number.

To start with, there are twenty-one pages of instructions and notices telling you what the phone company will and won't do for you. Some of this is pretty discouraging. For example, did you know that if you want to call another country, neither the phone book nor the operator will tell you how? For international dialing procedures, you're supposed to "contact your long-distance company." Well, my long-distance company is Sprint, but how am I supposed to contact it? It ain't in the book.

I guess I should say it ain't in either book. Every year they seem to split up the listings in a different way. This year most of the white pages and some of the yellow pages are in the thin book, and all the yellow pages and some of the white pages are in the thick book. Got that? Good. Remember that some of the white pages are actually what the yellow pages used to be (business numbers), and while just a few of these are in the thin book, all of them are in the thick book.

Not confused yet? Suppose you want to call a public school. If it's in the Amphi district, you'll find it under the name of the school. If it's in TUSD, you'll only find it in the district's listing. Don't know which district it's in? Doesn't matter; you don't know which book to look in, anyway.

One more thing: The covers are ugly.

Here at *City Magazine*, we think stuff like this is worth griping about because we care about this town. We care about how it looks and how it works. And when something's wrong, we suggest a fix.

So here it is: Put all the white pages in one book and all the yellow in the other. Forget "regional" books; gimme the whole city. Tell me how to dial Mexico and Finland. Cut the rates so I won't have to fool with Sprint. And put a nice picture of a gila monster on the cover.

Iggy Lizardo

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LETTERS

At Least You Weren't Waiting for Godot

When I received your complimentary copy back in December, I decided to wait six months before subscribing! You've made it!! I especially enjoy the "Where to Howl" section.

Virginia Hiatt

Local Disinvestment

I sent in an application for a subscription to your publication, but after reading Laura Greenberg's article on "Palm Springs, Arizona" containing the section on Westin La Paloma, I have decided to cancel my application. A publication that writes glorifyingly of a place that practices bigotry does not deserve my fifteen dollars.

Thank you

Gabriel Bazarro

P.S. You wasted film on that place, Laura.

We Thought Souls Never Had To Squirm

After all the breathless letters in your July issue, I feel compelled to add my two bits. Your cover story on Tucson resorts confirms what longtime readers know: Few writers can wield an adjective with the rapier grace of Laura Greenberg.

Still, my ex-editor's soul squirms over such mundane matters as details. Without resorting to a line-by-line analysis, jump to this observation: "One day, when you notice a Saks pop up seemingly from nowhere, it will have been preordained." Preordained? By which gods, I ask. One neat thing about the West: We have nifty devices like initiatives, referenda and recalls, which help keep a vestige of power within the reach of people.

Two final comments: Unless City Magazine is so wimpy it won't use real names of real persons, the cutlines accompanying the story's photos are a grand example of journalistic poo-poo. Names and pictures go together like palo verdes and beetle dung. Finally, knowing that "style" is such a touchy subject for striving writers, and with no intention to offend, your readership could use less "New York Glib," or is it "New York Slick?"

By way of kudos, congratulations on having brains enough to publish the excerpt from Edward Abbey's latest in the June issue. Now you're talkin' writin'.

Concetta Tuttle

Thanks for the Overview

Dear Laura:

Your treatment of all aspects was outstanding and I commend you for putting together a real overview of our industry.

Thanks to you and your editors for providing a new and refreshing magazine.

Andy MacLellan

General Manager

The Westin La Paloma

'Javelina Heaven' Played into Estes' Hands

I am very upset with the article, "Javelina Heaven—or Hell?" Mr. Bowden, you are a conservationist and I am enjoying your Frog Mountain book, and I had expected more accuracy in your magazine than Patric Hedlund reports in the aforementioned article.

She mentions the proposed Acacia Hills development as being like Midvale Park—"in former farmlands." If you or Hedlund had merely driven by the Acacia Hills planned area, you could see it isn't, never has been, and never could be farmland. Tempo properties may have been, but *never* the area to be called Acacia Hills.

It is a sheet flood area with lots of washes, lots of Palo Verde, and many, many ironwood. We, as a homeowners' group, are trying our desperate best to keep Estes from dozing it off in an attempt to make a "Midvale Park" of it.

This article has done us no good. You are playing into the hands of the Estes Corp. and helping them bulldoze it.

Carlotta "Scottie" Bidegain

Ironwood Forest Homeowners Association

Statement Ruins Article; Developer Will Ruin Land

In regard to "Javelina Heaven—or Hell?" in the July issue of City Magazine, why ruin an otherwise really neat article by printing an unverified statement by

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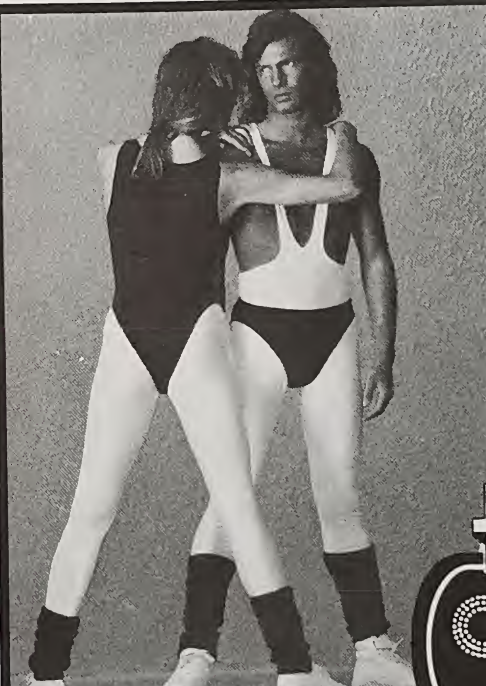
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Model: Cindy Konicke

LETTERS

a developer? You have lumped Estes' proposed development, Acacia Hills, in the same land category as Midvale Park. It doesn't surprise me that Estes worded its statement in such a manner, as we, the Ironwood Forest Homeowners Association, have been fighting their proposal for over a year and a half. What surprises me is that you would print such a statement without even looking at the area.

The fact is that the Estes Company wants to start at my back fence, bulldoze the hills, fill in the ravines, destroy the habitat of the Harris hawks, red-tailed hawks, quail, coyotes, javelina, deer, snakes of many varieties, and hundreds of other species. At the same time, they will destroy another large part of an already vanishing ironwood forest, hundreds of saguaros and mesquites, and on and on.

I hope your readers have the opportunity to see this area develop into a beautiful community which *coexists* with the environment. If, however, they are continually fed misinformation, Estes will get its way and we'll have the opportunity of seeing matching "scars" on each side of I-10, with Continental Ranch and Acacia Hills being sisters of urban blight.

Arlyne Blocker

Ironwood Forest Homeowner's Assoc.

Scaring the Living Daylights Out of the Local Beasts

"Javelina Heaven—Or Hell?" was great. I was especially relieved to discover that planners are taking nature into consideration as the desert becomes increasingly drawn and quartered.

Tell me, are these mindful souls also keeping flora and fauna in mind as they scheme...uh, I mean "plan" the proposed amphitheater at the quarry on Sentinel Peak? A recent neighborhood meeting revealed that so far their visions include 15,000 seats with a nearby parking lot that will hold 3,000 vehicles. I'm not a math person but something tells me patrons aren't gonna carpool to the concerts. And I have my doubts about the music doing anything but scaring the living daylights out of the local beasts.

Right now, the backers of this harebrained idea (mostly Californians) believe that Tucson supports the amphitheater. It's not true at the neighborhood level. We're the ones who will get to learn how to do barricades like they do

around the UA during football season. Then there is the nature contingent, still recovering from the Fourth of July bonfire out there, and unable to write letters.

Sally A. Fairbanks

At Last: A Polite, Sexless and Accurate Salutation

Gentles:

Hot summers, cool magazine. What a relief as a pastime, and as alternative local reading. Good luck!

Bill Tippet

This Wouldn't Be Recompense; It'd Be Visual Pollution

Dear Iggy,

With a male publisher and a male editor, I guess I should have expected sexually exploitative photojournalism such as that on the cover of the July issue. For recompense, why don't you sneak in a photo of the editor and publisher in their sunsuits? (We've already seen yours.)

Count on my vote, Iggy.

I Wanna Iguana

An Open Letter to an Urban Slob

The following letter is addressed to a man we met outside Eric's Fine Food and Ice Cream on Tuesday night, June 30. As we did not get his name or address, we hope you will print these words, which we couldn't find to say to him when we met on Tuesday.

Dear Sir:

We were shocked into near incoherence last night when you scolded us for picking up the empty ice cream cup you dropped to the pavement outside Eric's. You argued that it is important to litter in order to prevent a maintenance worker from losing his or her job. You added that you would never litter in the mountains, but implied that to litter in the city is to perform a good deed.

We would feel sad if a maintenance worker lost his or her job because of us, but not too sad. We dream of a day when everyone cares enough about the surroundings to make most such cleanup jobs obsolete. If you worry so much about people losing their jobs, we suggest you flush your toilet only once a week in order to give a plumber some business. When the stuff is overflowing on the floor, oozing through your house, perhaps then you will understand how we feel about folks who purposely pollute our home.

Sarah Banks

Sean Rice

Howard Waldman

Kevin Oberg Dodged the Crucial Question

The June interview with Tucson developer Kevin Oberg left me with mixed feelings. Mr. Oberg seems a likeable man, genuinely concerned (or at least aware) that Tucson's surging growth is destroying our sense of place and community. "I don't like change, either," said Mr. Oberg.

So it is doubly depressing to discover that Mr. Oberg is clamoring for more people, more roads, more "fresh, new dollars." In the end we're left with a disturbing portrait of a man driven by the dollar. "As a business guy, I gotta go make payroll on Friday; I gotta do what I gotta do." And he does it—pushing through rezoning, fighting neighborhood associations, all the while trying to convince himself and us that growth is inevitable.

Don't believe him. Tucson and Pima County can limit the number of building permits granted. They probably won't, but only because rapid growth is good business, not because of some immutable law of growth. San Diego, for example, in a last-gasp effort to save what little space remains and control population, decided last month to cut by fifty percent the annual number of building permits granted to developers.

Ultimately we will do the same—but when? When Mr. Oberg was asked, "How big do you want Tucson to get?" he replied, "Oh Jeez, I don't know." How big is big enough, Mr. Oberg? I want to know.

James Malusa

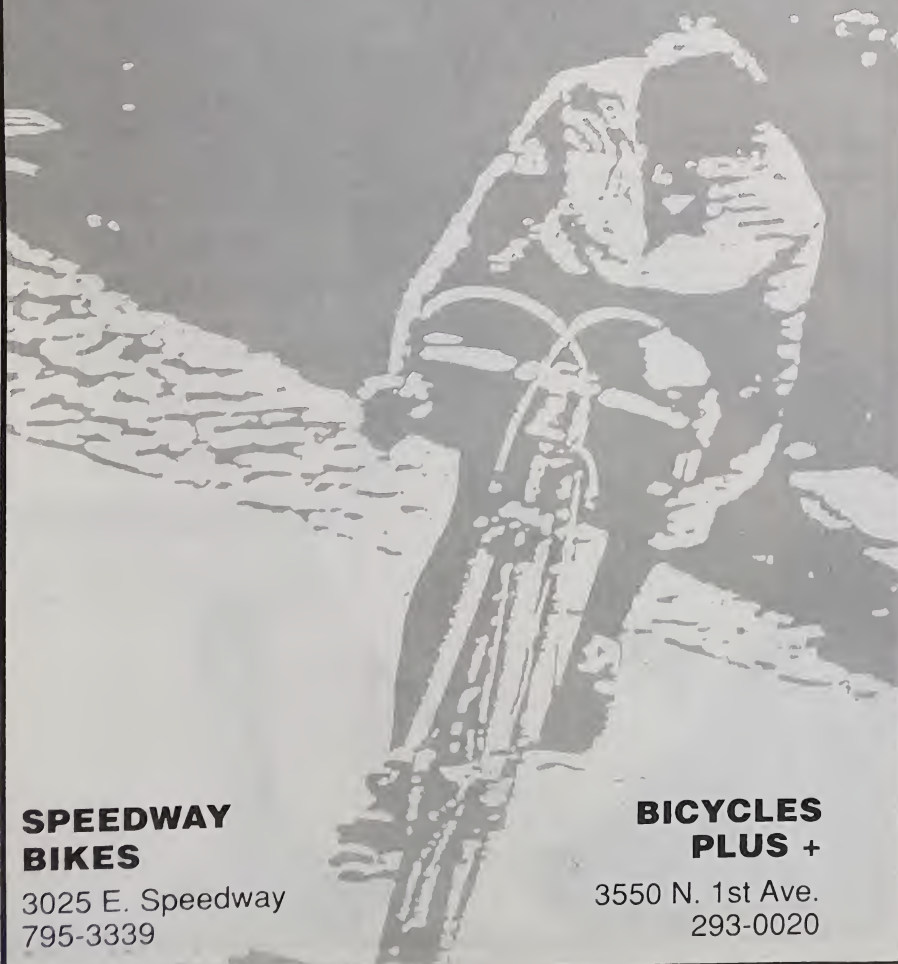
Which Magazine Are You Smoking This Month?

As agreed upon on the postcard you sent, this complimentary magazine was a trial to see if I like it and wanted to subscribe.

I do not wish to do so. I find the majority of the magazine to be advertisements. I know that is what it takes to keep any magazine or paper going. But not to this extent.

Millie Magyar

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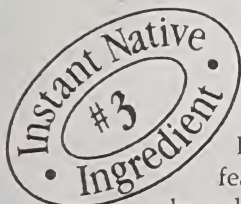
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CITY MAGAZINE



WHERE TO HOWL

TUCSON'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HAPPENING

SEPTEMBER'S CHOICE

Bikes in the Mall Sept. 1-Nov. 1

The Old Pueblo Museum at Foothills Mall, only a few months old, is proving itself to be a delightfully unpredictable gallery. First it had a show of Navajo weaving, then a dazzling display of space photography. Now comes a show devoted to the history of the bicycle. See the earliest known tandem in the U.S., a French model designed in 1869, and the first velocipede to use metal wheels with rubber tires. Also, bike posters, art, memorabilia. Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sun. noon-5 p.m. Free.

Ground Hugging Sept. 5-6

The annual low-rider car show has people cruisin' to the TCC arena—real slow. These cherried American vehicles (Ever seen a low-riding Toyota?), painted, polished and chromed to within an inch of their lives, are rolling works of art and contemporary cultural artifacts—if not remarkably practical transportation. Low-riders from around the Southwest will converge for this show, and the arena will be full of action, as the cars' on-board hydraulic pumps get the bodies hoppin' and rockin'. Call for exact times. Adm. charge. Info. 791-4101.

Russia Hangs in There El Presidio Gallery Sept. 12-Sept. 27

A special exhibition by four contemporary Russian artists. Juri Arak exhibits paintings and prints in watercolor, oils and acrylics; Nikolai Barchenkov and Juris Demiters display oil paintings; and Andrei Gennadiev shows watercolors and etchings. A rare opportunity to peer into the modern Russian soul. Sponsored by the Tucson Center for U.S.-U.S.S.R. Initiative. Proceeds benefit the organization. Reception Sept. 12, 5-8 p.m. and Sept. 13 from 2-4 p.m. Adm. charge. 182 N. Court Ave. Info. 884-7379.

Casablanca in the Desert Through Sept. 9

Westin La Paloma has created a fantasy this summer with Rick's Café Americain, a reproduc-



1987 Phyl Dodge

tion of the club from the classic movie "Casablanca" with the legendary Humphrey Bogart. The La Paloma staff watched the movie more times than most fanatics and painstakingly re-created its set. Transport yourself back to the 1930s and enjoy authentic Moroccan cuisine—fresh salads brimming from handmade bowls, hot and cold hors d'oeuvres, grilled fish, roasted chicken and grilled lamb and beef. Pianist David Syme will be playing Gershwin tunes to set the wistful and romantic mood. Play it again, Dave. Info. 742-6000.

The Courts Need You

The Pima County Juvenile Court Center needs volunteers to assist in all departments of the court. Needed are people who will help troubled kids in one-on-one relationships, tutors, etc. No experience required, but the Court Center stresses that volunteers should themselves be well-adjusted and have some spare time. This is a challenge. Info. 882-2061.

Wildcats Return Sept. 12, 19

Arizona football burst into the big time under Larry Smith, gaining national recognition, graduating numerous players into NFL careers and repeatedly humiliating the once-potent Sun Devils. Now there's a new coach, a new quarterback, a new style of offense, and, as they say, that makes it a whole new ball game. Will the Cats remain impressive under coach Dick Tomey? There should be some indications in

the season opener against Iowa Sept. 12 and the second game against New Mexico on the 19th, both at Arizona Stadium. Info. 621-2411 and good luck at getting tickets.

Orchestra Returns Sept. 18, 20

The Tucson Symphony Orchestra's nucleus, the Chamber Orchestra, is an ensemble in search of an audience. It plays expertly and probes intriguing repertoire, but even after several years of concerts, it hasn't yet caught on. Too bad this may be the best musical secret in town. The first pair of concerts of the season, to be led by TSO music director Bob Bernhardt, features the Bach "Brandenburg" Concerto No. 1, the Haydn Symphony No. 102 in B-flat, and the Sibelius tone poem, "Rakastava" ("The Lover"). Concerts are at 8 p.m. on the 18th in UA's Crowder Hall and 3 p.m. on the 20th in Green Valley Presbyterian Church. Admission is \$7. Info. 792-9155.

Foreign Folk Music Sept. 26

Sukay returns. The word is derived from the Quechua language of the Incas and means "to open the earth for planting." It's a spirited, four-member group that churns out rousing folk music from the Andes of South America (although one member is Swiss, one born in Brooklyn, and two are Bolivian natives.) Watch four cultures collide and unite with panpipes, notched flutes, drums and rattles and the

stringed charango (made from armadillo shell) at 8 p.m. in the Flowing Wells High School Auditorium. Tickets \$7, \$6 members. Sponsored by the Tucson Friends of Traditional Music. Info. 881-8353.

Phoenix Art Museum Sept. 18-Oct. 25 Upstairs Gallery

Picasso disciples and detractors should brave the drive to see 45 of the artist's sketchbooks dating from 1900 to 1965. It's a chronicle of the artistic evolution of the 20th century's most prolific artist. Organized by Pace Gallery, N.Y., and sponsored by American Express. Wish they'd bring this to our town.

Anniversary to Remember Sept. 23

Sixty years ago Charles Lindbergh landed a plane on the UA campus, where a cheering crowd of 25,000 (most of Tucson in 1927) greeted aviation's most celebrated hero. Tucson International Airport is commemorating that day and the growth of aviation at the executive terminal with a display of Lindbergh memorabilia including photos, postcards, patches and art. We've come a long way in aeronautical science, what with the Concorde whistling to Europe in less than three hours, but we've not found a national hero to rival Lindy. Info. 573-8135.

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WHERE TO HOWL



FLICKS

Film Aficionados Sept. 19

On April 11, 1930, thousands (yep) of Tucsonans crowded onto Congress St. for the opening of the now-defunct Fox Theater to see the premiere of "Chasing Rainbows." Well, 57 years later, you can see a rerun of the same film sans crowds at the Arizona Historical Society. They're also showing a Mickey Mouse cartoon and a Movietone newsreel. Showtime is 2 p.m. Panel discussion by local historians and film experts follows. Free at the A.H.S. auditorium, 949 E. Second St. 628-5775.

The Motherland Sept. 10, 24

The UA German Film series resumes on the 10th with "Die Blechtrommel" a.k.a. the 1978 Oscar-winning film "The Tin Drum," based on the highly acclaimed novel by Gunter Grass. Stuff for deep thinkers. On the 24th comes "Der Willi-Busch Report" (1979) about a small-town newspaper publisher trying to improve circulation through sensationalism. German with English subtitles. Sponsored in part by Robert Hall Travel. Free. UA Modern Languages Auditorium at 7:30 p.m. 621-7388 or 7385.

Katherine the Great Sept. 14, 15

Katherine Hepburn and Cary Grant star in "Bringing up Baby" (1938). They both talk and move a mile a minute in this romantic comedy. If you haven't seen it, we're not telling who or what the baby is. Part of the UA Classic Film Series at UA Modern Languages Auditorium. Adm. charge. Mon. 5:30 p.m. and 8:30 p.m. Tues. 7:30 p.m. 621-3282.

Poisoned Love Sept. 21, 22

Hollywood legends Cary Grant and Peter Lorre team up in "Arsenic and Old Lace," a tale of love and poison (not necessarily in that order). Funny. Part of the UA Classic Film Series in the Modern Languages Auditorium. Adm. charge. Mon. 5:30 p.m. and 8:30 p.m. Tues. 7:30 p.m.

621-3282. Tappin' Toes Sept. 28, 29

What happens when a French girl (Leslie Caron) and an American man (Gene Kelly, master of the two-step and more) get together? Find out in the 1951 film "An American in Paris." Part of the UA Classic Film Series at UA Modern Languages Auditorium. Adm. charge. Mon. 5:30 p.m. and 8:30 p.m. Tues. 7:30 p.m. 621-3282.



EVENTS

Winners Revealed Sept. 1-7

The Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum is showing off works of winning snappers in its tenth annual nature photography competition. Subject matter includes Arizona, Sonora, Baja California and the Sea of Cortez. Entry to exhibit hall is free. Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; 10 a.m.-4 p.m. weekends and holidays. Info. 883-1380, ext. 205.

Horsing Around Sept. 4-7

One of the largest Southwestern quarter horse shows has these beasts performing in displays of raw strength and grace, as well as Western and English pleasure classes, roping, youth and amateur competitions. Pima County Fairgrounds. Info. 293-4424 or 327-7999.

Fiesta Xochimilco Sept. 5

The League of Mexican American Women has organized this bash to promote a day of traditional dancing. Get ready to work those legs. Approx. 6 p.m. in the TCC arena. Adm. charge. 791-4101.

Wild West Days Sept. 5-7

Mild urbanites meet up with the Wild West in Tombstone at the Rendezvous of Gunfighters. Gunfight reenactments, western costume street parade and skits are just part of illustrating how the West was done. Downtown Tombstone. Info. 1-457-3929.

Telescopic Travels Sept. 4-Nov. 15

Everything you want to know about the only solar telescope in the solar system so far as we know. When launched—maybe later this year—it will orbit 368 miles above the earth for 15 years (no vacations). The primary mirror in the telescope is eight feet in diameter. The scope will be on display in the Flandrau Planetarium. Wed. Sat. at 7:30 p.m. and Sat. and Sun. at 1:30, 2:30 and 3:30 p.m. \$3.50 gen. adm., \$2.75 senior citizens, UA faculty, staff and students. 621-STAR.

Pageant Rituals Sept. 5

Watch the competition judging and crowning of Miss Tucson 1988, the first rung on the ladder toward the venerable institution of Miss America. Winner receives \$1,250 scholarship and the honor of competing in the Miss Arizona contest. General admission \$7.50, preferred seating \$15. They're also offering a four-course prime rib dinner for \$30. Dinner at 6 pageant at 7:30 at the Sheraton El Conquistador. Info. 326-0528.

Last Chance Sept. 6, 13, 20, 27

Summer's coming to a close, and the only thing that makes us sad about that is that it's the last time to lie on a blanket and relax with the Tucson Pops Orchestra in Reid Park. The temperature has come down a few degrees and the stars are shining brighter. Take advantage and take some munchies. Free. Showtime is 7:30 p.m. Info. 791-4079.

Sunday Jazz Evenings

Sept. 6, 13, 20, 27

Hang out at an elegant party with friends or snuggle up to drink alone and zone out on good tunes. Whether it's booze or sparkling water, this will wind down your weekend so Monday's 8-5 won't seem so depressing. At presstime, no announcement yet on who's jamming. The show sizzles from 4-7 p.m. Great overlook on the city or mountains from Westward Look. Take your pick, but don't miss. Free.

Creativity among the Cottonwoods

Sept. 12

Your chance to register for the Oct. 4th arts and crafts

WHERE TO HOWL

fair at Ft. Lowell Park (one of the better local fairs) and sell off the creations that took you days and nights to complete. This is capitalism at its homiest. Pick up an application at the park and mail it by Sept. 12. Fee is \$15. Info, 791-5289.

Iris Sale

Sept. 12, 13

The name of this flower comes from the Greek word for "rainbow," and the Tucson Botanical Gardens will have them in colors apropos of the name. 2150 N. Alvernon. Info, 326-9255.

Bisbee Art Festival

Sept. 12, 13

Southern Arizona's hilliest artists' colony once again puts its most popular product on sale. Outdoors in City Park in Warren, the once-snooty Bisbee suburb. From 10 a.m. 'til 6 p.m. Info, 1-432-2141.

Poetic Justice

Sept. 16, 23, 30

Visiting poet Joy Hargo reads her verse on the 16th; visiting poet and children's author Lucille Clifton gets her chance on the 23rd and Sept. 30 gives visiting wordsmith Jack Gilbert his turn. These talking heads tell it like it is, subjectively of course, at the UA Modern Languages Auditorium at 8 p.m. Free.

Foreign Folk

Sept. 18

World-renowned folksinger Vicente Fernandez of Mexico performs in the TCC arena at 8 p.m. Adm. charge. Info, 791-410.

Celebrate Freedom

Sept. 18-20

Kennedy Park is going all-out for Mexican Independence Day with arts, crafts, dancing, food and surprises. Celebrate with our southern neighbor. Info, 884-0620.

Terminally Open

Sept. 26

Tucson International Airport is hosting an open house to celebrate its latest expansion. After you devour munchies, you can tour antique and homebuilt aircraft, view local aviation art and visit the control tower. Members of the 99s Flying Club offer "nickel a pound" airplane rides throughout the day. If you're short or skinny, it's a cheap thrill, and you know your baggage won't end up in Omaha. 8 a.m.-4 p.m. If the wind is howling and cloud-

bursts are threatening, the rain date is Sept. 27. Free. Info, 573-8135.

TBG Rummage Sale

Sept. 26, 27

Love a bargain? Don't miss the Tucson Botanical Gardens rummage sale. Not just plants. Remember, the good stuff goes fast. 2150 N. Alvernon. Info on times, 326-9255.

Loggers Jubilee

Sept. 26, 27

Thirty miles from simmering midtown Tucson you can watch lumberjack competitions on Mount Lemmon's Ski Valley. Imagine big people rolling bigger logs and winning prizes for it. Not for the weak. If you don't know what loggers do, read Ken Kesey's "Sometimes a Great Notion." Noon to 5 p.m. each day. Free. Info, 576-1321.

El Rio's Quinceanera

Sept. 26

El Rio Neighborhood Center, 1390 W. Speedway Blvd., is celebrating its years of service to the community with a 15th birthday party. Join the center's quinceanera with events such as: folklorico performance, mariachis, teatro, food booths, piñatas and more surprises from 4 p.m. 'til midnight.

New Works

Sept. 27

The 6th annual new works art show is being sponsored by Sanders, Settlers West and Wolfe galleries at 6420 N. Campbell. Info, 299-1763.

Fashion for a Cause

Sept. 29

Saks Fifth Ave. is coming to Ventana Canyon Resort...but only for one day. They're presenting a fashion and luncheon benefit for the Arizona Cancer Center. See the latest in fall styles from the big city. Cost is 50 big ones but supports a worthy cause. Reservations and further info, 626-5279.

The Coffee Generation Through Sept.

Drink your way through a catalog of coffees, teas and wine at Coffee Etc. every Sunday of the month and get wired or mellow (your choice) listening to classical guitar. Same goes for Tuesdays, when this upscale coffee-house presents mainstream jazz. Shows start at 7:30 p.m. 2744 N. Campbell. 881-8070.

Go to the Dogs

Watch quick, slender dogs chase a plastic rabbit and lose your shirt. Or make a killing. Enjoy food, drink and the war cries of tense bettors. Find out if man's best friend will save you or ruin you at Tucson Greyhound Park. Races Wed.-Sun. 7:45 p.m.; Wed., Sat., Sun. 3 p.m. Info, 884-7576.

Relinquish Corpuscles

Heard those bloody Red Cross commercials going around? Blasting across Tucson's radio stations are squeaky-clean teenagers extolling the benefit of giving our most precious liquid to help other people. One of the kids says he even met his girlfriend there. If you're healthy and not squeamish, do it. Info, 623-0541.

Flappers and

Bathtub Gin

Through December

If yuppies dressed in trendy garb depress you, don't miss the Arizona Historical Society's newest exhibit—"The Era of Wonderful Nonsense," with seven female mannequins and one male dummy in authentic 1920s fashions. Free. Info, 628-5774.

Infoline

Picking up the phone never felt so good. These folks will answer any question you come up with and they do it cheerfully. You can almost see the smile on the other end of the line. Sponsored by the Tucson Public Library. Call 791-4010.

Infoline for the Hearing Impaired

The Tucson Public Library has improved its service for the hearing-impaired by installing a direct line for Telecommunication Device for the Deaf phone calls. TDD callers can now reach the library's Infoline by dialing 791-4396.

Try It Yourself

The YMCA offers courses in aerobics—beginning, intermediate, advanced, senior, low-impact. They've got it all and the prices are affordable, approximately \$18 a month. Classes meet two or three times weekly. Info, 624-7471.

Story Time

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 —Bloomsbury Review

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THEATER

A WALK ON THE MILD SIDE

This season it's safe to go back to the theater.

BY LEE THORN



Tucson's most firmly established theatrical institutions, the Arizona Theatre Company and the University of Arizona's Mainstage series, have announced their 1987-88 season's plays. Without exception, they are plays that can't offend anyone. Although ATC is fully professional and Mainstage is primarily educational, they have three important things in common: To a large extent they share the same audience (mysteriously, students are only one percent of the Mainstage playgoers); they are both big enough to survive disasters so they can and do take occasional risks; they both will be treading softly on our tender sensibilities this season.

If you were among the many who hated last season's ATC productions, you'll love this season's. If you loved last season, you may still find a lot to like and even admire this time around. Stay tuned. Last year's twentieth anniversary season was built on the theme of "American Dreams" and billed as six "funny, poignant, inspiring stories." The first was *The House of Blue Leaves* by John Guare, a play about grotesquely improbable ambition that inspires its most nearly sane character to suicide. Next came Edward Albee's *A Delicate Balance*, in which the very banality of bourgeois existence inspires characters to desperate terror. *The Marriage of Bette and Boo* by Christopher Durang was a loosely connected series of vignettes punctuated by such gems of theatrical invention as the throwing of dead babies to the floor, which inspired a whole lot of people to walk out. The comic relief arrived not a moment too soon in the form of Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker*. Then came the season's *succès de scandale*, David Mamet's *Glengarry Glen Ross*, in which salesmen talked

dirty! They talked so dirty that the ensuing controversy largely ignored the play's considerable merits and its serious substantive defects. Finally, when George Kaufman's *You Can't Take It With You* mildly mocked what now seems a very dated and silly conventionality, audiences had a chance to catch the breath that *Glengarry* had left them gasping for.

ATC, predictably, got letters complaining that the season was depressing and offensive. Despite what it looks like, the mildness of the coming season is not the consequence of that criticism. The themes and most of the plays for both seasons were decided upon at the same time. Artistic director Gary Gisselman felt that "American Dreams" would be complemented by this year's theme of "Coming of Age," which in turn would be especially appropriate for ATC's twenty-first season.

The company did react by breaking the complete season into two sub-seasons called "Heritage" and "Discovery." Theoretically, the "Heritage" season is less offensive. In reality, there's nothing in either that's even remotely depressing or offensive. Every one of the plays has been described as "optimistic." It's true that the optimism isn't of the pie-in-the-sky variety; it's rougher and more realistic, but at six for six it's also relentless.

Candide, the October season opener, is the Bernstein-Sondheim musical version of Voltaire's satirical attack on boundless optimism. The "boundless" is critical here because Gisselman will direct and he sees the play as essentially optimistic. The "Coming of Age" tie-in is that the young lovers have to see through their teacher's fatuity and get on with their lives. Gisselman would like to recap-

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THEATER

ture the "rough-and-tumble" feeling of the Broadway version that Hal Prince directed in 1974.

John Clark Donohue will direct Barbara Fields' adaptation of *Great Expectations* (November). He sees this production as a kind of "homage to (the theatrical version of) *Nicholas Nickleby*," which demonstrated that audiences could enjoy "an extreme theatricality" wherein a pocketful of confetti can become a snowstorm and actors can address the house directly and then, with just the aid of a cane or a wig, go into character before our eyes. Donohue points out that this style of theater keeps a long story moving along quickly and permits the use of large portions of Dickens' own wonderful language of narration that might tell the audience what a character is thinking or feeling. The tie to the season's theme is that Pip progresses from orphan to gentleman.

Zakes MoKae will direct and star in *Sizwi Bansi is Dead* (December). *New York Times* critic Clive Barnes described the 1974 Broadway production of this Athol Fugard work as "a joyous hymn to human nature." No one, strictly speaking, comes of age in this attack on apartheid, but the hero "embraces the future" by assuming the identity of a dead man so he can use the passbook of the deceased to increase his own mobility. (Gisselman feels that the concepts of coming of age and embracing the future are practically corollaries of each other.)

On the Verge (January) has Victorian ladies time-traveling to the America of 1955. While two of the ladies finally elect to stay in the 50's, one decides, in the words of director Donohue, "to move joyously, fearlessly, forward into the unknown," and she thereby challenges the audience to do the same. Donohue says that author Eric Overmyer, former head writer of *St. Elsewhere*, has a love of language that gives the script an exciting richness.

Gisselman hopes that his direction of Shakespeare's *The Tempest* (February) will succeed in "just illuminating that play," and will show that it's about "putting aside pettiness, taking the magic, uniting and going on to create a better world out of the debris of the past."

Lee Blessing's *A Walk in the Woods*, an optimistic view of the future of arms control, is probably but not certainly the March selection. The rights may be yanked from ATC if the play goes from the La Jolla Playhouse to Broadway.

The Studs Terkel musical (April) is being adapted by Michael Grady, a playwright whose *Dancers* opened at UA's humble Park Theatre and eventually played Washington's Kennedy Center. Of the ongoing collaboration with director Gisselman and occasion-

ally Terkel himself, Grady says, "It's so exciting it's frightening." He is still wrestling with the problem of making this play something more than a series of monologues and expects to continue the struggle almost to opening night.

In contrast to ATC, there is no theme behind the Mainstage series. Plays are chosen for their value in training students. They are mild this season and were mild last season. Director Richard Hanson claims that when his punk-rock version of *Caligula*, with its frontal nudity, failed to draw a single letter of protest, he began to wonder if it were still possible to offend audiences.

Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* will start the season in repertory with Larry Shue's *The Foreigner* (November 5-22). Director Walter Schoen, while not yet settled on a firm concept for the former, feels that "no matter how well you know the story, to spend a couple of hours with those people in that situation is always interesting." He's currently thinking of the play in terms of the problem of teen suicide.

The Foreigner is a comedy about someone in a Georgia fishing camp pretending he can't speak English and overhearing things he shouldn't. Drama department head and director Sam Smiley chose the work to teach students comedy. His philosophy of comedy, that audiences "laugh at what they imagine characters are feeling," requires actors to learn "the recognition of feeling."

Silver Apples of the Moon (February 25-March 6) is a world premiere written by Smiley and directed by Harold Dixon. The story of an American painter living in Spain and falling in love with an Iranian girl with terrorist connections has some "surprising plot turns" that director Dixon won't reveal. Smiley says the play explores the relationship between painting and theater as art forms.

Finally, Richard Hanson directs Guy Bolton's *Very Good Eddie* (April 21-May 1), a musical comedy about two mismatched honeymoon couples with music by Jerome Kern. Hanson said he chose the play because it illustrates the roots of the Broadway musical. Whereas earlier American works relied heavily on European models, this play uses American characters in American settings with American music, including jazz and ragtime.

In all, expect a flood of optimism, wonderful language, interesting theater and great music in these two seasons. Do not fear a punch in the gut. In these plays, the problems are all worked out on the stage—and not in the minds and hearts of us, the playgoers. □

Lee Thorn's reviews have appeared in The Arizona Daily Wildcat.

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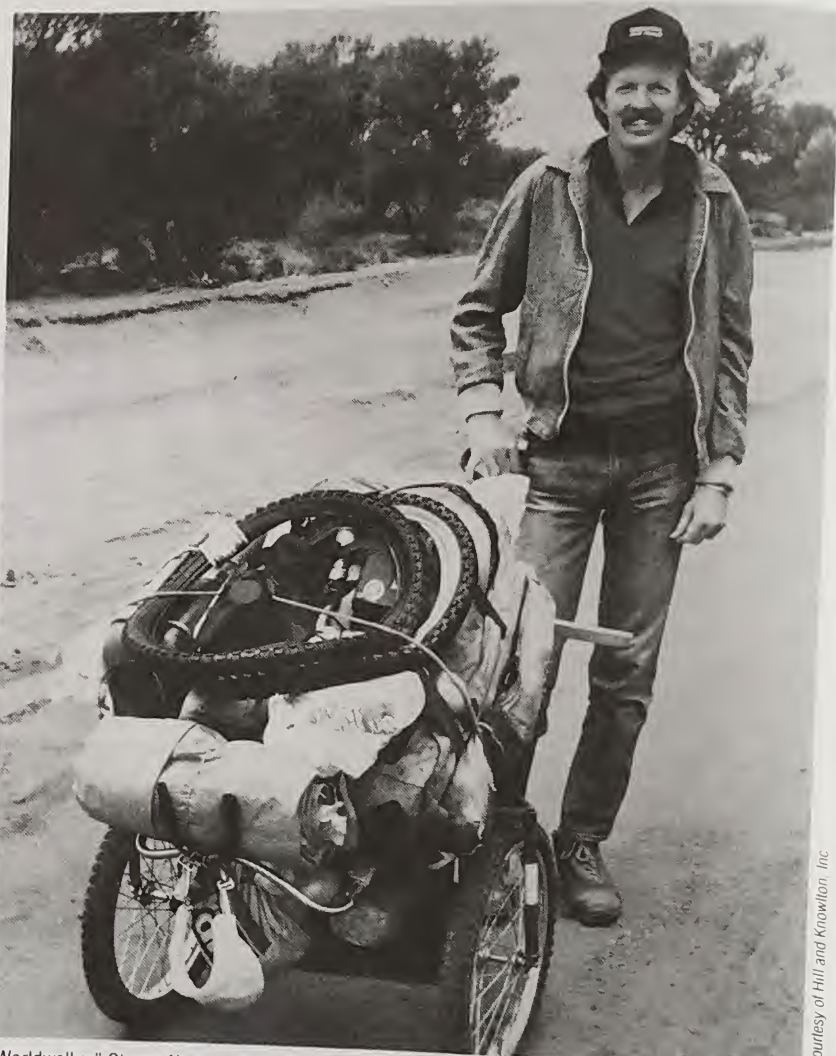
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LEGS

MEET BIGFOOT

Move over, Bowden. Sit down, Annerino.
This guy really took a hike.



"Worldwalker" Steven Newman carried his pack and water across Australia in a cart.

Our crazed editor just crawled back from a 140-mile hike across the California desert from Yuma to Palm Springs; contributor John Annerino is resting from his 750-mile run across Arizona. Now Tucson can meet the champ of aching arches: Steven M. Newman of Bethel, Ohio, who just finished a 22,500-mile stroll around the world.

Newman, a journalist and former marathoner, set out from the Buckeye state four years ago to see if the world was really the terrifying, splintered globe we read about. Well, in fact, he was attacked by armed bandits in Tangier and Thailand, stoned by students in India, arrested and accused of being a spy in Yugoslavia and Turkey and treed for a night by wild boars in Algeria. In Northern Ireland, soldiers with drawn guns surrounded his bag of dirty laundry, suspecting it contained a bomb. But, on balance, after personally meeting an estimated 73,000 new people, he pronounces the world "a place even friendlier and more special than I had imagined."

The thirty-two-year-old bachelor fell in love with a poetess in France,

but says the nicest person he met on his whole trip was an Australian woman who mapped his progress on her kitchen wall through newspaper articles and wrote him for three years. The day before Newman reached her house in Melbourne to meet her, her husband died, and he stayed with the sixty-five-year-old widow for three months. He helped her through her grief, while her cooking helped him gain back thirty pounds he lost trudging through the Australian Outback with a eighty-pound pack.

The questions most frequently asked of him: How did he cross oceans and rivers and lakes? By plane and boat. His favorite food? (Hold your ears, Iggy), it was goanna lizard, roasted by Australian aborigines. How many pairs of boots did he wear out?

The folks at Rocky Boots were just waiting for you to ask that. Newman will tell you personally, and answer any other questions, when he appears at Bob's Bargain Barn, 2230 N. Country Club Road, Sept. 19 from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Other talks around town may be scheduled.

WHERE TO HOWL

ages 18-36 months. For branches and times, call 791-4393.

Work of Art

You live inside it, but do you understand how it works? The Human Adventure Center, a well-kept secret, teaches everyone about the human body and how to care for it. This gets to the heart of the matter. 5531 E. Fort Lowell. Adm. charge. Info, 721-8749.



Gaslight Theatre Sept. 1-Nov. 7

This time around, they're presenting "The Three Musketeers," but it won't be like any version you've ever seen. Watch an original take-off on the legend of three long-haired horsemen defending the King of France. Part tame comedy, part slapstick. 7000 E. Tanque Verde Rd. Info, 886-9428.

Sept. 2 Lisa—Lisa

A black rap act with some of the razzle-dazzle showmanship of Janet Jackson. Add a trip-the-light-fantastic display of strobe lights and you cover a couple of decades. TCC arena at 8 p.m. Adm. charge. Info, 791-4101.

UA Talent Sept. 2

Fifteen years ago, you couldn't even take a course in guitar at the UA; now the School of Music offers masters degrees. Iain Brodie plays his masters guitar recital at 8 p.m. in UA Crowder Hall. Info, 621-1655.

Three's a Crowd Sept. 11

But a necessary one to form a trio. The Arizona Early Music Society presents the Phoenix Baroque Trio at 8 p.m. in Crowder Hall. Adm. charge. Info, 621-1655.

Faculty Recital Sept. 14

William Dietz plays bassoon, an instrument that seldom gets a solo role, in the UA faculty recital series. Adm. \$3. UA Crowder Hall. 621-1655.



Adolescent Obesity Sept. 1

The Fitness and Health Institute of Tucson is sponsoring a lecture on adolescent obesity, emphasizing prevention and management. Jeri Cartwright, Channel 13's anchorwoman, will moderate while three experts give out tons of information. Thirty-minute question/answer forum follows. Held at La Placita, Suite 120, from 6:30-8:30 p.m. Free. Info, 623-6300.

Support Group Sept. 1

The Tucson Women's Commission has started a sexual harassment support group for women experiencing problems at work. Facilitated by Barbara Buchanan, M.S.W. Limit of 8; the group meets weekly for 7 weeks from 6:30-8:30 p.m. \$5 per session. 240 N. Court Ave. Info, 624-8318.

Faculty Lecture Series Sept. 1

John M. Wilson, the person on campus who knows who's who and what's what concerning dance, will take to the podium and tell us about "searching the human image with art and dance." Question-answer time follows. 7:30 p.m. in the UA Health Sciences Center Main Auditorium, Room 2600. Free. 621-1551.

Gardening Demonstrations

The Pima County Co-op Extension Service will explain the perils and prospects of tomato gardening in the first week of Sept.; teach about soil varieties and their preparation for fall in the second; turn you into a confident rose pruner in the third; demonstrate planting deciduous trees in the fourth; and on Sept. 30 and Oct. 1 will explain how you can grow oriental vegetables—even here. It's all happening at 9 a.m. Wednesdays at 4040 N. Campbell. Also at Nanini library at 2 p.m. on Thursdays, Wilmot library at 11:30

a.m. on Wednesdays, and Green Valley's Holy Family center at 9:30 a.m. on Tuesdays. Info, 628-5628.

Let's Relax

Sept. 3, 10, 17, 24

The Life Enrichment Series sponsored by Tucson Medical Center continues. Sept. 3rd informs on the effective relaxing techniques of biofeedback; Sept. 10th on sleep disorders and appropriate treatments; Sept. 17th discusses the power of touching; and the grand finale on Sept. 24th teaches creative visualization and hypnosis, all designed to decrease stress. Most of us could use some unwinding. Sheraton El Conquistador, 7:30 p.m. Free. Info, 327-5461, ext. 5072.

Classes Galore Sept. 7-11

Your chance to give up life as a couch potato. Tucson Parks and Recreation is starting registration for the fall session leisure education classes. Over 200 class topics to choose from for adults, teens and children. Class listings are available at city offices, libraries and recreation centers. Registration is on a

first-come basis. Info, 791-4877.

Women's Roundtable Sept. 8

Want to try out a whole new YOU? An evening sponsored by Tucson Medical Center for women of all ages and sizes. Consultants will show and demonstrate what colors to wear and how to choose. All that and a fashion show and makeup consultation, too. \$5 for Roundtable members, \$10 non-members. Reservations required. Radisson Suites Hotel, 7 p.m.-9 p.m. Call 29-WOMAN.

Would-Be Artists Starting Sept. 14

The Tucson Art Institute begins day and evening classes for beginning, intermediate and advanced students. Offerings include oil and acrylic painting, drawing, watercolor, Japanese techniques, studio critique, drama and more. Registration ends Sept. 11. 1157 S. Swan Rd. 748-1173.

TMA Seeks Docents Starting Sept. 14

Want to know how a museum works? Learn to give tours of



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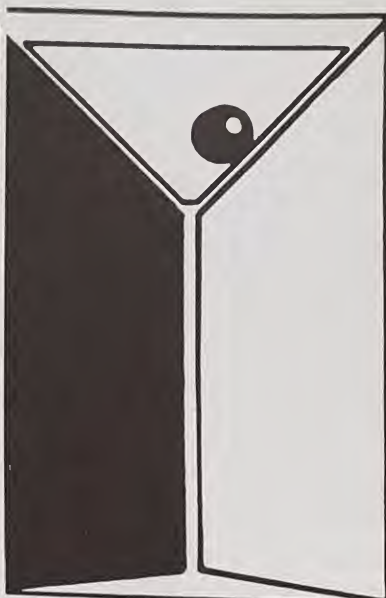
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TMA's changing exhibitions, permanent collections and historic block. Training sessions begin the 14th and end mid-May. Open to anyone interested in learning about art. The catch? Docents have to pay for their training. Registration required. Info, 722-0215.

Grow, Growing, Groan Sept. 14-Nov. 2

Maybe consciousness groups are staging a comeback. The Tucson Women's Commission is beginning a support and self-help group centering on women's issues such as: relationships, career, communications, empowerment and sexuality. \$5/session. Held Mondays from 7:45-9:15 p.m. at 240 N. Court Ave. Info, 624-8318.

Grocery Store Botany Sept. 23

Do you know what veggies and fruits you're buying? Join professional botanist Rodney Engard at the Tucson Botanical Gardens for a discussion that will inform you, hazards and all, on the green things in your grocery cart. 7-9 p.m. \$5, \$4 members at 2150 N. Alvernon. 326-9255.

Chefs Share Recipes Sept. 28

Tucson General Hospital continues its culinary series. Local chefs put in cameo appearances and demonstrate their specialties. Scot Kirkwood and Phill Southan of Mi Casa Restaurant share their secrets. Samples are offered. Free at 11 a.m. in the Tucson Room at 3838 N. Campbell. Info, 327-5431.

Ann Original Gallery Through Sept. 19

Featuring Craig Arbon's acrylic paintings and Diane Redhair's oils. Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sat. 'til 5 p.m. 4811 E. Grant Rd., Suite 153, in the Crossroads Festival Mall. 323-0266.

Starting Sept. 20

Featuring Pamela Howe's oil paintings of Indians and Susan Imwalle's multi-theme, large-format watercolors. Reception Sept. 24th from 5-8 p.m.

Arizona State Museum Through Dec. '87

Photographic exhibit of UA buildings, in b&w and color, that have been placed in the National Register. Get a historical perspective of UA architecture. Mon.-Sat. 9-5 p.m. and Sun. 2-5 p.m. 621-6302.

Art Network Through Sept.

Tired of looking like everyone else? Visit this gallery of "wearable art." Outfit yourself in avant-garde bola ties, jewelry, gonzo T-shirts and other originals. Corner of Hotel Congress. Tues.-Fri. 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat. 12-5 p.m. 624-7005.

Azimuth Gallery Sept. 6-Sept. 30

Jane Oliver's 20th century Sonoran desert landscapes are taken with a Diana camera, a simple box camera that makes the photographer rely on vision and technique—not gadgetry. David Elliot displays modern still photos exhibiting what they're calling his "technical genius." See it; they're right. Reception Sept. 12, 6-9 p.m. Tues.-Fri. 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sat. and Sun. 1-4 p.m. 210 E. Congress. 624-7089.

Center For Creative Photography Sept. 1-17

Photos of the urban and rural West by contemporary shutterbugs. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun. noon-5 p.m. 843 E. University Blvd. 621-7968.

Dinnerware Cooperative Through Sept. 6

It's the eighth annual invitational show. Each Dinnerware member invites another artist to show several

pieces of work. 135 E. Congress St. Hours noon-5 p.m., Tues.-Sat. Sun. 1-4 p.m. Info, 792-4503

Sept 13

A full-fledged fashion show at the gallery from 4-6 p.m. Don't ask, go see.

Sept. 15-20

The 6th annual fund-raising art auction with work by over 40 artists. The auction is Sept. 19th. Call for times. Pretend you're at Southeby's in London, not on East Congress.

Sept. 22-Oct. 11

UA master photographer Harold Jones exhibits his photos and Alfred Quiroz (last year's best-of-show winner in the TMA biennial) shows mixed media paintings with a social conscience. Great combination. Reception Sept. 26, 7-9 p.m.

Etherton Gallery Sept. 9-Oct. 17

Dick Arentz's platinum photos and Gail Skoff's b&w hand-colored renderings of the American West. Wed.-Sat. noon-5 p.m., Thur. 'til 7 p.m. Call for reception info. 424 E. 6th St. 624-7370.

Doors Are Art

Frank Franklin makes thick, hand-carved doors and he paints, too—in a primitive and bright Southwestern style. Anna Franklin, his wife, makes outrageous puppets. They'll let you look (and buy) at their downtown studio, but by appointment only. Info, 792-0777.

Mitchell, Brown & Co.

Featuring a large selection of 19th- and 20th-century American paintings and prints, with an emphasis on ornithography and nature. Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 2843 N. Campbell Ave. 795-0896.

Obsidian Gallery Sept. 12-26

Techno-romantic jewelry by Thomas Mann incorporates antique and contemporary photographic images, found objects and industrial parts meticulously fabricated in metals and plexiglass. Imagine a necklace made of all this. Or check the ceramic figures by Andree Richmond, known for her representations of mechanical forms such as airplanes, cars and robots. This place stresses art as fun. Call for reception date. 4340 N. Campbell, Suite 90. Mon.-Sat. 10-5:30. 577-3598.



ART

Amerind Foundation Sept. 1-30

Currently displaying recent photos of the Seri Indians of Sonora by David Burckhalter, a photojournalist who has been studying and taking pictures of the Seris for years. Adm. charge. Open daily 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Located 65 miles east of Tucson in Dagoon. Info on directions, 1-586-3666.

**Beth O'Donnell
Gallery, Ltd.
Sept. 1-26**

Fritz Scholder's lithographs on handmade paper display scads of flowers in a painterly fashion. By overlapping colors, he creates images that are chromatically saturated. St. Philip's Plaza, River and Campbell, Suite 64. Tues.-Sat. 11 a.m.-6 p.m. 299-6998.

**Phoenix Art Museum
Sept. 1-Oct. 4**

An invitational exhibition featuring the work of 32 artists from the Southwest. Abstract and representational art in video, installations, photos, weaving, painting and sculpture. One of the few reasons to visit Phoenix. Info, 1-257-1222.

Sanders Galleries

Exhibits by Western artists Richard Iams, Don Jaramillo, Doug Ricks and Doyle Shaw. 6420 N. Campbell Ave. 299-1763. Hours Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Showing at the Westin La Paloma branch gallery are regional artists and watercolors on rice paper by Jerry Becker. 3300 E. Sunrise. 577-5820. Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m.-7 p.m.

**Subway Gallery
in Bisbee**

Sept. 12-Oct. 1
Manny Martinez' representational, surrealistic acrylic paintings and ceramic boots, as well as some raku work. Versatile indeed. Tues.-Sun. noon-4 p.m. 45 Main Street, Bisbee. 1-432-5230.

**Tohono Chul Park
Sept. 1-30**

The house shows off its collection of paintings, rugs, baskets, pottery and kachina dolls. 7366 Paseo del Norte. Adm. charge. 9:30 a.m.-5 p.m. daily. 742-6455.

Sept. 1-Sept. 30

Recent watercolors by Prescott artist Dorothy Schutte.

**Tucson Art Institute
Through Sept. 11**

Exhibition by all the kids who've been attending the art institute. 1157 S. Swan Rd. 748-1173.

**Tucson Museum
of Art**

Sept. 1-20
The paintings, murals and illustrations of Maynard Dixon, including 66 drawings covering the days of wagon wheels and trolleys in the West—from 1890 through

1942. Some cowboy work, but many scenic line drawings. Organized by the San Francisco Art Museum. 140 N. Main Ave. Tues. 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Wed.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun 1-5 p.m. Adm. charge. 624-2333.

**Tucson Pima
Arts Council
Through Sept. 4**

Paintings by Martin Amorous, Tom Chapin and Diane Meyer Melton, who seem to be among the more prolific artists in town. 110 S. Church Ave., Suite 198. Mon.-Fri. 8 a.m.-5 p.m. 624-0595.

**UA Hall of
Fame Gallery
Through Sept. 13**

Judith Probst exhibits photorealist landscapes, the antithesis of abstraction. Regular building hours. 621-3546.

Sept. 17-Oct. 11

Photos by Neil Hart.

**UA Joseph Gross Gallery
Through Sept. 13**

John Wenger's paintings and works on paper. Reception at noon on the 13th. UA Art Bldg. Gallery hours Wed.-Fri. 12-6 p.m. Sat. and Sun. 12-4 p.m. Info, 621-7570.

Sept. 16-Oct. 4

Paintings and prints by Billy Hassel. Reception at noon on the 16th. A printmaking workshop will be conducted Sept. 16-19. Think printing is easy? You'll gain new respect. Info, 621-7570.

**UA Museum of Art
Through Sept. 15**

Recent UA acquisitions are on display—sculpture, paintings and prints, including work by Goya, Von Ostade, Wunderlich, Segal, Matta and Tucson's own Margaret Doogan. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-5 p.m. and noon-4 p.m. on Sunday. 621-7567.

Sept. 1-Oct. 13

The show is called "Shared Traditions: Five Black Artists in the 19th Century." Included are 49 paintings and sculptures on loan from the National Museum of American Art. Works by Henry Turner, Edmonia Lewis, Joshua Johnston, Edward Bannister and Robert Duncanson. Same hours as above.

Sept. 25-Oct. 28

Primarily a 3-D show called "Red Grooms: The Graphic Work." More than 45 satirical works from 1957 to the present. A program of

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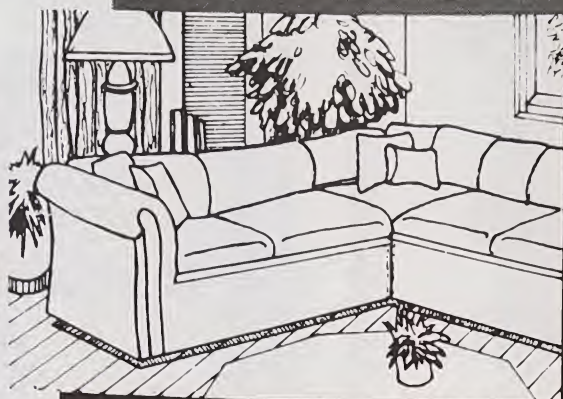


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Groom's films also will be shown.

UA Rotunda Gallery

Through Sept. 17

Will Oda of San Francisco displays handpainted b&w photos. Mostly still-lives and quite intricate. Regular Student Union building hours. 621-3546.

Sept 23-Oct. 19

Displaying Jerry and Ann Schuttes' paintings and drawings.

UA Union Gallery Through Sept. 23

Class of '83 UA grad Linda Caputo displays abstract oil pastel paintings and drawings; Tempe painter Susan Goldman exhibits abstract patterns in acrylics; Kerry Vesper of Phoenix shows his fiberglass, wood and metal sculptures—all painted. Enough art here to find something that strikes your fancy. UA Student Union, main floor. Mon.-Fri. 10-4 p.m., Sun. 11-3 p.m.

Womankraft Gallery

Through Sept. 12

Feline fanatics will adore the cuddly depictions in all media of cats, cats and more cats. Maybe Garfield will put in a surprise appearance. They describe the gallery as a "non-elitist cultural haven" in the heart of the trendy East Congress scene—specializing in art to serve special populations—senior citizens, children and, of course, women. Weekdays noon-4 p.m. 200 E. Congress St. 792-6306.

flat-out, high-tech, pristine white, from the tables to the walls, so that nothing distracts from the racks of crusty French bread loaves and trays of the best buttery croissants—confections now as familiar as white bread once was. The croissants come in chocolate (imported), plain, raspberry, almond and an occasional flavor du jour, which is whatever the proprietors dream up. Originally they tried making French bread the traditional way, but it sunk and fell flat in the dry desert air. So they experimented and practiced, devising their own secret recipes, and now they bake the goodies in steam-injected ovens. There's fresh-brewed coffee (the perfect companion for great French bread) and a selection of bottled waters for those already wired. They also serve a small and tasty selection of sandwiches: chicken salad, smoked salmon, turkey, roast beef, spinach and feta cheese—all high-quality meats and cheeses. Sandwiches range from \$2.95-\$4.50. If you're lusting for the breads and pastries, make haste and arrive early because they often sell out long before closing time. Though I didn't see a no-smoking sign, it would be sacrilege to light up here. Open Mon.-Sat. 7:30 a.m.-6 p.m., Sun. 8 a.m.-noon. Wheelchair access. No credit cards. 577-2103.-C

Olympic Flame 7970 E. Broadway

In the natural world, a gopher abandons a hole and a snake soon seizes it for a home. In civilization, somebody launches a chain of bum fast-food restaurants, collapses in failure from sea to shining sea, and leaves all these inexpensive shells for immigrant restaurateurs to take over. This is how Olympic Flame, a chef-owned Greek restaurant, came to reside in a defunct H. Salt franchise way out on East Broadway. Visually, it's a mixaphor—New England charthouse on the outside, murals of ancient Greek jocks carrying javelins on the inside—but the food is terrific. A Village Salad (\$6), split three ways, provided a cool end to a torrid summer day with chilled tomatoes, cucumber, bell peppers, purple onions and feta cheese drenched in red wine vinegar and herbs. The gyro plate (\$8.95) offered Tucson's tenderest slices of rotisserie-

broiled lamb. A Greek salad (\$12.50) featured lamb that was slightly charred on the outside and delectably smothered in wine and tomato sauce (\$10.95) was the only flawed entree. The fish was over the hill. All three dinners came with rice and a side of carrots flavored with honey and cinnamon. A special treat here is the pita bread, flown from Chicago and warmed over charcoal. It's light, yeasty and smoky. Beg the waiter for a sample if it doesn't automatically come with your order. Our dinner for three, which included a bottle of Greek Demestica, was \$54.50. Visa, MC. 296-3399.—El Paso

Sgt. Grijalva's Restaurant Y Cantina

& Misty Mountain Gallery

255 Camino Otero, Tubac

There is nothing even remotely military about the atmosphere at Sgt. Grijalva's. On the contrary, it's just like the rest of Tubac village, exuding quiet charm and offering friendly, relaxed service. There's the option of eating outdoors in a shady brick patio, or inside in a series of dining rooms decorated in pleasing pastels that complement the brilliant paintings (many of them for sale) on every wall. It's easy and fun, to feast your eyes and indulge your appetite for good food all at the same time. I was happy with my lunchtime choice of a Dona Susanna salad—three huge shrimp and tasty smoked chicken slices atop an interesting arrangement of spinach, orange circles, bean sprouts, lettuce, squash, alfalfa sprouts, tomatoes and onions with a choice of dressings and a hot roll and butter. I was hungry and it tasted very good indeed. My traveling companion made short work of a cheese enchilada plate which included beans and a salad similar to mine. He pronounced it "just fine and quite filling," which, for his age group (upper teens), is compliment enough. There was plenty of good coffee, though I thought it could be served a little hotter. Sgt. Grijalva's is open seven days a week for breakfast (7-10 a.m.), lunch (11 a.m.-3 p.m.) and dinner (5 p.m.-10 p.m.) "Summer Lite Entrees" are available from 4:30 to 6 p.m. daily. The menu, while far from extensive, is very adequate and includes a daily list of "Chef's Presentations"



FOOD

City Magazine's reviews are written by various hungry people. They are not related to advertising.

The French Loaf 4776 E. Sunrise

If flying across the Atlantic for French bread seems too extravagant even for the most addicted baguette junkie, satisfaction is available from this little bakery/cafe right in our own foothills. The decor is

WHERE TO HOWL

with features such as escargots and deep-fried Guaymas shrimp. Prices range from \$2.50 for breakfast hotcakes to \$6.95 for a red snapper sandwich or \$12.95 for a mesquite-broiled ten-ounce salmon steak. Reservations suggested: 1-398-2263. —Limey

Beach Bum Bert's 6091 N. Oracle Rd.

Whoa. Decor-wise, this new joint hasn't quite succeeded in its transformation from the mock Victorian of its former life, Goog's, to the seaside casual of Bert's. This results in a disorienting eclecticism of fake Tiffany lamps and cut-glass booths combined with sailing ships and waiters in deck shoes. Get past all of that, though, and the fresh fish—ranging on the night we visited from salmon with fresh dill hollandaise to Hawaiian tuna—is a welcome addition to Tucson. The menu also includes burgers and steaks from the "beach broiler" and two selections of "milk-fed" veal—not to mention "beach-bucket margaritas." The salads with the entrees are generous and include home-made croutons. The broiled mahi-mahi with red wine glaze and mushrooms was excellent; the Ahi tuna with kiwi butter was tasty and different. Fish entrees were about \$13. MC, Visa, AE; open daily at 11 a.m. 297-8101. —E.Y.

Blue Sahuaro Steakhouse 3412 N. Dodge

Before sprouts, there was the Blue Saguaro, where a rare steak is still walking and they won't take responsibility for anything ordered well-done. Even the frog legs might come with a mess of ranch beans. The food is honest, the beef is U.S.D.A. choice, the atmosphere hometown, and the waitress won't ask you your sign. But she might call you honey and tell you about her grandkids as she serves plates of salad (mostly rabbit food), small side dishes of cottage cheese sprinkled with paprika and a basket full of saltines. This place is yesteryear's reality, complete with glowing neon sahuaro sign outside. But don't let the homey touches scare you: The food has real taste. Average dinner about \$8, children's menu. Full bar. Wheelchair access. Nonsmoking section. MC, Visa. Dinner only. Closed Mon. 326-8874.—C.K.

Corleone's 1035 E. Mabel

The secret to this success is that whoever the godfather is, he hasn't raised his prices in years. Located in an old home just north of Speedway in the University area, Corleone's is spacious and cozy inside, with separate rooms for those who smoke and those who don't. The atmosphere is dark, so don't wear shades or you'll be blind. Everything is done up in red and black—the decor is pleasant though not striking. This frees your senses to concentrate on the food. We had Corleone Festino (\$6.95), portions of lasagna and veal served with spaghetti. Everything was cooked just right: my complaint was that they showered my veal with spaghetti and I had to dig awhile to get to the good stuff. The salad was of the antipasto variety—crisp greens and slivers of pepperoni with helpings of carrots and olives that got us off to a good start. The garlic bread was a great plus, al dente, with just enough garlic to avert vampire attacks. We also sampled the Veal Corleone (\$6.95), a layered combination of ham, eggplant and mozzarella over a four-ounce veal patty. In warm weather, the outside patio is romance city for the university crowd. Limited access. Visa and MC. Daily 5 p.m.-10 p.m. Sun. 4 p.m.-9 p.m. —C.

Delectables 533 N. Fourth Ave.

An institution along the avenue, this is one of the original fern bars in town, and it has managed to remain consistently good. Lunches come on wood boards, and you can pick your own selection of meat and cheese or go with one of theirs. Excellent cheeses, havarti, brie, provolone, to name a few, and good deli meats including prosciutto, ham, salami, turkey and smoked fish. Croissant sandwiches, large salads with interesting greens, and thick, rich soups are always on hand and changing. Ample selection of wine and beer. The coffee is not for the faint-hearted—lots of caffeine unless you opt for the brewed decaf (which still feels like it gives a rush). The desserts are homemade and will appeal to any sweet tooth: cheesecake, chocolate concoctions and other rotating specials. What happened to the hippies? They grew up and now eat here. Gourmet coffees and a

deli counter for take-out delectables. Wheelchair access. Visa and MC. Open 11 a.m.-11 p.m. Mon.-Sat. 884-9289. —Country.

Janos 150 N. Main

Somehow, Janos has managed to recreate the leisurely grace of El Presidio as it must have been more than a century ago and slide in upscale '80s flavors without treading on sensibilities. In fact, the result is elegance in a laid-back Tucson way. In a restored adobe from the 1850s on the Tucson Museum of Art grounds, diners overlook the museum terrace and chew away in serenity without the normal reminders of what civilization has given the antacid industry. The food is creative and excellent and expensive. Lunch for two, without booze, ran \$35 with tip. Dinner may set you back twice that much. But the bread before the meal alone is worth the trip. The fare is continental, with Sonoran touches. For instance, the soup wasn't cream of something, it was chili and squash. They mix in mesquite-smoked bacon and salsa with the tortellini and poached oysters. They break out more veal, beef, lobster and oysters in delicious ways at dinner. At lunch, the grilled shrimp and smoked duckling on stir-fried bok choy not only tasted exquisite, the arrangement was almost too beautiful and color-coordinated to eat. Ditto for the braised spirals of chicken stuffed with prosciutto and Roquefort, served with bright pasta. The desserts are richer than the diners', and if you can't finish the outrageous chocolate-bourbon mousse, they politely send it home with you wrapped in a foil swan. Don't miss the bar, a Rory McCarthy creation. The waitresses hover, but don't take themselves too seriously. This is a place to be nice to yourself. A.E., M.C., Visa. 884-9426. —Cholesterol Kid.

Lil Abner's Steakhouse 8501 N. Silverbell

Your typical cowboy haunt for tourists—except that here the porterhouses are big and tender enough to attract homeboys as well. Built forty years ago, the place has been surrounded in the '80s by myth and lore befitting its Wild West theme. According to legend, bigtime lawyer David Hoffman got the steakhouse in lieu of payment for defending two notorious



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REDNECKS

CHILI DOGS

Frankly, an incredible fusion of cultures.

BY EMIL FRANZI

The recently proposed state of Baja Arizona would consist of Pima, Cochise and Santa Cruz counties, along with portions of Graham, Pinal and Yuma. Anyone with a rudimentary knowledge of Arizona demographics would tell you that this piece of turf incorporates the thickest concentration of rednecks between Midland/Odessa and Bakersfield.

But the Baja Arizona redneck is a blend. Ethnicity means a whole lot less than attitude, which around these parts is kinda laid back. Western rednecks tend to be a lot more tolerant about a whole bunch of things than their Southern brethren, or their cousins, big-city ethnics. Big-city ethnics move here and become rednecks with minimal transition. As evidence, think about Dick Jaskiewicz, Sam Steiger, and me.

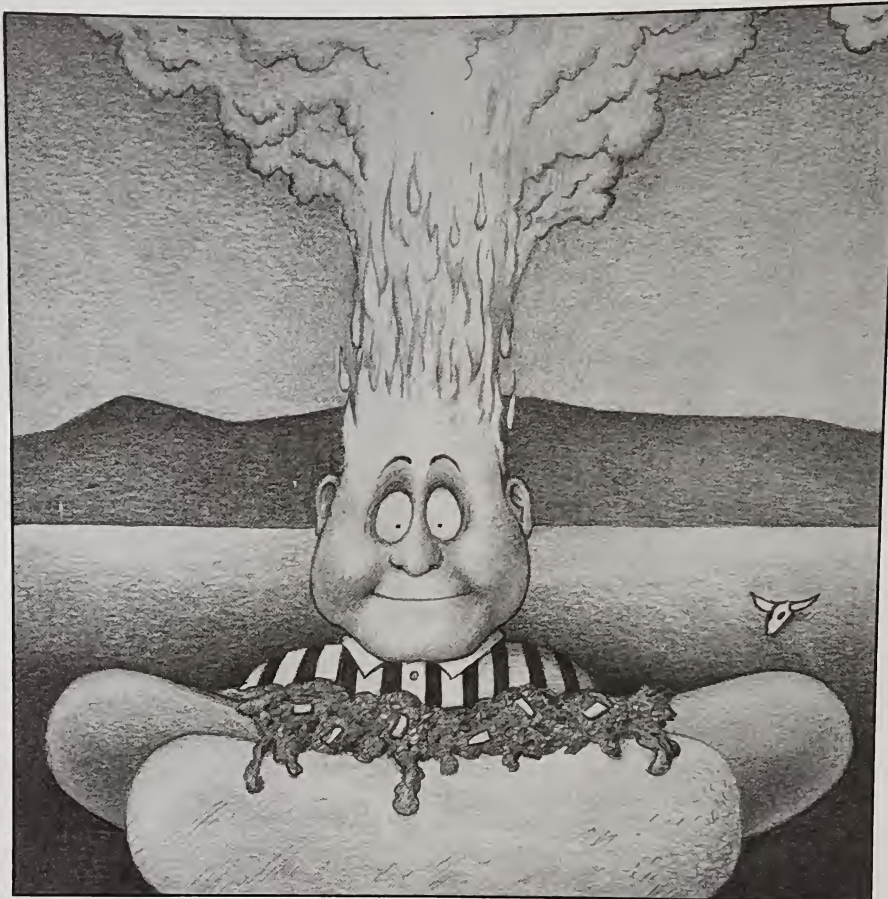
It must be something in the air. In a community that, per the census bureau, is about twenty percent Hispanic, we see consistent radio listener surveys that tell us Spanish language radio stations get about five percent of the listening audience. Which means most Hispanics are listening to the same radio stations as everyone else, from KUAT and KRQ to KCUB and KIIM. Especially KCUB and KIIM. What we got here, folks, is that wonderful Southern Arizona phenom known as the Hispanic redneck.

Which means I can imagine the first governor of Baja Arizona, "Bubba" Hernandez.

Bubba, a Willcox rancher and Marine combat veteran, is a member of the Sierra Club, the NRA, Citizens for Tax Relief and the Audubon Society. A Catholic Democrat married to the daughter of a prominent Republican Mormon. He's never done a thing politically besides vote, so nobody can tag him with being one of "them."

Early polling data indicate "Bubba" would take the Democratic primary against his three most likely major opponents—"Junior" Rodriguez, who builds mobile homes up around Eloy; "Chico" Kowalski, who owns a gun store in Picacho; and "Chuy" O'Banion, a tire shop owner in Bisbee. Only one with an outside shot is Rodriguez, partly because O'Banion could split the vote in Cochise, but mainly because he's a Southern Baptist. All the early indicators say it's Bubba all the way—the fusion candidate of the ideal coalition.

Fusion and coalition bring me around to a more basic subject—chili dogs. Ever consider the incredible cul-



James J. Forsmo

tural fusion you get when you put a jalapeño on a kielbasa? Now that's America, Southern Arizona style.

Finding a decent chili dog in Tucson, or in the rest of the state, isn't easy. There's a whole lot of them that taste like a can of Wolf Brand poured over an Oscar Meyer served on a Rainbow bun. Which ain't all that bad when you consider some of that tofu crap them yuppies are scarfing down. But real greatness in chili dogs is hard to come by. Steiger, the great redneck role model, says the Valley of the Sun is a vast wasteland when it comes to chili dogs, but in fairness to Phoenix he wears a tie all the time now, working for the governor of Alta Arizona, and hardly goes out of the state capital. So he could be losing touch with his roots. Absent clear guidance, I started from scratch.

Scratch begins at one of Tucson's great institutions, Pat's, at North Grande and West Niagara. Let's face it, aficionados, Pat's is a terrific dig, but the dogs lack greatness. The chili is meatless (or the meat has been thoroughly dissolved), the bun is bland, and the weiner is a so-so steamed puppy. This does not reduce, however, their two major virtues: they're cheap and hotter than hell. So hot that I doubt if even a cast-iron gut like Ed Moore's could handle more than four or five. Most people buy them at the

special rate of four for \$3.16.

Running a close race with Pat's is Richie's at 2416 S. Fourth Ave. Eighty cents apiece, and your choice of hot, mild or no spice. The mild would waste a gringo *turista*, the hot is on a par with Pat's. Otherwise comparable, except you get onions without asking.

For upscale, try the Poco Loco on Speedway almost to Alvernon next door to the girlie place and dirty movie house. It's been rumored that the porn shop owners had banded together to place on the November ballot an initiative proposal rezoning the entire mile on Speedway between Country Club and Alvernon SM 1 for Smut. At the moment, they are awaiting the outcome of the developers' lawsuits against the buffer people. At least Speedway's got more character than Oracle Road.

The part of the Poke serving chow used to be Chicago Dogs, one of Tucson's finest eateries. The bratwurst, Polish, Italian and hot dogs were charbroiled—and clearly the finest for miles. The poke is carrying on nobly, but it just isn't the same without the Cub pennants, the Rush Street sign, the portrait of Jane Byrne with the mustache, and most of all, the Daley poster.

Sitting in a booth at the old Chicago Dogs, munching on a bratwurst and looking up at his honor used to

give an old pol like me the same kind of spiritual experience Ed Abbey must get from watching a sunset in the Chiricahuas.

Anyhow, the Poke still does a heluva chili dog. Good roll, big charbroiled frank, and tasty (if mild) chili. A little pricey at \$2.25, but worth it. Besides, you can always go next door and check out the dancers. If anybody notices your car parked there, you can claim you were checking out the hot dogs.

Marginally classified as a chili dog is the Arizona dog at Sam's Tavern on East 29th. A huge frank on a giant roll, smothered in salsa, onions, mustard and all sorts of options, it's close enough for me—\$3.25, but surely the best price per ounce of all.

All things considered, the best all-around chili dog in town may well be those served up from those little mobile Vienna Beef Wagons. I caught one at 24th Street and South Sixth Avenue. For \$1.35, I downed a good (steamed) weiner, above-average chili, and a world-class poppy seed bun. For the price and quality, grand prize.

Sorry that two of our better restaurants, Sausage Deli on North First Avenue and Luke's at Alvernon and 29th, have no chili dogs. Considering the rest of their menus, they would be well into the ballgame.

Old-Timer's Query:

Late '50s, downtown, there was once an old-fashioned hot dog stand, kinda scuzzy, about twenty to twenty-five feet long, with little, round, backless stools. Chili dogs were about two bits and approached greatness. Several of us remember it, and Louis Leon says it was across the street from Myerson's facing east on Church. Anybody remember the name of the place?

Chicken-fried Steak Update:

Johnie's, 22nd Street east of Alvernon. Great redneck menu—they understand, they understand. Great breakfasts. Great chicken-fried steak, with choice of brown or white gravy, smashed taters, salad, the works—\$4.15. Still owned by the Wright family after more than thirty years. The kind of place that ought to show up in a James Garner real food commercial.

Political wizard Emil Franzi writes about rednecks and their pastimes.

WHERE TO HOWL

brothers accused of counterfeiting. "I'm so sick of hearing that," laments Hoffman, who says he actually paid the parents of his aforementioned clients a million dollars for the steakhouse because "it was a good business move and a way to get out of the criminal-defense biz." Oh well, every Old West joint needs a colorful image. What is true, Hoffman says, is he's traded in his high-stakes legal career to putter in the kitchen for days at a time, perfecting his barbecue sauce, and his biggest worries now are whether to tamper with a time-honored menu and add chicken and ribs (yes). Lil Abner's offers a good time in the rapidly disappearing desert outside of town, where the steaks are cooked over mesquite flame and you can eat under the stars. With salad, ranch beans, salsa and bread, dinners go for \$8.95 (chicken) to \$16.95 (two-pound steak). The waitresses have bandanas, the restrooms have an out-house facade, and the giftshop has cowboy hats. Open 5 to 10 weeknights, 'til 11 on weekends. Take Ina west to Silverbell and head north. MC, Visa. 744-2800.—Hungry Heart.

Mountain View 1220 E. Prince

Now that Tucson has its share of nouvelle Southwestern chow, the latest rage is back to the glory days of the Great Lakes diner, and this restaurant is packing them in. The decor looks like a modernized Elks Club with a banquet-sized seating capacity. Everything is beige and brown and comfortable.

It's instant Illinois of your youth: German-Czech origins with sides of dumplings and kraut. They wheel out platters of meatloaf, mashed potatoes swimming in brown gravy, and helpings of vegetables in small, white dishes. They serve lamb, roast duck, pork and beef. You can order a la carte or full dinners; the price difference is approximately two bucks. Prices are moderate; \$5 to \$7 for a dinner. Steaks run a bit higher. I loved my meatloaf and its accoutrements, and my friend polished off the pork tenderloin and dumplings (a bit on the doughy side). We both waddled out of the place feeling as though we had been through our last supper. But if you yearn for the days when mom cooked this stuff, you won't be disappointed. Mountain View is becoming well known among snowbirds—they now have a place to eat that is as close to home as they're going to get in the Old Pueblo. Don't miss. AE, Visa, MC. Wheelchair access. Non-smoking section. Sun.-Thurs. 11 a.m.-9 p.m. Fri. and Sat. 'til 10 p.m. 293-0375.—Country.

Presidio Grill

3352 E. Speedway

If food is theater, this new hot spot does it very well. Tucked unassumingly in the midst of Speedway's kitsch and clutter (only in the Southwest would the "in" crowd gather next to a Walgreen's in a strip shopping center), Presidio will stun you with its cosmopolitan Art Deco style the moment you step in the door. It looks like the stage of a chic play, and the diners are part of the performance—you almost

expect to see Bob Fosse directing high-stepping waiters. But you don't have to go through a big production number just to get here, thanks to the central-city location; and the prices are so reasonable even starving actors can indulge now and then. Black, mirrored booths shimmer with candlelight; bright accents of yellow, red and turquoise and whimsical touches are everywhere. Couples sip Manhattans or café latte at the bar; their conversation mingles with piped-in jazz and classical guitar. The seasonal, American nouvelle menu offers such surprises as roasted elephant-ear garlic with brie and mixed peppers, pizza with sun-dried tomatoes and prosciutto, or Creole chicken with hot sausage gumbo. The grilled Chicken Santa Fe (\$7) features slices with sumptuously plump skin fanned out over a green tomatillo sauce, flanked by blue corn cakes and salsa fresca. The Guaymas shrimp, roasted peppers and artichokes over linguine (\$9) comes with a rich cream sauce laced with cilantro (the unavoidable herb of the '80s). Dessert choices include Chocolate Duet with English biscuits and berries. Don't miss this class act—but do call ahead if you plan to arrive during the weekday lunch crush. Major credit cards; wheelchair access, lunch and dinner daily, breakfast added on weekends. Closed Mondays. 327-4667.—Hungry Heart.

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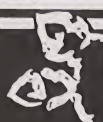
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WHERE TO HOWL

yuppie delights in a former fish and chips joint run by Eugene Sanchez, a man born in Ciudad Juarez. Food matches pricier fare on the West Coast. The usual chain gang of Japanese sushi chefs has been imported from Los Angeles, and fresh fish is flown in several times a week. Gene, a man for all seasons, is married to a Japanese woman he met during his 23 years in the U.S. Air Force. The crowd is an original mixture of military from the base, raw-fish freaks from UA and gourmets from the foothills. Two tatami mat rooms for the dedicated. Wine and beer. Wheelchair access. Lunch and dinner, closed Mondays. Visa, MC, DC. 745-3692.—Desert Rat.

The Arroyo 4900 E. Speedway

A Tucson institution smack in what was once considered the East Side of town (between Swan and Craycroft) but now a barely central location. This landmark round, white cafe is known for catfish and pies—an odd combination, but one you don't want to miss. The waitresses are real pros; they can juggle five plates on one arm with ease. This family place has stuck by its original formula of solid food with rotating daily specials. Lunch and dinner runs the gamut from burgers and fries to pork platters with frozen vegetables and potatoes to grilled cheese and, of course, the famous catfish, broiled. Order your dessert first. The pies here sell out quickly, and they come in a variety of flavors that are mouthwatering—raspberry, banana, apple, blueberry, chocolate cream, peach, boysenberry. The strawberry pie is a special treat. Check the pie board, it's always changing. Pies can be ordered whole, with some advance notice. Inexpensive and solid eating in comfortable red booths keeps 'em coming back again and again. No credit cards. Limited wheelchair access. Non-smoking section. Mon.-Fri. 6 a.m.-8 p.m. 325-1212.—Country.

Cafe La Indita 622 North Fourth Ave.

I felt like I was sitting in someone's kitchen, being fed lunch by a nice relative. Wood tables and booths in an intimate room with greenish walls. Little vases on the tables with silk-feeling flowers in them that I played with while waiting for a friend. The

lunch crowd descended at noon, the place filled up and quickly emptied when everyone was full. Nothing elaborate but the prices seem a bit steep for the offerings. Typical lunch plates of burros, tacos and chimichangas come with beans and rice; prices range from \$3.95 to \$5.75. The waitress was friendly and the service designed to feed anyone on a schedule. If you're in the mood for breakfast, be prepared to drop \$5. Certainly a comfortable place. I left with a smile on my face. Daily lunch specials. Wheelchair access. Mon.-Thurs. 7 a.m.-9 p.m. Fri. 7 a.m.-6 p.m. Sun. 11 a.m.-9 p.m. 792-0523.—C.

Flakey Jake's 247 S. Wilmot

Here's what you do, see: Get to the Buena Vista early so you can get a parking space, follow that irresistible aroma as you walk next door for a burger and fries, then get back to the theater in time to head the line. Jake's is sort of high-tech warehouse, with lots of flashy neon combined with exposed metal beams and ductwork overhead. To complete the industrial feel, stacked cartons of ketchup and Bud Light and big bags of yellow onions and tomatoes are scattered about as part of the decor. The eating areas, though, are cozy with red-checked tablecloths, ceiling fans and classic movie posters. First thing you'll see are the rooms where the baker and butcher bake their own buns and grind their own beef for fat, juicy patties cooked to order. The fun begins at the burger bar, where you build the Great American Burger your own way, choosing from all the usual condiments plus a few extras, like chunky salsa. By the time you get to your table you won't believe all the food in front of you. There's also an exceptional salad bar including home-style potato salad with skins, crunchy rings of red bell pepper, and big cheesy croutons. A good place for families and kids. The two of us had one half-pound burger, one salad bar and soft drinks for a ten-spot, and no tip was needed. They also have wine coolers and some imported beer. 745-5128.—Hungry Heart.

Philly's Finest Various locations

A rapidly expanding local chain best known for the thinly sliced ribeye steak sandwiches smothered in

cheese and onions. Anyone from Back East who has missed these stomach-stuffers will feel perfectly at home. Served on an Italian roll with fried onions, pickles, tomatoes and hot peppers, they taste so good you'll want to eat more than one even though your gut is popping. Average cost: about \$3.50, depending on the version. They also have hoagies, salad platters, hot dogs, deli items, side orders and full breakfasts. They do not have french fries (for anyone who can't eat somewhere without them). There is nothing special about the atmosphere; simple booths or tables are scattered around the dining rooms. Counter service calls your name out when your order is ready. Often a wait. There are six locations now: 942 E. University, 33 N. Stone, 3760 S. Park, 4746 E. Grant, 2962 N. Campbell, and 5056 E. Broadway (the original Philly's, with a large TV screen and lots of sports paraphernalia lining the walls). Some serve Philadelphia's original TastyKakes, sugary cousins of Twinkies but much, much better. Take-out orders, party catering.—C.

River Belle Restaurant 4241 N. Oracle

This place is not just an imitation of an old-time saloon, though they do have gambling for dinners with Ethel dealing four nights a week. Your basic steak (flame broiled) and potato dinners (your choice of rice, fries or baked) cooked the way you want it. The steaks are plump and USDA choice, the potatoes cooked by the hand of a scientist who's come up with the perfect formula. Soft red vinyl booths and a low-light setting combine with plenty of memorabilia from various decades lining the walls. Small white lights are everywhere. It's an odd mixture that works—plenty of intimacy and coziness. They also serve pork and fried fish, but the menu is sparse and calls to those who hunger for a slab of beef. Many of the customers look like they just came in from the range; cowboy hats and boots were the dress code. Service is brisk, the waitress on one occasion seemed in a hurry to get out of there, but the food still was delivered exactly as ordered. Limited wheelchair access. Major credit cards. Non-smoking section. Average dinner is \$9. Open daily. 888-6620.—Country.

NOTES

MR.
AFFABILITY

*But can he coax the
under-60s to listen to
Liszt?*

Bob Bernhardt is trying not to be peeved. We're poring over a pile of contact sheets, picking a photo of him, and the one *City Magazine* likes is this weird frame where he's holding a baton with his right hand and pointing to it with his left, and he's wearing this bozo grin that seems to say, "This is my magic wand from Jupiter."

"Are you *sure* you want to use that one?" This sounds like a plea, not a question.

"Hey, Bob, c'mon, it's great! You know how people sometimes think of conductors as pompous stiffs. This'll show people you're human."

With a weak smile, Bernhardt gives in. He doesn't mind coming across as human. He doesn't mind demonstrating his sense of humor, which is formidable. But he is aware that he looks startlingly like Woody Allen, even has some of Woody's mannerisms, and that this is not an unalloyed advantage in his line of work. He needs to have people take him seriously. The Tucson Symphony Orchestra can't be seen as having turned over its podium to a clown for the next three years.

It's a delicate balancing act, this business of being a symphony orchestra conductor. And it's becoming tougher all the time. Today's conductor isn't only a musician; he's also a celebrity, a fundraiser, a negotiator, a rubber-chicken dinner speaker, a spokesman for the arts, a marketing consultant, and the personification of what, in America, suddenly has become a beleaguered and even endangered industry. The conductor still has to worry about how to negotiate that tricky *sforzando* in the first movement of the Brahms *e minor* Symphony, but he also had better be thinking about why the average age of the music lovers out there in the hall has drifted into the sixties and what he proposes to do about it. On paper, the office management has the responsibility for marketing the orchestra, filling the seats and keeping those contributions flow-



Jeffrey Muir Hamilton

ing in. In practice, the conductor can be the guy who moves it or loses it.

Bernhardt, thirty-six, so far has impressed virtually everyone who has met him as a good choice to replace the departed Bill McGlaughlin. In fact, they have many similarities, and that is not an accident. The symphony board wanted someone like McGlaughlin. Both men are bright, articulate, casual, and uncrippled by swollen egos. In a Mr. Affability contest, they'd tear each other apart. McGlaughlin stayed five years, markedly improved the orchestra, and moved on to better things (the Kansas City Symphony). Bernhardt almost certainly will do likewise.

There will be at least one difference. Bernhardt seems a little more worried than his predecessor, worried that this unwieldy, cash-guzzling, 200-year-old institution we call the symphony orchestra is vectored toward extinction in this country—unless it adapts to changing times and wins new audiences.

"This is going to have to be an orchestra that can address a broadening variety of needs," he explains. "It's going to have to be able to shift gears very quickly between musical styles, between pops and classical. It's going to have to reach new people every year. Right now, the Tucson Symphony is healthy, and that's the time for an orchestra to reach out and tell people it needs them—not after it's faltering."

Under Bernhardt, the orchestra's pops series will expand and become more—well, frankly, more yup. In Louisville, where he's been associate conductor of the orchestra for six years, he's done concerts with Neil Sedaka, the Smothers Brothers, Rich Little, the Kingston Trio and Glen Campbell. It's not hard to see who's the target audience here: the baby boomers who came of age with the Beatles and the Smothers Brothers, who are now forty and affluent, and who, unlike the generations before them, never really gave up popular

music and embraced the classics.

Bernhardt is a piece of this generation, and he understands it. And he says he likes doing rock 'n' roll, bluegrass, comedy and big band music *as long as*—and here we're back to a matter closely related to the funny photo—it doesn't threaten to wrestle the classical repertoire into the shadows.

If there's any concern about Bernhardt around town, it's on the matter of repertoire. Some Tucson Symphony musicians quietly grumbled a bit in April when Bernhardt gave them the repertoire list for the 1987-88 season. It had the whiff of one of those Time-Life classical samplers about it: the Mozart *Jupiter* Symphony, Respighi's *Pines of Rome*, Liszt's *Les Preludes*, the Beethoven Sixth and so on. They wondered if this signaled Bernhardt's intention to play the role of crowd-pleaser, backing away from the adventurous programming of McGlaughlin. In combination with a growing pops season, they correctly pointed out, that would lead the Tucson Symphony toward the Land of the Living Dead—musically, at least.

His affability undented, Bernhardt says that complaint doesn't surprise him. He feels he needs a season of varied repertoire, a little heavy on the bread and butter, so he and the orchestra can get to know each other. "The only thing I can say to people who have that criticism," he says, "is 'wait'."

—Lawrence W. Cheek

Our Town

He still felt uncomfortable behind the wheel after nearly a week on these boulevards and freeways; it was a different style of driving out here, philosophically different from the kind of dodging and diving you got used to in city taxis. There was just as much aggression here but it was a high-speed kind and they came at you blinding fast from long distances away. Tucson had a main boulevard actually named Speedway; the drivers seemed to have cross-country racing in mind. Miles of it were lined with sportscar showrooms and speed shops and car washes and gas stations. Everything glittered too much; even with sunglasses he had to squint.

—from *Death Wish*, a novel by Brian Garfield, 1972

HPBooks

How a great idea got scrambled

The refugees from the wreck of HPBooks still like to tell stories about Bill Fisher, the founder. There was the time, for instance, that Fisher needed a fleet of company cars, so he went out and bought four 130-mph BMW 528i's. Another time, he was reading the rough paste-ups for a book and decided not to allow any sentences more than 20 words long. Two editors worked all night counting words and carving up sentences, and the next day the typesetter started work all over again. In 1979, a few months before he sold out to the Knight-Ridder newspaper chain, he let a circle of key employees buy stock in his company, then negotiated a deal that made Knight-Ridder pay them half the profits for five years. Rick Bailey, one of those blessed by Fisher's benevolent patriarchy, recalls that his investment octupled in one year.

The best Bill Fisher story is common knowledge, at least in the publishing world. Here was this eccentric running a little publishing company out in the wilds of Arizona, bringing out these greasy-fingernail guides to carburetor repairs, and suddenly in 1975 he hits the market with a cookbook—a *cook-book!*—that rockets to number two on the New York Times' best-seller list (just below *The Joy of Sex*) and stays there for months. HP's *Crockery Cookery* eventually sold six million copies, among the best-selling cookbooks of all time.

HPBooks, which Fisher founded in 1964 and moved to Tucson in 1972, was a Cinderella in the publishing industry in the 1970s. In the '80s, despite heady growth and some titles that became spectacular successes, it thrashed and sputtered like a jalopy. Some years it lost money. Fisher waged internal war against the corporation he had sold it to, and in 1983 they fired him. Top management changed three times, and people who were there during those chaotic times say infighting and backbiting were common. Knight-Ridder tried to dump it early in the decade, failed, tried again this year and succeeded. Price/Stern/Sloan Publishers, Inc. of Los Angeles bought it July 1, quickly canned sixteen executives,

and may or may not move the remains to California by the end of the year. (The chairman told *City Magazine* they will, the executive vice president said they won't pick one.)

It's been an inglorious unraveling for a local company that had created and marketed its cookbooks and how-to paperbacks on photography, gardening and engine rebuilding with what appeared, on the outside, to be uncanny skill.

One of the ingredients of HP's early success was a fierce dedication to product quality. HP books simply looked better than their competitors' (such as *Sunset*); they still do. The use of color photography could only be described as lavish. Fisher was not averse to dedicating a whole page to a steamed artichoke, dewy with butter, if it would elicit a chain of two reactions in readers' minds—the first being,



James J. Fosmire

"Damn, that looks good"; the second, "hey, I can make this." HP's editors exhaustively rewrote manuscripts, straining for clarity. HP books were priced higher than the competition's, and ultimately had the potential for more profit, but development costs (not counting printing) also were much higher—sometimes \$100,000 or more per book. Fisher felt he needed a money tree to finance the more and more ambitious books he wanted to produce, and Knight-Ridder seemed to offer one.

Bill Fisher and Knight-Ridder were a marriage made in hell. Fisher, the consummate seat-of-the-pants guy, had no patience with the big corporation's methodical decision-making processes. Knight-Ridder, although it has the best reputation of all the media conglomerates for publishing quality newspapers, didn't understand the book business. They were accustomed to buying newspapers and television stations, turning them around quickly, and earning big returns. The book business, explains one former HP employee, "just doesn't throw off money like a newspaper."

They also didn't understand Bill Fisher. Recalls Helen Fisher, his wife and former manager of the cookbook division: "They would always say, 'Bill, you're such an entrepreneur!' At first it was a joke, but later it became a dirty word." Bill Fisher, who stayed on as publisher, didn't understand Knight-Ridder. "He didn't like to do reports for them, didn't like to fly off to corporate headquarters in Miami," recalls Bailey, who succeeded Fisher as publisher. "They'd try to get him to come to a meeting, and he'd say, 'Bug off; I'm busy selling books.'"

Knight-Ridder encountered what it thought were weird business practices in Fisher's empire. One was the telephone sales department, in which seven women spent their days on the phone stirring up business among book distributors and retailers around the nation. Some of them were selling books like crazy, and making \$30,000 salaries as a result, Fisher says. "Knight-Ridder got rid of six of them," he says. "They just couldn't understand why those 'girls' were making so much money." But in fairness to Knight-Ridder, some of Fisher's practices were weird—such as those last-minute editing decisions that cost the company thousands in typesetting. Fisher indeed had the entrepreneurial spark, insiders said, but he also was a damn-the-expenses iconoclast who made it tough for the owners to make money.

The little desert publishing house expanded from about \$5 million in annual sales in 1979 to \$20 million last year. Adjusted for inflation, that's roughly a doubling of business. In the same time, however, the number of titles quadrupled (About eighty-five will be published this year). Simple arithmetic says that the average HP product of the '80s was less successful than the average of the '70s.

Looking back, employees say it was part bad

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luck, part bad judgment. In 1984-85, Knight-Ridder decided to create a couple of new "imprints," or labels, under which to market some of the books. One was called "The Body Press." It ventured into a new but related area for HP, that of consumers' medical guides. A thick and expensive book on prescription and non-prescription drugs scored big; a consumers' guide to symptoms and illnesses didn't do badly. However, another imprint, the "Knight-Ridder Press," was a flop. It issued books on computers, business, even ventured strange titles such as *Why Isn't My Daughter Married?* It was too great a departure. "We had an explosion in the publishing program," says Bailey. "As we did, we lost what HPBooks was all about. It was sort of like we published the heart out of the company."

*'He doesn't like semicolons.
He's never let a semicolon
go into one of his books.'*

The heart of HP's beginnings was, of course, Fisher. He was (and is) hardheaded, disdainful of convention, hard-driving and occasionally difficult. He appreciated bright and innovative people, yet he wanted things done his way. An editor who once was interviewed for a job at HP recalls the exact moment at which he knew he wouldn't take it. "The old man reviews the final text after all of us have done our editing, and he's pretty touchy about some things," the prospective editor was told. "For example, he doesn't like semicolons. He's never let a semicolon go into one of his books."

But eccentricities aside, the books sold because they worked. They were attractive, they were tested, and they were clear and detailed enough that even a middling klutz could make a cheese souffle or revive a dead VW engine with an HP book leading the way. It lost its way when it veered into other areas of publishing, or when it began looking for an easier buck by reprinting some European cookbooks instead of producing all of its own.

Bailey, who was among the long-time employees fired when PSS took over in July, is not nursing any grudges; he quickly found another job in another state. He predicts, however, that the new owners will not restore HP to what it was. "They won't put the time, money and energy we did into producing the books," he says. "They'll do it on a shoestring. I think the world has lost the premier how-to publisher."

To that, PSS chairman L. Lawrence Sloan replies, essentially, hogwash. "We don't have a big master plan," he says. "We will try to do more of what HP Books did successfully. Possibly that means cutting production costs—but not if that cuts quality."

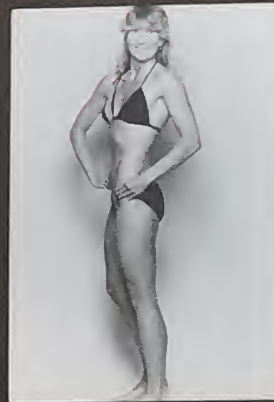
We'll see. Fisher, meanwhile, seems not to have been changed by the experience. He cooled his heels for three years after Knight-Ridder fired him, honoring a non-compete clause, and last winter opened up a new publishing business on North Campbell Avenue along with his wife and son Howard. Fisher Books' first two titles, released this summer, are *Purrfect Parenting*, a humorous guide to raising children; and *Pregnancy and Sports Fitness*, a how-to book for mothers-to-be who want to keep in shape. Both carry a Bill Fisher promise: "This is going to be a roaring success," he says. Neither has a single semicolon in it. □

—Lawrence W. Cheek

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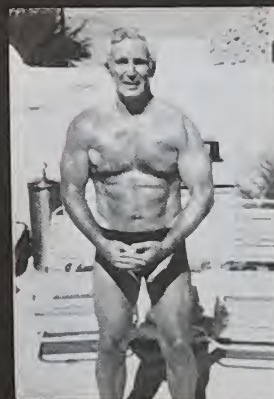
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Louise was nineteen years old when she had an abortion. She said she went to Planned Parenthood when her jeans got too tight. The agency sent her to a medical center. It was 1973, the year abortion became legal.

"I was so immature, so ignorant. I didn't tell my mom. I was five months pregnant. The doctor looked at me and said, 'You've been a bad girl.' When he took the needle out, he said, 'Go get dressed.' He gave me Demerol and said to go home and come back when the pains are five minutes apart. Like I had to do the act before I knew what it was. Then I buried it for ten years. I said to God, 'I'm sorry, I'm sorry,' and then I cried.

"When I went back, they put me in a wheelchair and took me to a ward. It hurt so bad. I kept screaming. I covered my face. It was a gush. I didn't look. A young nurse's aide looked at me and said, 'What's the matter with you?' Like there was this, this dead baby. She was real sarcastic. But the older nurse said, 'You gotta get well. You gotta get better.'

"I took a doll to bed with me.

"I can't remember why I didn't get counseling. I didn't know any people who were excited about being pregnant. My girlfriends all had abortions. I was scared. I was maybe deny-

LIVING WITH ABORTION

ing that it was a baby. I knew deep down in my conscience, but I stuffed it way down. I didn't have a support system.

"Nobody ever said it was a baby."

Louise is thirty-two now, happily married and the mother of two daughters, with another child very obviously on the way. The story of her abortion is an old one, but only recently has she dealt with her feelings about it.

While the fourteen-year-old public battle continues to rage between pro-choice and right-to-life groups over the morality of abortion, a private battle is being fought inside the hearts and minds of some of the women who have chosen abortions.

For the more than one-and-a-half-million abortions performed every year in this country, there is an undetermined percentage of women who suffer post-abortion trauma. It has been addressed only recently.

Louise is one of these women. She is a member of PACE, Post Abortion Counseling and Education, a support group to help women come to terms with guilt and suppressed emotions surrounding their abortions.

"After I felt better, physically recovered, I forgot the whole thing," Louise continued.

"I'd have dreams about a little kid. He had red hair, like the father. He'd be standing all alone. Like he was my kid."

Dreams of babies unborn, sometimes pointing fingers, crying or broken into little pieces are all familiar and part of a pattern to Linda Ross. She is a counselor and consultant for PACE.

"Little phantoms, little ghosts of ten appear in the dreams of the woman who is reexperiencing the trauma of her abortion," Ross said. She describes post-abortion syndrome as the long-term chronic inability of a woman to fully process her emotions, to grieve for her losses or to come to peace with herself and others.

"Another similarity in post-abortion syndrome is the numbing of emotions, and guilt about surviving where another did not."

PACE, formed in Tucson in 1985, is an outgrowth of an organization, Women Exploited By Abortion, started in 1975. Ross said that through WEBA activities, it became apparent

that long-suppressed emotions were surfacing among women who had had abortions—emotions such as anger, loneliness, depression. There were suicide attempts, and a desperate need for counseling.

As news about PACE spread, requests came pouring in from around the nation for more information and advice about starting groups. (PACE can be contacted through the Crisis Pregnancy Center, 622-5774.)

Ross said the phenomenon of post-abortion syndrome is growing so rapidly that when a woman is brought into a hospital emergency room for a suicide attempt, one of the first questions asked is whether she recently had an abortion.

Women suffering from post-abortion syndrome need to express their sorrow and regret, Ross said, and this is done most effectively by helping them to identify their loss. Therefore, the group encourages the woman to give the baby a name and a sex.

"Miscarriage counseling is very similar," Ross said. "They need to let go; they need for the baby to go away."

An important part of the healing process is giving the woman an opportunity to say hello to her baby, to express her sorrow and love, and then to let the baby go. To say goodbye.

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Deborah is thirty-five. She has had four abortions and currently is participating in her third PACE group. Deborah has named and grieved for two of her children, and has two more that she needs to say hello and goodbye to.

"My four abortions—I never called it a fetus, I called it an abortion until I learned to grieve two months ago—now they are my children. They have a place in my heart.

"When I went through the group for the second time, I thought I needed to grieve for my second child. It was too confusing to me. I needed to take this one abortion and—it was the second child that weighed on my heart. But when the grief came, it was the fourth child that came up."

Deborah's first abortion took place in New York City in 1972. New York was one of the few states to offer legalized abortion before the Supreme Court decision of 1973. She was living in Florida, and Planned Parenthood made the appointment for her. She flew up on a weekend with a girlfriend who also was pregnant.

"It was an awful experience. When I came to, all the ladies were screaming at the top of their lungs. There were daybeds, like at a dental office. They were screaming about how they already had four or five children at home and they couldn't have any more. They knew it was a baby. At that time they told you it was a blob of tissue.

"I was twenty years old—in the hippie movement, the flower child thing. I met a guy with long hair, hair as long as mine, which was almost to my waist. I started smoking pot a lot. It wasn't long after that I got pregnant. He blew up. 'No way you're going to get me to marry you.' I felt mentally unstable. I didn't want to bring a child into a world like I grew up in. He was maybe twenty-two, twenty-three years old. He got the money. He dealt dope. That was his work. I came back and married him several months later."

That marriage lasted six months. Six years later, on Mother's Day, 1978, Deborah visited Planned Parenthood again. This time the abortion was done in Orlando.

"I just thought, 'I had one abortion, I can have another.' I severed all ties, however flimsy, with all men. I went out to Santa Fe to go to massage school. In three months I met this man, and by spring I'm living with him. I got pregnant with a diaphragm. This was July, 1979. I went to Planned Parenthood in Albuquerque for the abortion. I smoked a lot of pot—numbed the pain. I can't remember about being in Albuquerque, except we went to the zoo after, and then to watch a Cheech and Chong movie.

"I managed to stay clear of men, really for me, quite a while, seven or eight months—a record.

"I was back in Santa Fe at the end of '80, my twenty-eighth birthday. A friend convinced me to do cocaine with her. This guy came up to me and shoved a Happy Birthday snort at me. I got pregnant that night. I went back to Orlando to the same abortion clinic where I had my second one."

Deborah said while she didn't know it at the time, her fourth abortion was the turning point.

In her second PACE group, Deborah said she relived that fourth trip to the abortion clinic, and reexperienced all the anger she had over the fourth abortion. Her fury was directed at the woman doctor and the nurse who told her not to cry so loudly.

"I said, 'I'll cry as loud as I want to, 'cause I'll never come back here again.' I was twenty-eight. My fourth abortion. I didn't realize how deeply I buried it."

—Nancy Guthrie

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NOTES

FOR JENNY

*Good memories
at the river's edge*

On August 22, 1978, I gave birth to twins, Andrew Michael and Jennifer Evelyn. On December 5, 1978, Jenny was the victim of Sudden Infant Death Syndrome (SIDS)—the number-one cause of death of babies under the age of one. A part of me died with her. I have agonized for eight years over why our baby was taken from us. I've resented research done on any other incurable disease. I now realize my anger is rooted in the fact that I never said goodbye to my daughter. I have tried writing letters to get rid of these feelings.

Dear Jenny,

I need to say these things to you. You had brown hair and brown eyes. You were beautiful. You were fair-skinned. You were a very good and quiet baby. Your dad could make you "coo." Your eyes had a sheepish gleam about them. I always dressed you in pink. Andy was a fussy baby while you always waited patiently for your feedings. Everything was pink and blue. I had such high hopes for us, hopes that we would be a team. We'd go shopping, out to lunch, you'd take dance lessons.

As your birthday approaches each year, an emptiness within me aches. I'll give your brother Andy a party. You should be there, too.

I was forced to see you in a hospital emergency room. You were already dead. My heart never let you go. I'll close my eyes and feel you hug me and tell me you love me, like an eight-year-old girl does. I imagine soft, long hair and a clean freshness about you. I'm getting closer now, Jenny. I know I have to do this. For my own sake. I'll look in your eyes and say, "I love you and I know I can never have you back again."

Goodbye, Jenny.

Love,
Your Mom.

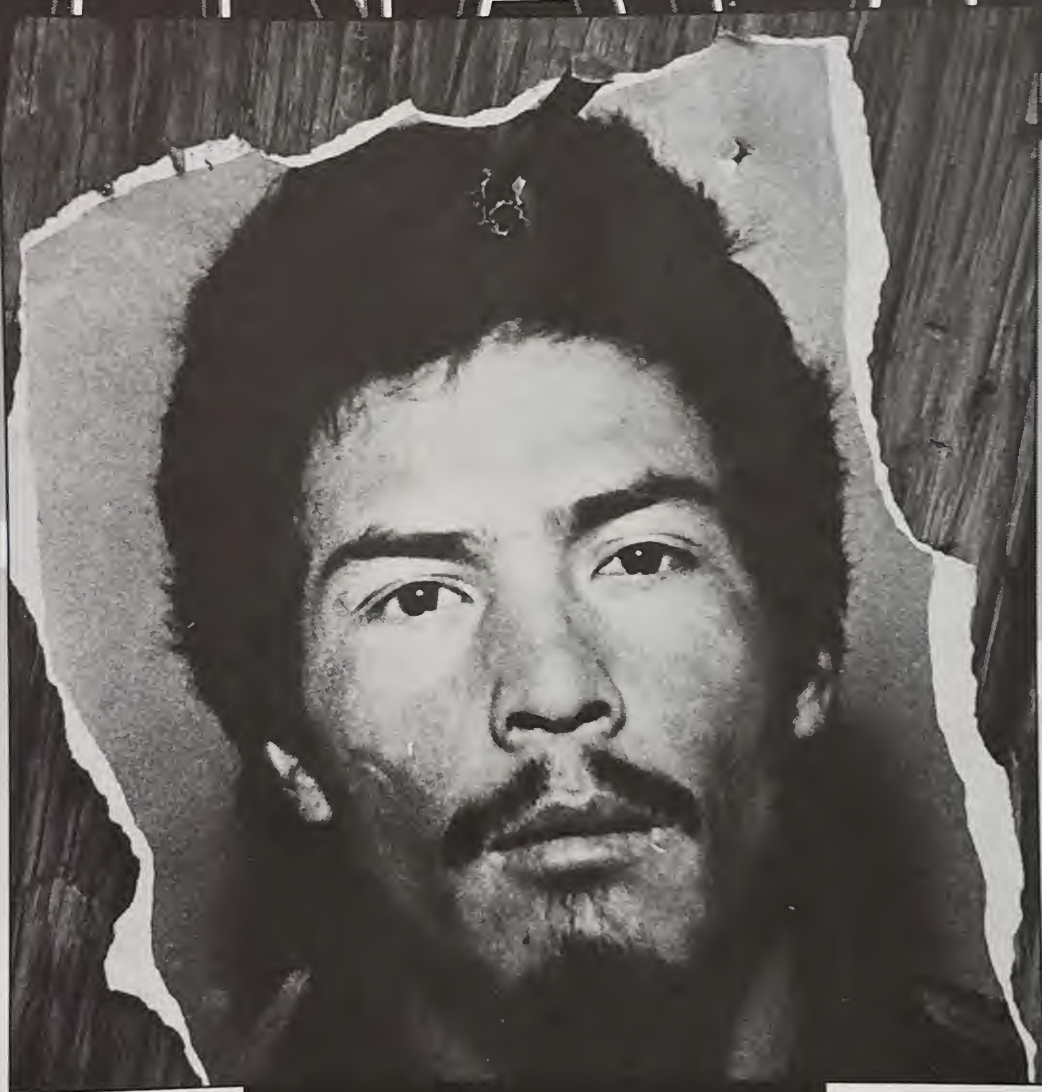
Andy, her brother, is now eight. For two weeks after her death, he was unable to sleep because he missed the warmth of her body. We have had two children since Jenny. Every once in a while, they ask, "What did Jenny die of?"

On September 26, the Children's Memorial Park will open on the north bank of the Rillito River between Oracle Road and Flowing Wells. There will be a wall, and for \$2 a letter a child's name can be engraved on a block in it. I've invited all my friends and family members to the opening. Jenny is buried in Michigan. But on September 26 I think I will be able to bring her home.

And feel some peace.
—Anna Valencia Beamish

By Charles Bowden
and Arturo Carrillo Strong
Photography by Hal Gould

EL NACHO



***He escaped
poverty in Mexico,
he inspired
fear everywhere,
and he died
violently in
Tucson. He was
our creation.***

A passing motorist notices the bodies in the tall grass early in the morning. They are out in the open, two men, hands tied behind their backs, bullets pumped into their heads. It is Monday, April 27, 1987, a half mile south of Ajo Way near Ryan Field west of Tucson. The sun is brilliant, the day will be hot. The two men have been dead a few hours.

The *Arizona Daily Star* mentions the discovery in a small item, noting that one of the dead is Carlos Enrique Lopez of Tucson and that the other has not been identified. The picture shows cops leaning over the two mounds of still flesh. A day later another small item identifies the other body: Ignacio Robles Valencia. He is twenty-seven. The two men are cousins. Then silence, as the incident blips out of the news of the city.

This is the story of what existed within that silence—a story rich with gore. Ignacio “El Nacho”

Robles was a thief, drug dealer and killer who operated both in northern Sonora and southern Arizona. *El Nacho*, *Nachito*, *El Famoso* was a creation of El Norte—a product of Sonora, but a creation of El Norte. He is a new model of human being and he is designed for the traffic. Here is what Nacho did in twenty-seven years of life: He robbed people, he beat people, he smuggled drugs, he used drugs. He killed six people, he killed ten people, he killed fifteen people, he killed twenty-eight people, he killed thirty-eight people, he killed sixty people. No one knows, estimates vary, he worked in so many places. It is very difficult to keep track.

He killed with a screwdriver, scissors or a knife.

He is a ghost skipping through people's memories now, or hiding in the official language of legal documents. But on the streets, he is still recalled. Over the decades, the drug traffic in this region has

blossomed, waned and blossomed again. And the character of this traffic has altered. The flower children are all grown up now; the Summer of Love is a fable handed down. El Nacho is real and his time has come. In the fragments known of his life, this change can be sensed, seen, felt and perhaps, understood. Remember for a moment those parties, the white lines of powder on the mirror. He is a kind of monster and the habits of North Americans gave him work to do that made him briefly important.

After the dying comes the ritual. The rosary for Carlos Enrique Lopez at the Tucson Mortuary is packed, and several well-known heavyweights in the local drug business attend. The room fills with the scent of flowers, the sharp smell of smelling salts, and there is much wailing. The casket is of the finest grade. Stern-faced young men stand at the head and foot of the coffin and scan the crowd. The parking lot outside is clogged with four-wheel-drive Chevy trucks complete with oversized tires, roll bars, fancy lights and tons of chrome. It takes three such machines just to carry the floral displays to the gravesite.

The prelude to burying Ignacio Robles Valencia is much the same. The casket is again of the finest grade, the body dressed well in new Levi's and a new cowboy shirt. The family comes up from Nogales, Sonora, to bring his remains back home. Antonio, Ignacio's younger half-brother, appears to be very much in command. He wears a colorful western shirt with gold lapel ornaments, Levi's, highly polished cowboy boots. Around his waist is a fancy leather belt with a large, round, silver and gold buckle concealing a small derringer that can be detached instantly. The body is loaded into the funeral coach and the small caravan prepares to leave. There is the matter of the bill. It is paid in full—\$1,500 in tens and twenties.

The dark story emerges in fragments, sometimes reluctantly, in many different voices.

La Voz del Norte [newspaper of Nogales, Sonora, April 30]: ASSASSINATION OF "NACHITO" ROBLES IN TUCSON. THE END OF THE DANGEROUS MULTIPLE MURDERER. At the beginning of this year, Nachito Robles had occasion to be released from jail by the authorities for a homicide in which he had presumably stabbed a young man during a fiesta in the *Colonia Heroes*....Taking into account his short life, he had resided as a prisoner for many years in the prison of this frontier where he once escaped after killing a guard with a pointed weapon, fleeing to Arizona. And on that occasion, he also killed a police officer....He returned to the border and committed another crime—the kind of thing his life was dedicated to during the sixteen years of his constant activity and his involvement in the 'business of murder.' Some of his family remember that Nachito was dangerous, and possibly his violent death results from revenge or is mixed up with the business of the narcotics traffic....Police circles indicate that the death of Nachito closes one of the darkest pages of Nogales.

The American Cop: Nacho, he was just the help. Yeah, the people around Nacho had machine guns, big guns, not Uzis, they're too small. Who doesn't these days? You feel a little skinny out there with a .38. How much did he take down? Oh, he could probably make a couple of grand a week when he wanted work.

Killings? Who cares how many he killed? Ten, fifteen, more, what's it matter? For a guy like that, it doesn't mean anything. That's what he did: kill people. And anyway, those guys all brag, run up their scores. Right now, how many guys do you think are out there claiming they did Nacho?



The grave of Ignacio Robles Valencia in the Panteón de los Heroes, Nogales, Sonora.

Lupita: She is forty something, wears tight jeans, running shoes and a lavender T-shirt depicting a naked woman stretched out on the sand and the words SUN YOUR BUNS. The voice is very soft, uncertain at times in English, but even in Spanish barely audible. The sounds of the cafe, the clatter of silver, barking of waitresses to the cook, the purr of the air conditioner, all these things seem to bury her words. She is clear and yet opaque. The past is basically a closed book, a finished thing. There is today, maybe tomorrow. Take things one at a time.

She smiles easily and yet everything she says seems to emerge from a deep pool of languor. Nacho? Oh, she knew him since he was nine years old, struggling with life in the *Colonia Buenos Aires*, Nogales, Sonora. She knows the family, all of them. Nacho, he would live with her for periods of time when he was in Tucson. She, herself, is Tucson-born, but Nogales is almost like an extension of her house, a room on the south wing of her life.

She is puzzled at the questions, but not alarmed. Just puzzled: What does it matter?

The Old Dealer: I know everyone, from the highest to the lowest dealers, not only in Tucson but in the United States and Mexico. I've kept records al-

most from the start when I was first getting busted and I kept track of everything. Now everyone on the goddamn southside is a dealer. When the season starts in October, they're like a bunch of damned ants at a picnic. Then you see them all buying new pickups, building higher patio walls and trying to build a bigger house than the other dealers. The trouble is you can't trust the bastards. If they don't kill you, they snitch you off to the cops. Then there's the cops, there's a million damn cops out there now, they fall all over themselves. That's why I don't do business any more. It's too damn dangerous.

The Old Dealer has been in the traffic a long time—he is not that old, but this is not work for those who wish to grow old and full of years. The police feel he has been involved in at least seventy drug-related murders in the Tucson area.

Several things have changed in the last few decades of life in this borderland. Nogales has gone from a town of 25,000 to a city of 200,000. The drug traffic has grown from being just another smuggling business involving Americans and Mexicans to being a major industry. The numbers here all turn to smoke—in 1984 it was estimated by one study that Americans earn \$123 million each day selling drugs.



Statistics can be produced to suit any need—cop or dealer—but the work goes on. The flow of narcotics north from Latin America has shifted in part from Florida to Arizona—in about a hundred-day period this last winter 4,400 pounds of cocaine were seized by the authorities in southern Arizona and Phoenix. And people in control of this business are bigger, meaner and tougher than they were in the sixties and seventies.

A Young Dealer: In the sixties, you could trust people. The cops were honest, the addicts were honest, and you didn't have to worry about getting killed for your drugs. We knew who the cops were and you took your chances when you sold stuff, but not like today. Now you can't trust anyone. There's cops all over the place. In the seventies, the killings started, a lot of Cubans came here and more and more Mexicans from Nogales moved here and started selling dope. Then they started killing each other and ripping off people. Still, even then most of the stuff was controlled by home boys. Then in the late seventies the big-time *cholos* moved in from Nogales and cocaine became real popular. That's the trouble, all those guys from the other side control everything, the home boys can't keep up with

them. You have to buy almost everything from them now.

Nacho is a small player in this change—a hireling from the barrio periodically employed for small shipments and quick deaths. The magistrate in Mexico listens attentively to a description of Nacho's drug system: He had a distributor in Tucson—"Claro," he says; he had a distributor in Phoenix—"Perfecto," he beams.

Nacho is also a door into how the business has changed and may change us all.

Mexican Court Records: Robbery with violence. Two Americans go to Nogales to buy marijuana from Nacho. They argue over the price and one of the Americans picks up a rock. Nacho whips out a switchblade and says, "Give me all the money, you mother." His friend, El Chato, grabs one Ameri-

people die because there is so much money at stake—an enormous amount of money for the world of hunger that stretches south from that fence only one hour away. He starts placing little sealed capsules of cream on the table, like small squat soldiers. Each capsule represents a different police force in the Mexican city.

The American Cop: Now this gang controls this one, and say this gang controls that one, and so forth. Now, I'm not talking just local punks, I'm talking about the guys you read about from way down south, the big guys. Not all the cops are crooked; it would be unfair to say that. There are honest guys down there. I don't want you smearing the cops in Nogales. But be careful—never, never go to this one force for information, you understand? Don't even think about it. They all wear silk shirts, the Rolex watches, the fleet of stolen American cars

They would throw him down the hill, he would go flying through the air. Or the family would throw bricks at him, he would crouch and hold out his arms to protect himself and when the bricks hit, he would scream and yell.

can by the throat while Nacho empties his pocket. They take his watch and a hundred dollars.

Many in this community have snapshots of memories from the fifties and sixties and seventies. It is the mid-1950s, and for a cop Tucson's drug scene is compact: forty or fifty heroin or opium addicts, and the business is concentrated in *Barrio Libre* between Broadway, 17th Street, Stone Avenue and Main, in Old Pasqua Village off Miracle Mile and over in El Rio. The addicts are the dealers. It is 1965 and a guy walks around the UA with a briefcase full of LSD that he peddles, like a Fuller Brush man, in the dorms. It is a summer night in the sixties, and you sit on steps drinking longnecks and plotting how to get marijuana legalized in Arizona while the monsoon electrifies the air around you. It is the early seventies, there is a construction slowdown, and a bunch of out-of-work bricklayers try to find some money. The door of the trailer opens at night, the truck with the load is due within the hour, and instantly everyone shoulders a shotgun or a rifle. It is June 1987, the door opens on a shed in south Tucson and there stands the man surrounded by 2,000 pounds of marijuana. You want twenty pounds? I've got it today; I don't know about tomorrow.

Things change.

Think of a screwdriver plunging through the neck.

Lupita: He couldn't talk to his aunt about what he did because she was afraid of him. He couldn't talk to his mother because he didn't want her to suffer anymore. The killings? They hurt him, but he said he had to do it.

There are layers of cops in Nogales, Sonora, different strands of authority wrapping around the populace—the Federal police, the state police, the municipal police, the highway patrol. The American Cop tries to explain the lay of the land in Nogales over coffee at the Desert Inn in Tucson. It is a game, it is a business, an arena where cops bust drug dealers, and drug dealers try to make a living and a lot of

for their personal use. Look, I mean this, don't even go to the station. When I'm down there I sure as hell don't.

Lupita: His childhood? Yes, I knew him as a boy, I met him when he was nine, you know? They all lived on the side of a hill. Nacho had seven brothers and sisters, the mother, the stepfather—his natural father he was gone, prison, maybe—and the mother and stepfather did not like Nacho. They would throw him down the hill, he would go flying through the air. Or the family would throw bricks at him, he would crouch and hold out his arms to protect himself and when the bricks hit, he would scream and yell. Nachito spent most of his time away from home, wandering Nogales, and when he came home, he was hungry and wanted to eat. He was always hungry the way kids are. He had no shoes, no clothes and he never attended school. I met his sisters when they were twelve or thirteen, they'd come to Tucson looking for work, you know. They would clean houses, like that. They had jumped the fence, you know.

A half dozen men stand around the horses smoking and laughing, automatic rifles dangling from their hands. They wear the dress of vaqueros and stare with the eyes of cops. The morning light plays off their faces as they examine the battered car—front wheel buckled under like a broken leg, glass shattered. The click of typewriters chatters out the open windows of the Nogales police station and two uniformed cops survey the street from the door, hands resting on their .45s.

The head cop's office has more typewriters. Its windows, too, are open, the June heat pours through and there is no cooling system. Everyone wears good shoes, an easy smile and hard eyes. Outside in the lobby people cool their heels. Some basketball players from Utah come in. They had parked their van by the Nogales railroad station, boarded the train for a vacation and now they are back and their van has been broken into and ransacked and another car of theirs is missing. This will be difficult, the police explain, we must have your registration,

proof of ownership. But the papers are in the missing car, the Americans explain. Shrug, what can we do then? One of the cops is driving the missing car; it is outside the building. How can we return it without the proper papers?

Outside on the balcony of the building is a mural made of tiles: a pirate holds a sword over his head, his other arm clutches a beautiful woman, her blouse torn and one breast exposed, and at their feet is booty.

A short man in a leisure suit enters the room, an AR-15 dangling from one hand, the other hand clutching a woman by the elbow. A clerk at the desk looks up and asks, "Did she give you any trouble?" No, he shrugs. The woman is thirty something, wears a red dress and a face full of fear. Her hair is not carefully groomed, as if she has been surprised and spirited off without an opportunity to make herself attractive. She breathes rapidly and sits rigidly in the chair. And then she seems to vanish into some other part of the station.

Two guys are brought in handcuffed. They are taken to a small closet with no windows and no air, plopped into two chairs and left to think. The door is closed on them. After a while a cop opens the door. The two guys are drenched with sweat. The cop walks up to one and feints a blow with one hand, the prisoner raises his arms to ward it off, and then the cop cracks him cleanly on the chin with his other fist. He abruptly turns and leaves, shutting the door. As he passes the clerk in the lobby, he says, "They're not ready yet."

The police know of El Nacho. Yes, they smile, he was El Famoso. They also know of his father, El Bronco, a gun smuggler, robber. Killer? Perhaps.

Jorge Issachttis Corrales [a prisoner], *Volvere a Vivir* [I Will Return To Live], 1974: Observation: Monday, March 4, 1974. Time? 12:35 approximately.... It is important to clear up who killed Ramon Rendon Amparano.... Isn't it true, Warden, even though you didn't order it yourself, that this killing was done by your paid *pistolero* Ignacio Robles Morales [Nacho's natural father]? Wasn't it also this same gentleman during other investigations who shot [a list of names]....

Yes, the cops say, they have some records—they know of four killings El Nacho did in Nogales, plus two more they are certain he did. How many in all? Go to Hermosillo, go to San Luis, check Tucson, Phoenix, Mesa. There are many records.

The entire criminal history of the city of Nogales takes up about as much space as a master bedroom. The woman working here is very friendly; her goal is to go the University of Arizona and learn English. The sheets are pulled on El Nacho, a string of violent robberies and murders. El Nacho's face peers from an old mug shot. He is fifteen in the picture.

Lupita: When he was thirteen, he did his first assassination. She was an old lady, he told me, real old and she was just walking down the street—"just passing through," he said—and he jumped her. He wanted some money. He killed her with a screwdriver. He got thirteen cents.

Bartender in the Fray Marcos Hotel: El Nacho, oh, sure I knew him, know his father—the old man is dying now, cancer I think [he died in late July]. When Nacho got out of prison about ten years ago, he was sixteen or seventeen, he came walking up Obregon one night and some kids were burning a tire about a block from the Fray Marcos Hotel. It was winter and they were trying to keep warm. My cousin Enrique was there and Nacho said something to him, and he said something to Nacho and

then Nacho pulled out a screwdriver and drove it through his throat and he died like that. Nacho ran away.

The Buenos Aires district? Sure you can go in it. The police are there during the day; they leave at dark.

Tribuna Regional [June 14]: This youth was assaulted by hoodlums in the vicinity of the registered area called Buenos Aires, the worst slum in the city—where we have noticed there is a protection racket against the citizens by the city police.

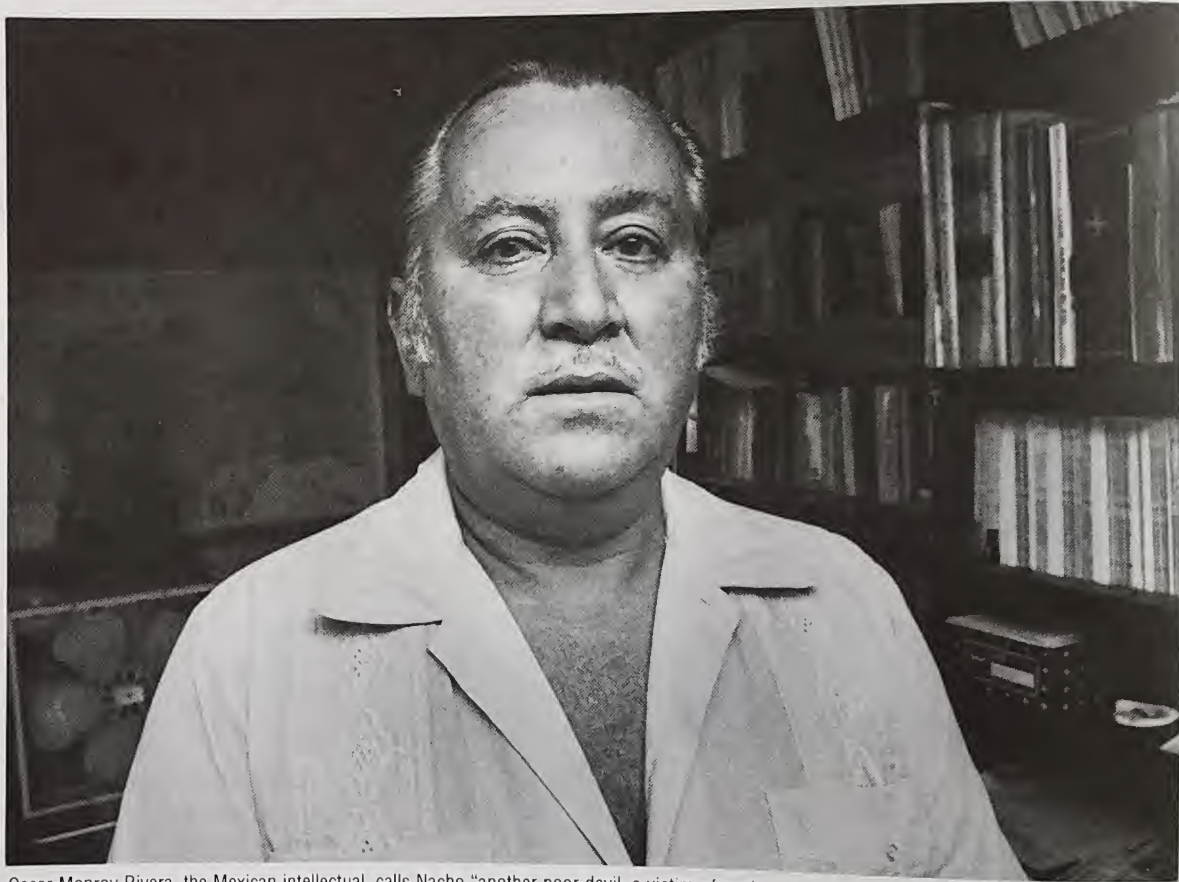
Nogales, Sonora reporter: El Nacho? Yes, I knew of him and I know the father and mother, too. Killings? I think Nacho did maybe ten in Nogales, perhaps three in Tucson and somewhere in Arizona they say he killed a cop. When he would escape from prison and kill someone, he would call the police from Buenos Aires and say, come and get me. He killed at least one cop in this manner. How many did he kill in all? Who knows? In Nogales itself, I think there have been maybe 140 murders since the

hind the wire. The grocery stands across from the burying ground, a weed-strewn block of monuments called Pantheon de los Heroes. A child walks by, her schoolbox sporting a drawing of men on the moon. The kids wear T-shirts that proclaim VOTE NO, OTT YMCA TUCSON ARIZONA, MICKEY MOUSE. A hundred yards or more to the north Gringolandia begins. A car rolls past with a loudspeaker on the roof blaring the day's news: a bad car crash up around Casa Grande.

There are no big houses, no flash, no new cars, 4x4s, boats—the trinkets of workers in the drug traffic.

Rio Hondo, the street where Nacho was raised, is almost vertical, water trickling down the center of the track. A woman stands in the middle of the road, her dress red, stockings a heavily patterned black net, the heels high and also black. Her lips are pursed, deep red, and moist. She stares into the dirt and appears to notice nothing.

A Coca-Cola truck unloads cases of soft drinks, children laugh and run by. There is nothing out of the ordinary, there never is. It is a place where



Oscar Monroy Rivera, the Mexican intellectual, calls Nacho "another poor devil, a victim of society."

first of the year. Is the Buenos Aires safe? Sure, until dark.

The Colonia Buenos Aires sits right by the fence one hill to the east over from downtown Nogales, Sonora. The entrance, a narrow street, knifes between two hills like a bottleneck, the surface rutted, people walking everywhere with bags of food in their hands. Once inside, the district opens up and houses and dirt streets tumble up and down the hills. Street signs are few, the whole place a maze. Here and there, *cholos* stand around smoking and looking up with empty eyes.

Messages shout from the walls: CHUKOS POBRES, COMUNISMO. The homes are largely brick and block, the windows have glass, the yards boast flowers here and there. The district does not have the feel of grinding poverty—no cardboard shacks, no windowless hovels. Up a side street, a goat browses by a fallen grocery cart and a woman stands in a long red skirt watering some plants with a hose. Her face says there are no clocks here.

Some yards are fenced and big dogs patrol be-

people live and make whatever kind of life they can.

Later, the cops say, with mock surprise, "You went into Buenos Aires? That is a den of wolves." The night comes down.

Lupita: The house was four rooms, small but nice. They have an indoor toilet, you know.

La Voz del Norte: Since he was very little, he had demonstrated that he was a sociopath who killed for any minor offense; others have indicated that he was a product of the age in which he happened to be born in on this border, a product of the decade of the sixties.

In May, the word boils out of Nogales that there has been another murder: A brother of Nacho's is said to have shot and killed a man in Colonia Buenos Aires for comments he made about Nachito. The Mexican police deny this. Arizona cops are skeptical also. It is talk. Many killings remain talk. Except to the corpse.

Mexican Police Record: IGNACIO ROBLES VALENCIA (A) EL NACHITO ROBLES—born December 14, 1959, in Nogales, Sonora; his siblings are LUIS, MANUEL, RITA, ISABEL, ANTONIO, OLGA AND HUMBERTO on Rio Hondo No. 372....His parents are IGNACIO ROBLES MORALES AND PETRA VALENCIA GARCIA. His height is 5'7", his weight 145 pounds, thin, dark brown complexion, nose medium, mouth medium, lips regular, flaring nostrils, oval chin, black wavy hair, brown eyes, thick straight eyebrows, thin moustache (trimmed), clean shaven, regular forehead, free citizen of the state, unemployed, and he has the following visible marks: ON HIS RIGHT CHEEK HE HAS TWO SCARS, ON THE RIGHT ARM A TATTOO OF A FACE, ON HIS LEFT ARM A PEACOCK, ON HIS CHEST THE HEAD OF A TIGER, A ROSE, A SPIDER WEB AND SPIDER, ON HIS BACK THE VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE AND THE FACE OF A WOMAN.

Oscar Monroy Rivera is fifty-four, fat, short and wears a light blue tank top, shorts and sandals. He does not speak; he announces, the finger jabbing forward, the brow furrowed. Every few moments he leaps from his chair in the book-lined study, wheels around and paces the long narrow room. But he never stops talking. This is the *Bahia del Silencio*, the bay of silence. A long, hand-carved wooden sign outside proclaims this fact to the world. Monroy is a Mexican intellectual, the house is his mental prison,

the politics of the state. A stream of books resulted. In 1974, he wrote the preface to *A Visit to Prison*, an anonymous account of life in the Nogales pen, almost a second home to Nacho.

11/24/74 Ignacio Robles Valencia (A) El Nacho Robles: arrested for robbery and violence. Sent to the Prison.

A Visit to Prison: A very frank and gratified smile crowned the lips of el señor licenciado Restres, director of the prison, who in those moments felt profoundly grateful to the personages of the political state to whom he owed his position...which allowed him to receive honors...from the distinguished prisoners who offered him money, feasts, honors....In the meantime, the lawyer Everardo Jimeno was conversing...about the knowledge and the art with which he is able to take drug traffickers out of jail in just hours....With fifty or one hundred thousand pesos it is just a matter of hours.

Nacho first went to prison at the age of thirteen—according to locals, to the Islas Tres Marias, Mexico's version of Devil's Island. In Mexico, there is a tradition of *ley de fuga*, the law of flight. As a local judge in Nogales recently explained it, this law cannot be found in any statute books but, he smiled, it exists. What it means today, he said, is that when the prisons are crowded, the guards let men try to escape and if they make it to a certain point without

struggles to rise, but two soldiers hold him down.

A second man is put on the stove and eventually faints. The next day they return for him, carrying a hammer. The man has opened his veins with his teeth. He is taken to the infirmary. In a few days he revives. He is stripped, tied hand and foot. A hammer is raised, first the right leg is broken, then broken again. Then the knee, then the ribs. He is broken up bit by bit.

The Mexican prison that Monroy and his anonymous co-author describe is the school Nacho attended from the age of thirteen onward.

Mexican Court Records: Three armed men point guns at the guards in the Nogales prison. It is 9:30 a.m., October 30, 1977, and Nacho is one of the armed men. A guard moves to shut the main gate, and Nacho waves his gun and says, "Okay, you whores and bastards, we're going out now." He grabs a guard, puts a gun to his head and moves forward. Nacho and his friends—El Teco, El Chicago and others—rush outside. A red pickup and a car with tinted windows and a coat of primer pull up and the people in the vehicles pass out guns. A guard reaches for the door of the car, Nacho puts a gun to his throat. A firefight ensues. Some men leave in the cars, some race to a nearby bus. Others disappear into the city.

Mexican Court Records: Murder of a public official. Several guards begin to move through the

They pick him up, his hair is grabbed and pulled, they carry him across the room. And sit him down on the electric hot plate. The stove hisses, the smell of burnt flesh wafts across the room. He struggles to rise, but two soldiers hold him down.

the silence—elusive when one is within range of his booming voice—is outside his home, the denial by his government of his existence, of his words, of his passion.

12/20/1973. Ignacio Robles Valencia. Convicted of murder. Sent to the Prison.

He pigeonholes Nacho quickly, "another poor devil, a victim of the society." The Nachos are not the important thing, he says. Look for the big operators, the government, the rich Americans, the whole life of the frontier drenched with drugs, money and death. On the surface, Monroy almost begs to be dismissed as an irrelevant scholar. He has written 40 books and 900 articles. He smiles and says he is the most prolific Sonoran of this century. On his typewriter he has glued a sentence that states that words must be written with blood or they are nothing. He seems to be an actor giving a performance in this long room tucked away on a side street near the railroad tracks.

But he is not to be dismissed. His life is bound to the life of his city. He has been imprisoned several times for protesting corruption and naming names in the local drug industry. Twice contracts have been put out on his life. But he is not so easy to kill. Because he is rooted here.

Monroy escaped to Mexico City in the mid-fifties, entered the University and flourished as an intellectual. He returned to Nogales in 1970 in the hope, he says, of bringing some culture to the remembered wasteland of his youth and of entering

being gunned down, they are free. Nacho is supposed to have survived two *fugas*, one in Nogales, according to the local judge. The judge smiles easily at his explanation. Nacho made one kill in front of the building where he now speaks.

Lupita: He went to prison on that island, Islas Tres Marias, the place in the Gulf of California called the Islands of the Assassins. He escaped from there. How? I don't know. Once he escaped from prison by the *ley de fuga*—there were fifty-eight men offered the chance to run. This was in 1980 or 1981. Nacho took off, the guards fired, he was one of fifteen survivors. The other time was in the Nogales prison. He was sick, he had those things in his arm, those needles and tubes, he pulled them out and then killed the guard and left.

Monroy, who is a lawyer, is not sure about this matter of *ley de fuga*. He says he doesn't know, but it is possible. The part he is sure of is the torture. There is a section of *A Visit to Prison* that describes an escape by some of the inmates, their recapture and what happened to them back in their cells. First, the clothes were removed, then the brass knuckles were used. One man falls on his knees and says, "By your sainted mother, don't torture me. No more! I will tell you anything you want, everything." He urinates and defecates on himself.

They pick him up, his hair is grabbed and pulled, they carry him across the room. And sit him down on the electric hot plate. The stove hisses, the smell of burnt flesh wafts across the room. He

cells of prison in Nogales. One, Manuel G., grabs a young inmate. The other prisoners become restless—they sense he wants to molest the boy. Nacho strikes at the guards in an effort to free the boy, and he is tear-gassed in the face. The guards shut the area down and Nacho retreats. He is seen in a while leaving the prison dining hall with a knife. He shouts to the guard who grabbed the boy, "The end of this blade will be in your back." Later, Nacho observes five or six guards hitting another convict, El Chango. Nacho struggles to get up, the guards beat him and give him more gas. He throws water in his face, pulls a knife and flings it at the guards. He misses. He regains the knife and plunges it into Manuel G.'s back. Nacho is sentenced to Islas Tres Marias. The judge notes that one must be at least eighteen to go to the Islas but, because of Nacho's criminal nature, he is going to make an exception. Nacho is barely fifteen years old. The order is eventually changed and he is sentenced to serve his time in Nogales.

Lupita: He figured he would wind up back in prison, he was used to it. He'd lived there since he was thirteen. Inside, he had people afraid of him and he would make them work for him and bring him food, cigarettes, women. I visited him once in the Nogales Prison along with his woman. He was in isolation for killing a guard but we just walked right in. His room was clean and he was clean. He had a bathroom, bed, kitchen wall, it was roomy. Here he was in isolation but he could take a woman to bed.

Cafe Owner, Nogales: My friend the Colonel from the local police, he was once in San Luis when Nacho got out of prison. Well, the Colonel says, Nacho walked out the gate and saw two guys just standing there doing nothing. He decked them both and then smiled, kind of like he'd slugged the guys just to flex his muscles.

Nogales itself has been reshaped by the last few decades. The twin border plants, offered as a Band-Aid after the end of the bracero program in 1964, had drawn tens of thousands of Mexicans from the interior in the sixties and seventies. Many have not found the wages and lives they imagined. And in the seventies and eighties, the drug traffic settled onto the city, doing the business of an international conglomerate.

11/15/79. Ignacio Robles Valencia, convicted of murder. Sent to Prison.

The American Cop: The drug scene has changed a lot from the seventies, the big change coming around '78 or '79. The old deal would go something like this: You go down and say you want to buy a thousand pounds, and the guy would say fifty percent now and give me the rest a week later. So you take the load and then, hey, you get busted and lose it all. So you go back and he says, okay, I'll charge you more for the next load and you pay me with the profits from it. Now you go down there and say you want a thousand pounds and you get it and you get busted and lose and you go back and say, hey, I lost it. And they say, pay us now. And if you don't, they kill you.

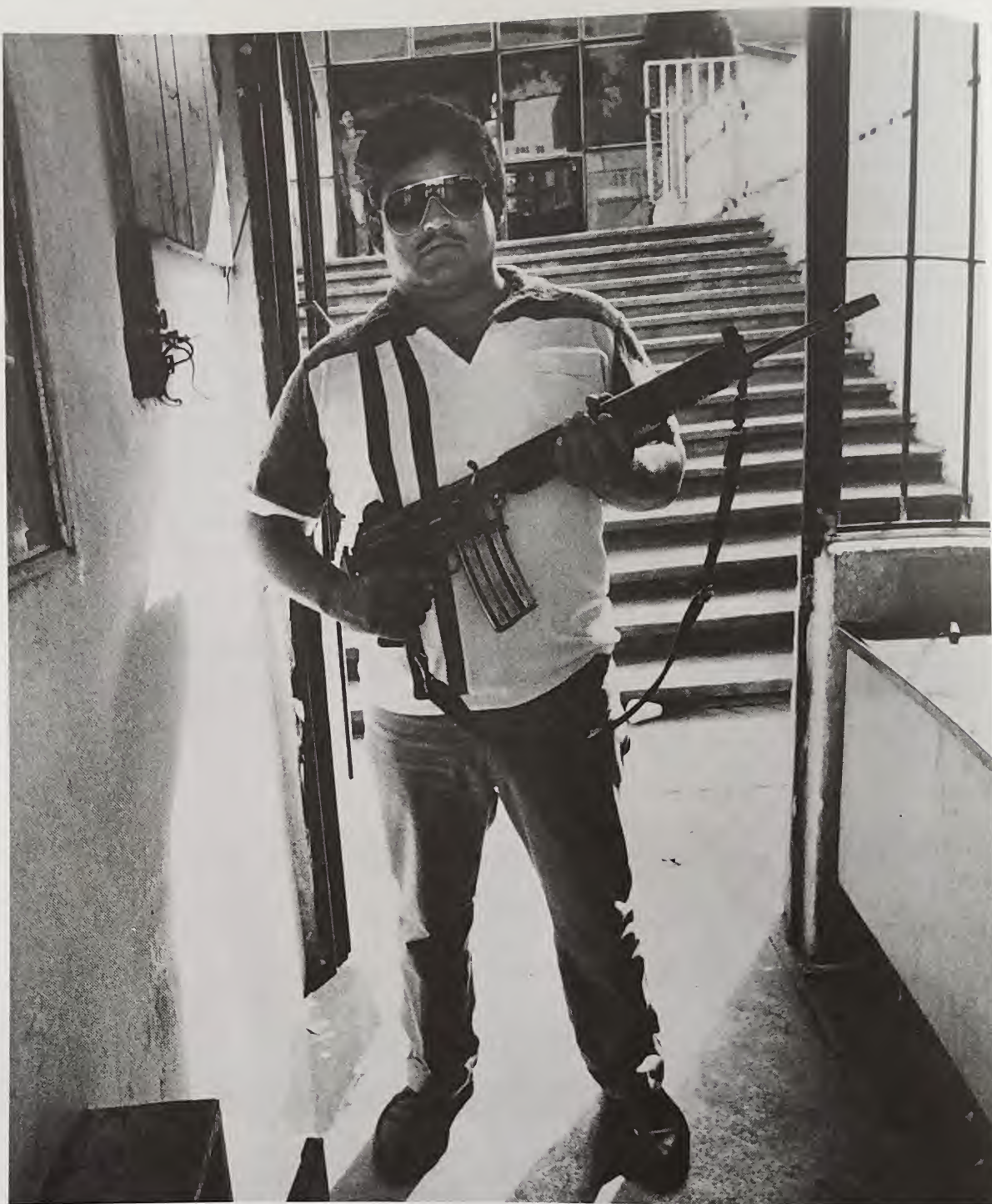
Lupita: It was after escaping the Islas that he came to my home in Tucson and I took him in. No, he didn't have a car. He would borrow one when he needed one—you had to be careful if you loaned him a car because if he got stopped with the merchandise he would jump out and run away and then you would lose your car. When he came up from Mexico, he jumped through the fence and walked for two or three days.

He would be around the house. He hardly watched TV, he'd just go to bars and make trouble. He didn't know how to stay home and watch TV. Sometimes he liked uppers—you know, like coke—he always wanted to be on the go. He couldn't stay put.

He would talk to me about what he did. I once saw him take a pair of scissors apart, take the screw out, and then he would take both pieces and leave. He used a scissors to kill with, or a screwdriver. But he said he had to do it. People owed him money. He told me he had killed whole families—the man, the woman, the children—because they owed him money. He killed twenty-eight or thirty-eight, I don't remember. When he killed, he took downers. He had trouble talking about it, he just looked down at his feet and said it hurt him. I never saw him with a mean face.

Mexican Court Records: It is October 15, 1985, and men tear the screen door off the house and enter the home in Nogales, Sonora. They find an R-15 — "the horn of the goat"—an M-1, a .38 caliber pistol, a .25 caliber chrome automatic. The gang meets with Nacho Robles at the Glen of the Heroes and turns the loot over to him.

Lupita: He told me he wished he never did it, but he had to take care of his own skin. If he didn't do it, they'd do it to him. I always felt that if he didn't have something to stab with, he was nobody.



A guard at the prison in Nogales, Sonora

And he knew he was nobody. If he had a gun, he couldn't hit nothing. He wasn't much of a fighter. I took two men away from him who were trying to beat him.

Mexican Court Records: David Perez Diaz is frightened. He knows Nachito has always lusted after his sister. Finally, she left the city of Nogales to be safe. Nacho wanted her to join his group, and when she refused, he threatened to kill Perez several times. In October 1985, Perez's sister returns to Nogales. On the night of November 8th, he and his sister hear gunshots outside the house. She runs outdoors and screams that it is Nachito. Perez is terrified—he knows of at least two people Robles has killed for much less than this matter of his sister. On November 15th, Nacho and his friend El Guero Jipi—"The Blond Hippie"—come to the house. They find Perez with his friend Raul Trejo. Nacho and his *compañero* pull a shotgun and a .38. Nacho spits at Perez, stands before him. He slams a pistol into his stomach, grabs his shirt and shakes him, and says, "Remember I told you before I was going to kill you. Well, today is the day." Perez feels a horrendous shiver pass through his body. He instinctively pulls a .25 from his vest and shoots Robles in the hip and the leg. Nacho doubles over and tells Perez, "You motherfucker, you've fucked me. And you beat me in this shoot-out." Nacho and Jipi retreat a short

distance, turn and fire. The bullets miss. They melt away.

Lupita: He liked good clothes, liked being neat and clean. Sometimes he permed his hair so it would be just right. He didn't give his mother money. He spent it, I guess. He never had much money. He was not a heavy drinker. He had a good sense of humor, he laughed a lot and would always try to make people laugh.

He wasn't bad-looking at all. If he had a woman, he would stay with her, he was a one-woman kind of man. He met this woman, back I think in 1981, and she was living with this black guy who wanted to marry her. He gave her nice rings and things. She lived in public housing. The guy found out about Nacho and he took everything back. Then Nacho started living with her, and she got pregnant, and they tossed her out of public housing. She was twenty-two. They had the baby, I was there at the delivery, and the baby was born with the fingers curled, I saw this, curled and one little finger sticking up—the baby was flinging the bird at the world. He was in prison when the baby was born—she's about seven now—and he never did see her.

He'd get in fights with his woman. Once I was over there with a boyfriend, and Nacho tried to shoot her with a rifle. He missed. He couldn't shoot you if you were just standing there. Once she got

mad at him and took a swing at him and missed and smashed the aquarium and cut her arm bad. He wanted to kill her. Why? I don't know, I guess he was mad at her.

Religious? I was terrible myself about revenge and maybe that was why Nacho came to me. I was raped when I was young, and I know if I could strike back I would never stop hitting. I think a lot of Nacho's killings were about his father, about striking back. You know they had a shoot-out back in 1980 or '81 in Nogales, he and his father, because Nacho said his father should help him and give him money, and his father refused, and Nacho said you never felt for me when I was a boy or helped me, and his father said, how could I? I was in prison. And Nacho said, well, see, now I'm just like you.

I had joined a new religion, and Nacho would say, how can you do that, here have a cigarette, let's go drink, and after awhile I thought he's right, I should just be me.

Nacho believed that he was born to die, that he wasn't going to like live forever. He didn't believe in God. I saw this big tattoo on his arm, just above the wrist, a spiral or something, just this big mess, like dirt. I asked what is that thing and he said that's the Devil, the Devil doesn't have a form.

Did he worship the Devil? Nacho wasn't the kind to worship nothing. He didn't have time for worship. He would die when he would die, when his time came.

He didn't have friends. No, he didn't have friends. People were afraid of him. They knew who he was and what he did. He liked the United States better than Mexico. He said you could have a better life here. He said the prisons were better, you could get heat, and air cooling and good food.

That last day, the day he died, he was very nervous, walking back and forth in the room, looking outdoors. He had hardly had any sleep, he was working something out. He looked paranoid. He had to go meet someone. I heard he had a big argument with someone and that he and Carlos had a machine gun that night. They sent someone for the drugs for the deal. And then I don't know what happened.

Next thing, I turned on the television and saw his body wrapped up in something.

At the wake, I talked to his mother and she said she had no more tears. She had spent thousands on bribes getting him out of prisons in Mexico. She sold old clothes, things like that.

I was never afraid of Nacho. I told him that if he came up behind me to stick me, I would feel him coming and I would turn around and he would have to deal with me face to face. And I would have something in my hand, too.

The wake lasts three days down in the small, four-room house on Rio Hondo. Lupita only goes for the first day. The custom is for the feet to point toward the door, but the room is too small, so the coffin is not in its proper alignment. Men keep vigil, one at each end. "They wouldn't even get close to Nacho when he was alive," she smiles, "but now that he was dead...."

Lupita arrives with flowers. She wears four rings, and carries flowers so as not to appear empty-handed before the family. She stares down at the corpse, all washed, in good clothes, nice-looking, the coffin bought for \$1,200 in Tucson. Lupita had been through two false death reports before with Nacho, and then he would turn up alive.

Lupita asks the corpse, "Is that really you, you bastard? Are you really dead? What happened to your seven lives?"

La Voz del Norte [May 1]: According to infor-

mation received both were executed in the classic style of the Mafia. At this time it appears that the sacrifice may have been vengeance for some of the numerous crimes committed by 'El Nachito' Robles....Nevertheless, at the present time the evidence suggests that El Nachito and his cousin Carlos Enrique Lopez had participated in a heavy drug deal and that something didn't come off as expected. In the meantime, yesterday, the youth Ignacio Robles was buried after religious services....With the death of El Nachito, it also brings to an end the tragic journey of a homicidal youth who was credited for various homicides, as many on this border as in Tucson, Arizona, where he finally met the end in the form that was expected: Violently.

Pepe Sierrar Intz, Radio Announcer, XENY, Nogales, Sonora: Nacho? A few days after he died, the cops went to the family with real gory shots of the corpse. They also brought them around to the local radio and newspaper people. They wanted to know if it was really him. I instantly knew it was *El Famoso* because I had covered him so many times.

Lupita: Nacho always lashed out suddenly, never gave any warning to the person he was going to kill. He was a cowardly killer, at least I think so. So when they tried to scare me about him, I told them I was not afraid because I am always ready for the traitor. I'm a snake, and like a snake, ready to strike before they attack me, because snakes are treacherous, too.

No one will ever know exactly why Nacho killed and killed often and did his killing with a screwdriver or scissors. There are clues, little glimpses of his life. He was abused at home, tossed down the hill, the small boy dodging bricks. When Lupita was asked if Nacho had ever been sexually molested as a child, she visibly tightened, paused, and then said, "No, he never said that." Lupita herself was raped by her father at age eight, shortly after her mother died. She has had therapy for being a child abuser herself and continues going to sessions to learn how to handle the rape. She says she simply punished her children the way she had been punished—she thought it was normal. Maybe she is telling the truth, that Nacho never mentioned any history of sexual abuse to her. Yet, as a prison inmate, barely fifteen, he witnessed guards preparing to rape another young inmate and became violent. He drove a long, sharp object into a guard's back, killing him. Lupita says what still bothers her about her own experience is that she was lying between her sisters when her father took her and yet they still deny the rape ever occurred. There are no records of what Nacho thought about what happened to him, nor any records detailing what, if anything, did happen to him. There are simply rap sheets, courthouse records, and the trail of homicides done with long, sharp objects.

It is very difficult to measure what is going on in Nogales. Take the murder rate. A reporter for a Sonoran paper tallies 140 killings since January 1, 1987. A reporter for *La Voz del Norte* pegs the slaughter in May alone at twenty-nine. Oscar Monroy counts fourteen murders in May. The cops, after an elaborate display of poring over their ledgers, will only acknowledge fourteen murders since the first of the year.

The authorities, also, are subject to change. In May 1986, the Public Safety Director of Nogales was mowed down in his office. A cop was convicted of the murder. His predecessor had vanished months before after he was accused of handing out phony

police credentials and doing business with drug traffickers.

The American Cop: Next time you're down there, ask about El Chinook, the Canadian. These two Canadian guys went down to Nogales, you see, fronting for a big deal back home. They tried to pull something off, tried to get behind the deal. The Mexicans in Nogales tied El Chinook to a tree. Then they pried his eyes out with a beer can opener, tortured him awhile and finally shot him. They made his partner watch. Then they turned him loose and said, hey, go back and deliver the message.

The day *La Voz del Norte* reported Nacho Robles' murder, the history column for that date, a regular feature, celebrated a Sinaloan bandit who robbed from the rich and gave to the poor. The column wondered what he could have done with modern machine guns. El Nachos will continue to pour forth from the barrios and villages. All ingredients are present: the market, the wages, the pleasures. They will flourish as long as North Americans will pay good money for crops that South Americans and Mexicans can produce. There are no *corridos* about Nacho to date; perhaps, in time, he will be transformed from a sociopath into lore. His story has certain classic ingredients: He inspired fear, he escaped poverty, he did not give in, and he died violently.

A second matter to consider is what the new volume of traffic pouring through this region will do to the people, cities and institutions of the borderland. With that kind of money and violence clawing through the fence, what public official and what public agency cannot be penetrated and bought? The business, in a sense, has shifted from the head shops to the gun shops.

For the moment, the life simply continues. About two months after Nacho went down, another execution took place in Tucson. They happen fairly regularly, making the newspapers as gritty tombstones of dry facts. This killing was of small moment, merely a tiny flicker in the industry.

Not many came to the funeral of Angel Martinez, just some family and ten or twelve friends. He was thirty-one years old, also from Nogales, Sonora. At 12:30 a.m. on Monday, June 25, he went with a friend to a house on North York Place in Tucson to buy drugs. While making the deal, there was a knock on the door and a man asked for Angel who then went outside, closing the door behind him. A few minutes later, the people in the apartment heard a popping sound. After a couple of minutes, they went outside and found Angel in the front yard with a bullet hole behind his left ear.

Larry Martinez, Angel's brother, acknowledges that his brother was a dealer and an addict. He says Angel came north illegally two years ago and worked in Tucson as a gardener and landscaper. He dreamed of making big money. Soon he was dealing and eventually worked his way into a drug gang on the west side of town.

Angel's body was decorated with tattoos. On his left breast was the word "Licho," on his neck and chest spider webs, the Virgin of Guadalupe on his left forearm, and underneath that a heart, a star and the name Lydia. His right arm sported a naked woman with the wings of a butterfly.

On his left hand was the inscription, "Mi Vida Loca," My Crazy Life. □

Arturo Carrillo Strong, descended from pioneer stock, was a Pima County Sheriff's Deputy for years—many of them in narcotics. Many people have talked to City Magazine for this story—most of whom wish to remain anonymous. Anna Valencia Beamish helped with the translation of Mexican legal records.

WHAT THE POPE SHOULD DO IN ARIZONA

When Pope John Paul II makes his historic pit stop in Arizona on September 14, he'll not set foot outside metropolitan Phoenix. With all due respect to His Holiness, this is like dropping in on Sea World and claiming to have seen the Pacific.

Our advice: Hitch up your robe and run, don't walk, from the Valley of the Sun. Cancel your gig at ASU—since when does the Pope say mass in a place that's hotter than Hell and named after the Devil? No, the only thing you could do up there that might be appropriate is to release a papal bull in the aisles of the state legislature, and it isn't in session.

We'd like to suggest instead a schlep through the real Arizona. Ride into Canyon de Chelly with a Navajo guide. Eat a chimichanga. Park the Popemobile and lead your entourage through the back streets of Bisbee. You'll be cooler, you'll have fun, and you'll no doubt be able to perform some Good Works along the way. Which you won't if you stay in Phoenix. Trust us: That place is beyond salvation.

Illustrations
by Ned Sutton



Gila River



U of A



Swap Meet



Cactus Fruit



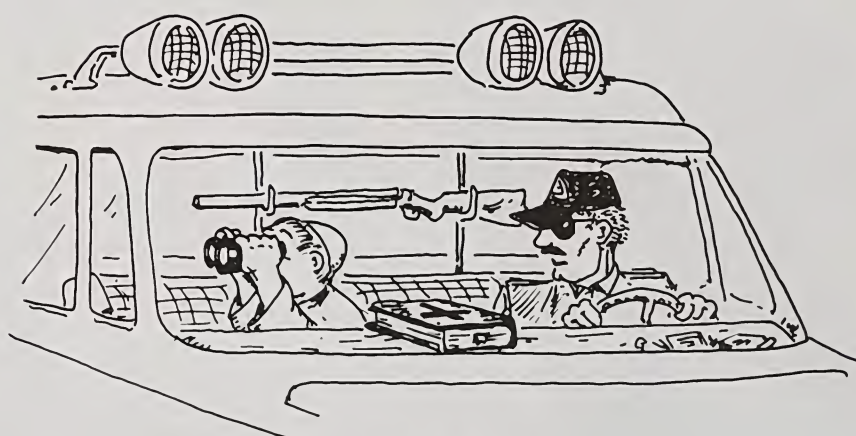
Nogales



Old Tucson



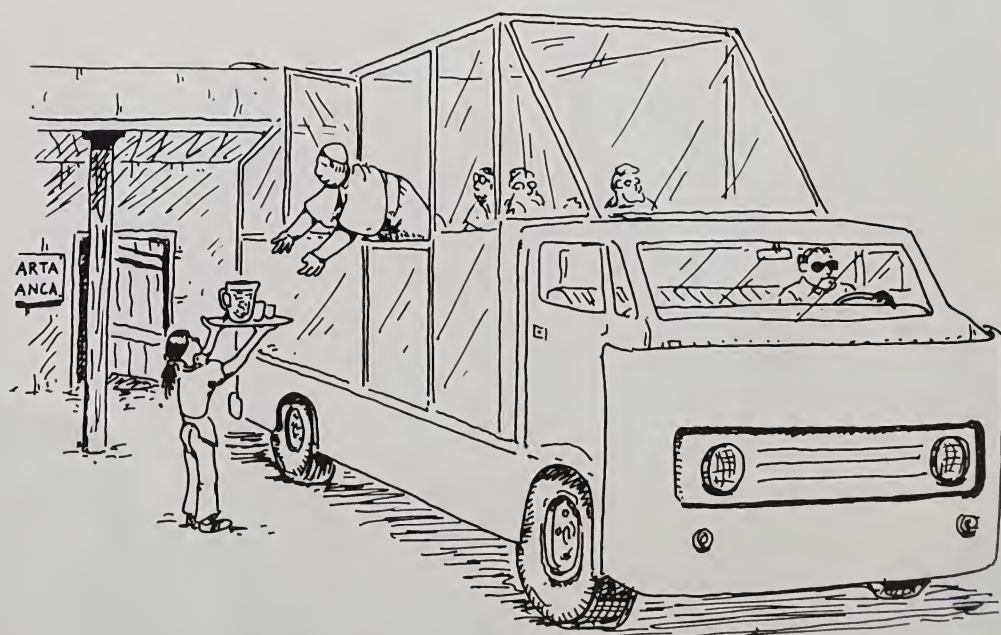
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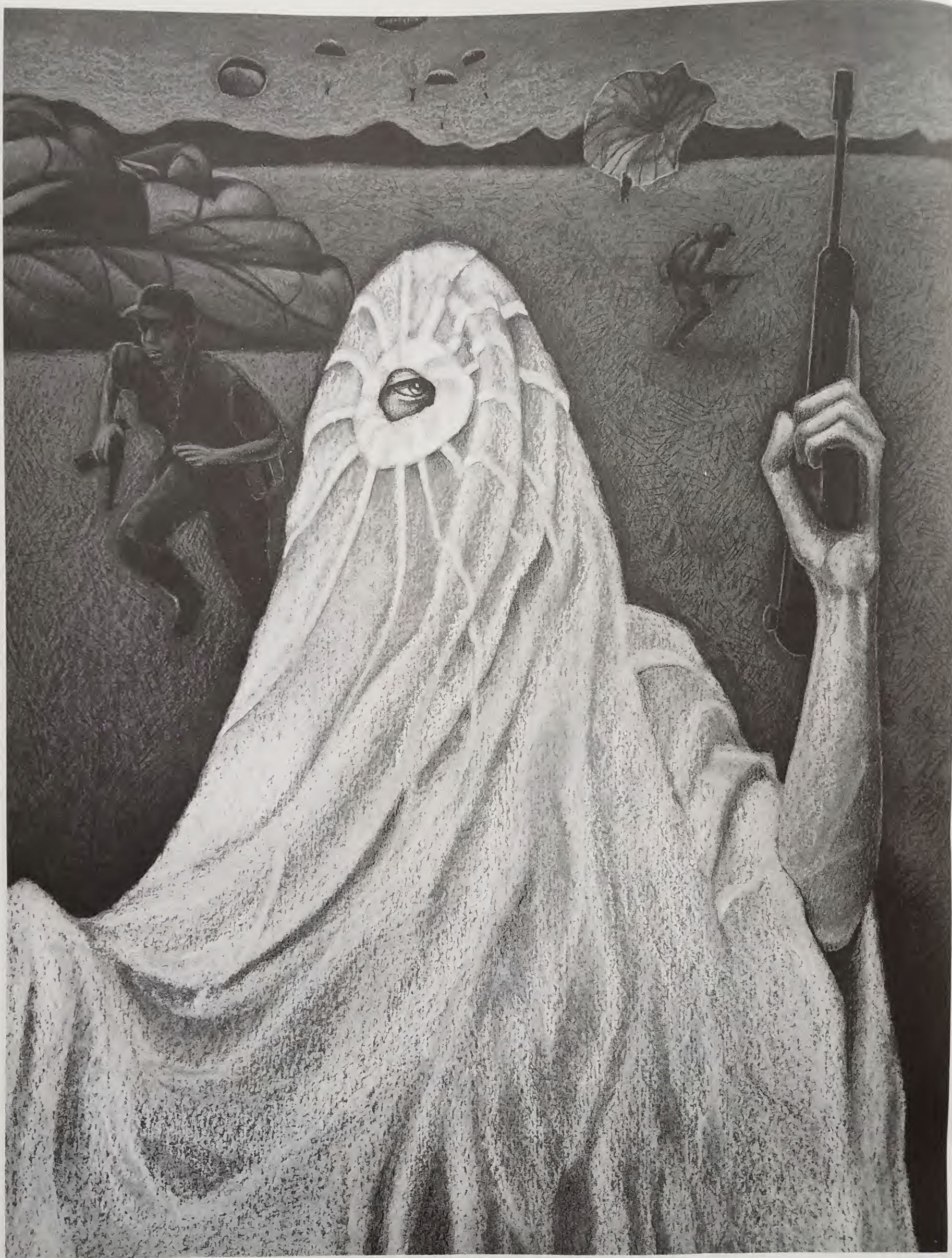
The Border



The Breakers



Crossroads Drive-In



SPOOKS

AT THE EDGE OF TOWN

"What's going to happen is some smart-assed lawyer is going to pull up out there at our front gate, not be allowed in, and he's going to sue us to get into this place. It's a public park, paid for by taxpayers' money, and I don't think I can stop him."

—Jon Huffman, President of Evergreen Air Center, Marana, Arizona...in my office, early June, 1980

One hot Friday afternoon at about 3 p.m. my girlfriend and I pulled up to the front gate of Evergreen Air Center at the Pinal Air Park near Marana. A dark-haired security woman asked our business, and I told her we were tourists down for the day from Phoenix, just airplane buffs who had come to take pictures.

"I'm sorry, sir," she said, "but this is private property, and you can't come in here unless you have an appointment." I persisted, arguing that before us was a public air park. This produced another guard, a bigger and uglier specimen. "We've got a twenty-five year lease to run this park, sir," he said stiffly, "and we don't allow nobody in here unless he's got business."

He's right about the lease (a remarkable document that makes a county-owned airfield a private air base). I helped negotiate it back in late 1980 when I worked as the number two man for Evergreen. As vice president of administration, I was in charge of security, accounting, data processing, the restaurant and bar, maintenance, the grounds, the hotel, and God knows what else I've forgotten. The people I worked with, however, were more interesting than the job. A number of them had worked or currently were working for the Central Intelligence Agency.

I had seen an ad in the local papers: "Wanted: Vice President of Administration—degree in business administration required for this Tucson-area manufacturing firm." That's when Jon Huffman, president of Evergreen Air Center, walked into my life. He was tall, thirty-six, with a fair complexion, red hair and a gentle and amiable manner. After a series of lunches in some of the posher places around town, Huffman convinced me that I was just what he'd wanted: the right degree from the right school, with experience in managing complex enterprises (I'd been running El Con Mall for two years). Evergreen, he explained, was an FAA repair station

Who are those guys? And what do they do at the Pinal Air Park? Meet the outfit.

whose main business was repairing and overhauling commercial aircraft. He did prepare me for "the rumors you'll hear about us," rumors, he said, dating back to Mo Udall's 1974 revelation that Intermountain Aviation, based at the same airfield, was a CIA front. But that was history, he assured me. Intermountain had gone bankrupt and vanished, and the whispers about Evergreen were preposterous.

I started at Evergreen in March of 1980. I was picked up each morning from home by the company car, a bronze Chevy Caprice, and chauffeured to my office door—a perk, Huffman said. At 3:30 each afternoon, the company car left and deposited me at the front door of my home. I was urged never to stay later. I thought these were rather short hours for a VP, but Huffman was soothing. "We don't want to wear you out," he said.

I lived in the Ina and Thornydale area in far northwest Tucson. Most Evergreen people seemed to live up there. I usually rode with other company people—Wally Flannery, director of purchasing and an old Intermountain Aviation employee; Jack Hughes, who worked for Flannery; Harold Eighme, from the aircraft maintenance department. The chatter in the car involved eccentric topics such as former CIA people, loyalty oaths, spraying Agent Orange in Mexico. Intermountain frequently came up. It didn't remind me much of my old business associates at El Con.

My first few weeks were spent being introduced to everybody at the base who answered to me. A surprising number were old Intermountain hands. They seemed to come from a common mold:

middle-aged, bad hearts, high blood pressure, slightly overweight, brush haircuts—they seemed like refugees from the 1950s. The most interesting was the director of maintenance, "Sleepy." He was a former Intermountain vice president. Gossip around the park still pegged him as a CIA covert. I knew the rumor, he knew I knew it, and we never talked about it. One day when the Evergreen coffers ran out of money, I went in desperation to see Sleepy in his office. "Did you try calling the head office?" he asked. I nodded. "How about the other Evergreen companies?" I nodded again. Then I saw his eyes turn angry, not at me, but at something beyond the two of us. It passed quickly, and he laughed. "Well, Roger, maybe we work for the Mafia. You never know, do you?"

Sleepy wanted everyone to think he was just a civilian who liked airplanes. However, over the doorway of his office hung a certificate of appreciation for his participation in "The Fulton Sky Hook Project" (no relation to me, for sure). When I asked around the base, the project was explained this way: they would drop a covert with radio listening gear on one of the rocky, inaccessible Aleutian islands belonging to the Soviet Union. He would set up shop and eavesdrop on radio chatter. If he was discovered, the "Sky Hook" was his ticket out. He would set up two high poles and string a metal tether between them. The tether would attach to a harness, which the covert would snap on. Then a specially equipped plane would fly over, low and slow, snatch the apparatus and bolt skyward, reeling the man in like a hooked fish. The "Sky Hook," Huffman eventually told me, was developed and tested at Marana.

The air park itself is a vintage World War II training base for fighter pilots (check out George C. Scott's film, "Rage," much of which was filmed there). There were some old barracks which Huffman told me were to be remodeled for a hotel. I later saw the buildings when they were finished. From the outside, they looked like World War II barracks. Inside, some of them could have passed for rooms at a resort in the foothills.

Visiting brass preferred the real thing, mainly the Westward Look. That's where the former number two man at the CIA, George "The Bear" Doole, was put up when he came to town. The first time he visited, a Lear Jet landed and a very middle-aged

By C. Roger Fulton, Jr.
Illustrations by Gil Juarez

man in a rumpled three piece suit got out. Huffman greeted him. I introduced myself and looked into the coldest, most detached eyes I'd ever seen. The meeting was bizarre; Doole acted as if I wasn't even there. Then a half dozen Intermountain/Evergreen hands hopped in a waiting van with him and left for lunch at the base restaurant. I hitched a separate ride up the flight line, figuring I should go along—what the hell, I was the vice-president in charge of money, and he might want to know how much we had in the bank. The group headed into a private dining room and I followed. Huffman stopped me at the door. He was very gracious about it. It went something like this: "He only needs to meet with some of the people on a certain project you're not familiar with yet...a little too soon...no need to bore you with this so early on in your job."

I ate with the mechanics.

Most of what I did involved paperwork, finance and assorted hassles over security. I usually spent two-thirds of my day in my office in a building now

terwards get a cheery phone call from First Interstate Bank that would go, "Mr. Fulton? I want to tell you that a half million dollars has just hit your account."

Other parts of the operation seemed just as casual. Clyde Newell, another vice-president, would get upset about personnel shooting guns on the base ("Kindly shoot away from the airplanes," he pleaded.) The airstrip, built for light fighters forty years ago, was about as thick as the concrete on your driveway. And it was short. One large jet plunged off the runway into the desert.

In May I suggested to Huffman that I meet with an old buddy and learn all I could about grant writing; maybe we could apply to the FAA for a grant to pay for a new runway. He agreed it was worth a try. I reported back to Huffman and Newell at a meeting the next week. Casually, I mentioned one stipulation: that we had to open our books to the feds in order to get the money.

"No way," they said almost simultaneously. I

Mexican police. I never saw them, but then I was still leaving at 3:30 every day.

Evergreen opened an office in Mexico City and sent Al Torres, the only Spanish-speaking member of our marketing department, down there with a ton of money to hire a secretary, pass around the tips essential to doing business down South, and begin soliciting work from Mexican and Central American clients. On one visit back to Marana from Nicaragua, he told me, "It's getting real scary down there. I saw a lot of Cubans, Russians and military people all over the place." One client, a Colonel Rojas of some Central American country, gave us a contract for repair and modification of dozens of helicopters—but I don't remember their markings or country of origin.

I had learned to stop asking questions by this time, but occasionally I still stumbled into trouble. A C-119 Boxcar was brought in for modifications. I had never been on one and curiosity got the better of me. The crew was busy cutting holes along the in-

Schnooz bantered with them for a while, then rang a little bell he kept in his coat pocket. Then he took off his shoe, telling the reporters, "S'cuse me, fellas, I got a call."



named after the late Mr. Doole. Next door was Joe Kepler, the chief accountant and long-time Intermountain employee. Daily he would wander over and casually ask me things like where had I gone to school? Who did I like in the next election? What did I think of all these rumors about the CIA and Evergreen?

I knew Joe was feeling me out, and I didn't mind. I liked Joe; still do. A small, slim man who wore a beard, cowboy hat and boots, he always seemed like a guy who ought to be breaking horses, not riding herd on a set of books. But he taught me a few tricks, like how to bury money, say ten grand, for emergencies. He also explained the value of helicopters to me: "Put machine guns in them, and you can get down there and work up close."

We were always out of money. Once we came close to having the electricity shut off for non-payment. At another, United Parcel Service wouldn't deliver unless we gave them cash. We ran the base with a skeleton crew of security people, and we couldn't even afford uniforms for them. Whenever it rained, the burglar alarm system broke down. I asked Sleepy to price out a new system and ran the cost by Huffman, who choked. This was during the last year of the Carter administration when CIA head Admiral Stansfield Turner was strangling his own agency. The "ten million dollar company" Huffman had described during my interview rarely had accounts receivable in excess of a hundred thousand dollars. When we needed money, I'd call the main office in McMinneville, Oregon, and talk with Evergreen's chief financial officer. I never knew what kind of response I'd get. Sometimes it would be nothing. Sometimes I'd hang up and not long af-

thought they would come out of their chairs.

We did special kinds of work. One day three C-130s belonging to the Massachusetts Air Guard flew into Marana. According to marketing, we were to do modifications on all three planes before they went to the Middle East. They would be outfitted with side-looking radar (SLR) that would allow each plane when airborne to scan an area of 500 square miles. It could detect a flock of birds flying in that area.

Another time Newell called me down to his office. Sitting across from him were a young blonde woman with nervous eyes and a young man in a leather jacket and glasses. Newell had a pile of cash on the desk in front of him. He explained they had just flown an old C-119 Boxcar freighter from the boneyard at Davis-Monthan and they needed certain work done. The \$7000 cash would cover it, exactly. I remember the plane's arrival: it had just made it, black smoke pouring out of one engine.

The couple asked me for a receipt for the money. I asked their names. "Just make it out to Smith," the nervous blonde said.

The work was done in a few days, the plane vanished, and about three weeks later we all read in the morning paper that the very same plane had crashed in Tennessee. The report said that it was apparent that its crew had been running guns somewhere in Latin America.

I heard stories of helicopters coming back to the Air Park from Mexico all shot up, their bullet-riddled pods leaking Agent Orange all over the landscape. Evergreen patched them up and installed flak seats to protect the pilots. The specially-equipped birds were spraying Agent Orange on drug crops, I was told, and were being shot up by

sides of the bulkhead, along each side of the aircraft. On the floor under each hole, they were mounting brackets.

"They can't fool me, Roger," said the young crew chief. "They're gonna make this a Puff-the-Magic-Dragon."

A Puff was an attack and support plane bristling with high-capacity Falcon machine guns, each firing about 7000 rounds per minute. Turn on the left- or right-side bank of guns and you can literally rend the earth, killing every living thing within a given area. I'm told it is impossible to survive a Puff attack.

Newell discovered me on board and literally threw me off. We never talked much after that. I never asked who, what, where or when about that plane, and don't know to this day where it was headed.

Riding in the company car one day, Hughes and Eighme talked about a helicopter pilot they knew who had recently died of cancer. He had been flying missions to spray Agent Orange on crops south of the border. Hughes said, "Oh, working a State Department job, huh?" Eighme said he thought so.

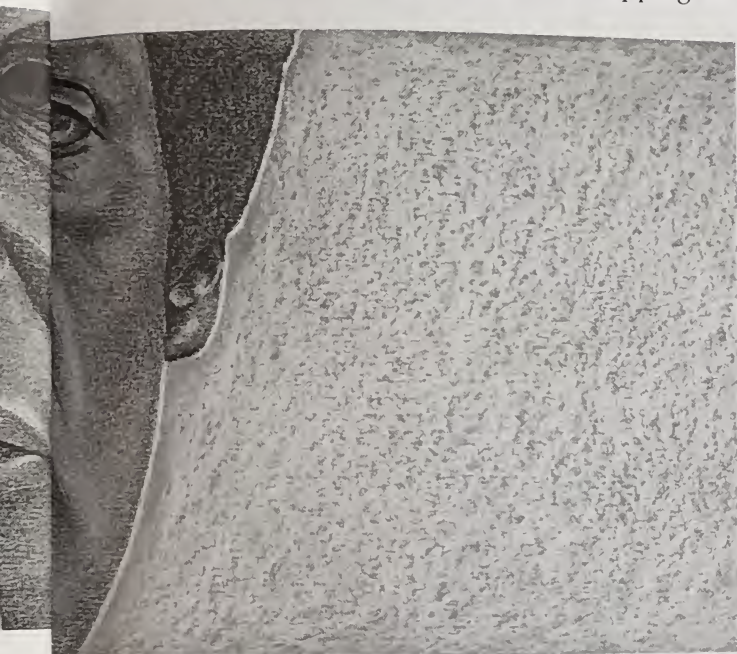
When I got to the office I asked Joe Kepler about it. He said that to cover their tracks, sometimes the State Department would issue a check to, for example, the Bank of Tanzania (I don't remember the exact names Joe used), and they'd cut a check to an English bubble gum factory. When it finally came out the other end, a dry cleaner in Las Vegas would pay Evergreen to fly the job. According to Joe, that was how some of our money traveled. And got laundered.

About the Agent Orange (a mix of two highly

toxic, dioxin-laden chemicals: 24D and 245T), the base people were quite relaxed. "Aw, that Agent Orange crap is a lot of nonsense," Eighme once said. "I've handled that stuff plenty of times, even with my bare hands. We've got some of the stuff over in our warehouse." Later that day, I checked it out. There were drums of the two chemicals in far corners of the warehouse. Someone told me it was from an old job and they were going to get rid of it anyway.

Sometimes things got spooky. Fred Greinke, an ace engine overhaul specialist, lived on base. To kill the boredom, he liked to take evening walks along the old airstrip. One quiet, moonless night Fred was ambling along when suddenly a parachutist dropped to the ground ten feet away. The jumper wore black military fatigues, carried an automatic weapon like the old British Sten gun, and had on a black mask. Fred was terrified.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Fred yelled. Then he noticed black-clad figures dropping all



around him. The men busied themselves rolling up their chutes and forming up behind one particular man. One man approached him, looked him over carefully and then walked away. Without uttering a word, the leader hand-signaled the group and they moved off into the desert. Fred never heard the plane they jumped from, so it must have flown over at a very high altitude. He stopped his evening walks.

The money problems never let up. In late summer I got a call from Valley National Bank's Marana branch manager Ken Hartsock (later murdered in a holdup), who said, "C'mon, Roger, we're short down here. You'd better come up with some serious cash by tomorrow or I've got to stop your payroll checks." I went to Huffman's office and he had a heated discussion with headquarters in McMinneville. He dropped the phone and said with quiet rage, "Do you know what I'd like to do right now? I'd like to go through the home office with an M-16, kill everyone and start all over again." That was Friday, August 29th, 1980.

The base, however, was not without certain resources. A well-known American corporation in the aircraft business had given us an old A-26 Intruder, a twin-engine light attack bomber from World War II. Our job was to modify the airplane for a third engine on the nose so that they could find out if the new nose engine would keep the bird afloat when the two main engines were turned off (a configuration proven fifty years ago by the Ford Tri-Motor). Whenever we'd truly run out of money and couldn't dig up another nickel, Huffman would send a crew out "to pound a few rivets in her" as he put it. Then I would call corporate headquarters, ask for money,

and send a bill a few days later. They always responded with a check for fifty or a hundred grand.

Keeping the Air Park a private reserve for Evergreen and friends periodically caused Huffman some stress. In early September, 1980, Jon was negotiating with Pinal County Manager Jay Bateman for a renewal on the lease. Bateman made it clear the county had no desire to run the place, but because of an Air Guard crash near the University of Arizona that killed two young women, the Air Force was pressuring Bateman to allow the Guard to use the base. So we had a meeting on September 5th in Bateman's office in Florence. Suddenly helicopters swooped down on the county administration building and landed on the lawn with brass pouring out.

"Oh, shit," muttered Huffman while Bateman laughed.

The Air National Guard and Air Force had pulled a two-star Army general out of retirement for the meeting. I don't remember the guy's name, but he was an eloquent little white-haired man who said, "Mr. Huffman, I'd kiss your ass in the Florence town square if you'll let my planes into your base."

But Huffman had one goal. All the way over on the drive to Florence, he kept repeating that he couldn't "lose control of the base." And he didn't.

Sometimes the work had its lighter side. Schnooz Meyer, another old Intermountain hand, was the self-appointed public relations man for Evergreen. He told me a story about going out to the gate to deal with reporters. Huffman had told him to keep them off the base. Schnooz bantered with them for a while, then rang a little bell he kept in his coat pocket. Then he took off his shoe, telling the reporters, "S'cuse me, fellas, I got a call."

One bird that came in for modifications was the same craft that had lifted the Shah of Iran out of Central America. Once a C-130 was outfitted for Uganda dictator Idi Amin, complete with a throne. Then there was the time Evergreen bought two DC-9s from Alitalia in Rome. Two paint crews were sent over to paint the planes Evergreen's colors, but they forgot to take paint. We were ordered to air freight whatever paint we had—and to paint two DC-9s you need hundreds of gallons of paint in fifty-five gallon drums. We had 5,000 quart jars, which we sent to Rome. I suppose the crew is still brushing it on.

But as the year wore on, it got curiouser and curiouser. Once Huffman and Newell asked me to come to Newell's office to discuss a base problem. While we were talking, Huffman was paged for a call from Evergreen's CEO, Del Smith, at headquarters in McMinneville. He came back dumbfounded.

"That Del Smith is amazing," he said. "He told me that we couldn't talk right now because he has Ronald Reagan in his office. Del says they're discussing how Evergreen is going to help Reagan win this election in the fall."

"He wants Reagan to cut off a few of Pan Am's fingers (routes) and give them to us. Looks like we're giving Reagan a bird to shoot around in while he's campaigning."

Later that summer, as I was leaving one day in the company car, I saw a Lockheed L-188 Electra sitting on the runway. Jack Hughes said it was Reagan's campaign plane.

"We're supposed to turn it around pretty fast," he added.

During the campaign I also recall a "60 Minutes" segment showing George Bush taping political commercials. He was getting off an airplane in New England, and the markings on the plane read "Sierra Pacific Airlines." Sierra was at the time owned by Garfield Thorsrud, the ex-president of the CIA cover company, Intermountain. Bush, of course, was a former director of the CIA.

I had a run-in with Thorsrud. We were hurting for cash and I was being hassled by Huffman and headquarters to collect receivables. Sierra Pacific, which rented space from Evergreen at the Air Park, owed some bills for back rent and airplane service. Huffman told me to send a letter to Thorsrud and not be too polite in it. I did.

Thorsrud is a tall, intense, graying, handsome man. Everything about him says control. He came to see me, angrily dropped the letter on my desk and said we'd get a check. Then he went to Kepler's office next door. Thorsrud stood in Kepler's doorway and dropped his head, speaking gently towards the floor. Wally Flannery from purchasing, yet another old Intermountain man, was in there and answered him back the same way. Kepler, who usually had a voice like sandpaper, didn't utter a sound I could hear. I stood ten feet away from the three men and couldn't hear a syllable. The next day I was in trouble with Huffman for "jeopardizing an important account."

Sierra occupied one of the old base administration buildings. One day Huffman took me over there. "Did you ever see the secret computer room?" he asked. We walked down dark hallways together and at the north end of the building we went into a larger office that was empty. Huffman pressed a panel on the wall, and it swung open to reveal a small, obviously well-constructed room. The secret room had thick carpeting and heavily paneled walls with soundproof blocks. Thick cables snaked across the floor for computer and teletype connections. At the end of the cables were plugs the size of a clenched fist. Jon told me they used to send coded messages during the time the airline occupied the building.

I've worked for a few airlines back in Philadelphia and we used to send teletypes around the world all the time. But we never sent them in code. I never knew anybody who did.

I was fired from Evergreen Air Center in November of 1980. Tension had been building between Huffman and me for several weeks before it happened. He was becoming more distant, occasionally snapping at me. I didn't know why, but wrote it off, figuring it was just the pressure getting to him. On a Friday afternoon, however, he called me into his office and told me to sit down. I could see he was angry—his face flushed, his eyes boring holes through me—but I didn't know why.

He came to the point with no delay. "I'm terminating you right now," he said. "You're getting into too many areas that don't concern you, and you threatened the largest tenant in the Air Park. Here's a check, and I want you off base by five o'clock." Then he seemed to relax slightly, and added, "Besides, I don't think you have the depth for this job."

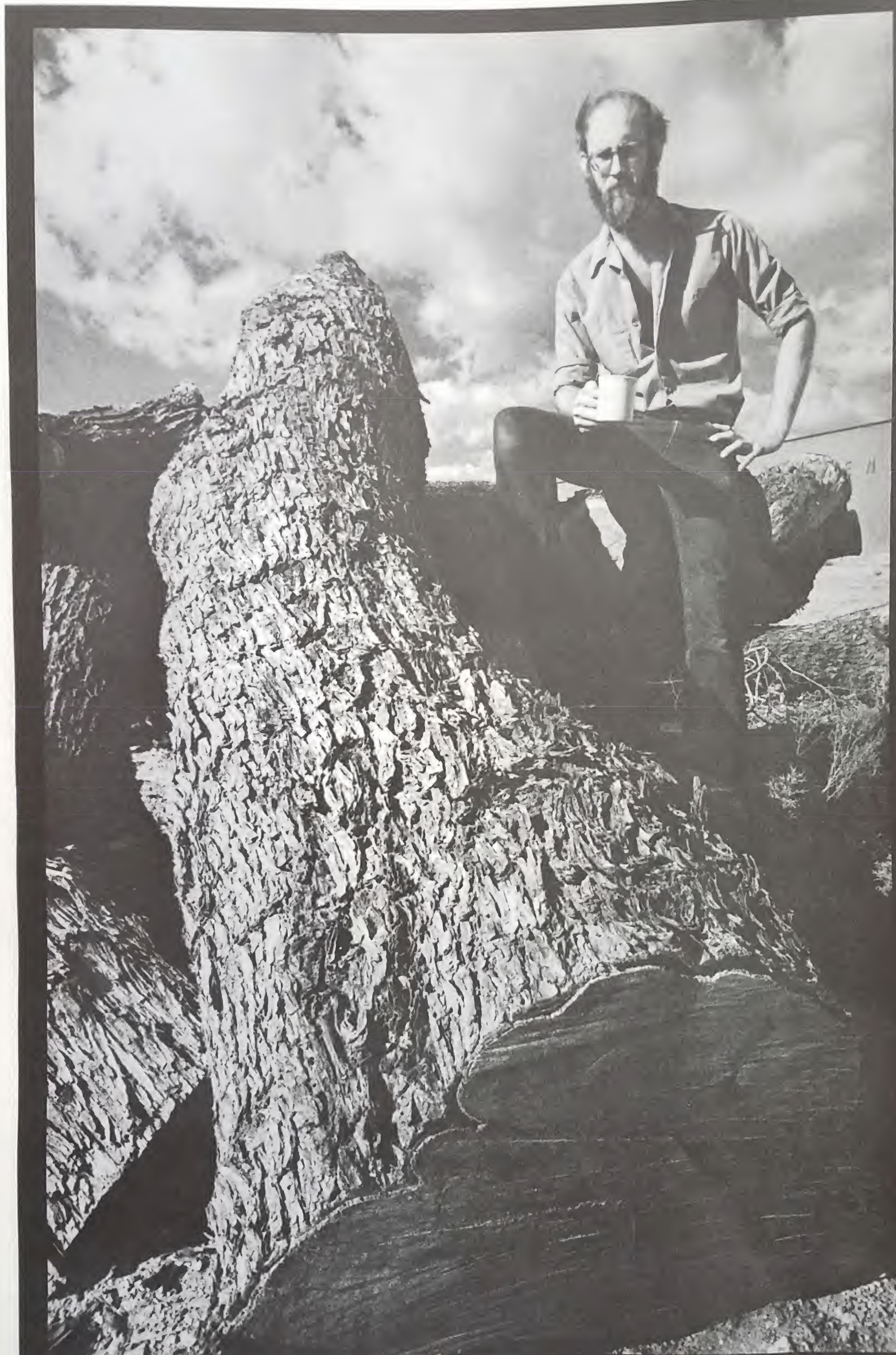
I got up, shook his hand, and wished him good luck. I knew he needed it, and I wasn't angry. His last words to me were, "I'm sorry things worked out this way."

I went to my office, called my wife and started packing. While I was on the phone, the personnel director slipped in and sat down. She stayed there for the half hour it took me to pack, making small talk. She wanted to make sure I didn't take any of the company's pencils and pens, I suppose.

One of the ongoing inside jokes at Evergreen while I was there was derived from the book, *Air America: The Story of the CIA Airline*. In it, Marana Air Park is mentioned many times. The joke always was, "Yes, we have no Maranas!"

The question is: Are the boys still out there? □

C. Roger Fulton, Jr. is a Tucson free-lance writer and marketing consultant. He has never wanted to work for the CIA.

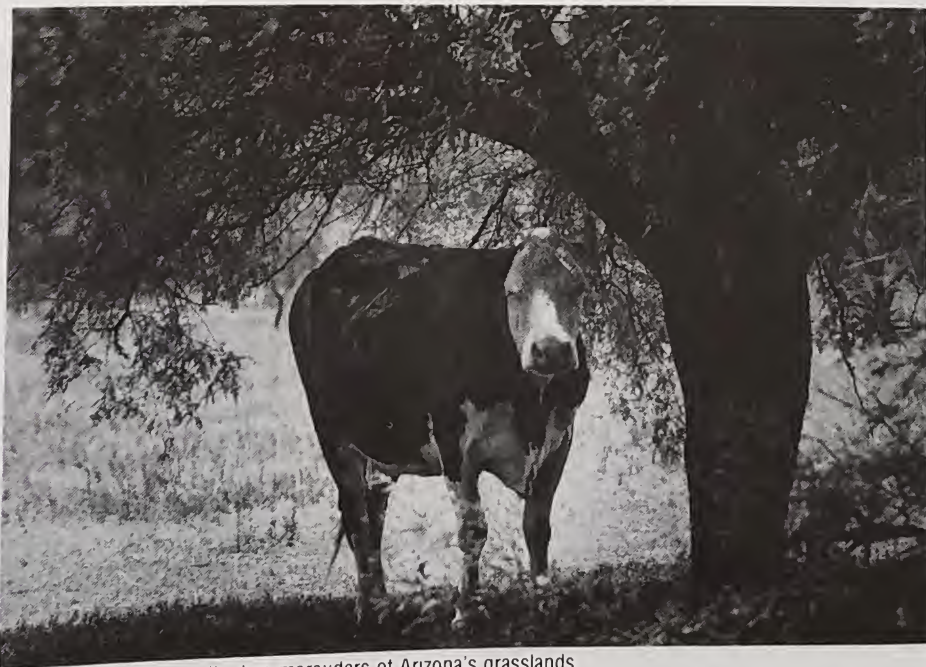


Bob Abolt of Desert Hardwoods in Vail, and some of his mesquite logs.

The Magic Wood

Mesquite is idiosyncratic, defiant, hard and beautiful. That makes it the perfect material for Arizona furniture.

*By Tom Dollar
Photography
by Hal Gould*



The cow and the mesquite, two marauders of Arizona's grasslands.

When you look at a thicket of mesquite, twisted trunks and branches grown together into an impenetrable mass, you might see a lot of things, but board feet of lumber isn't likely to be one of them.

The Tohono O'odham, who had co-evolved with mesquite, looked at them and saw a natural department store. They saw cradle boards made from the roots, kickballs fashioned from rounds of the wood, paddles for shaping pottery, and, until the Spaniards introduced iron for plowshares,

sharpened snags for turning the soil. They saw mesquite gum for chewing, for healing wounds and sores, for mending pottery and for making black dye. They saw bark for tanning and dyeing and beans to make flour.

The men of the U.S. Cavalry, who came into the country to fight the Apaches, saw good fodder for their horses in the mesquite beans, and during the Apache campaigns they were willing to pay three cents a pound for them. Pioneer settlers saw hubs and spokes for wagon wheels, and a dense

wood that slow-burned to a bed of fiercely hot coals for forging.

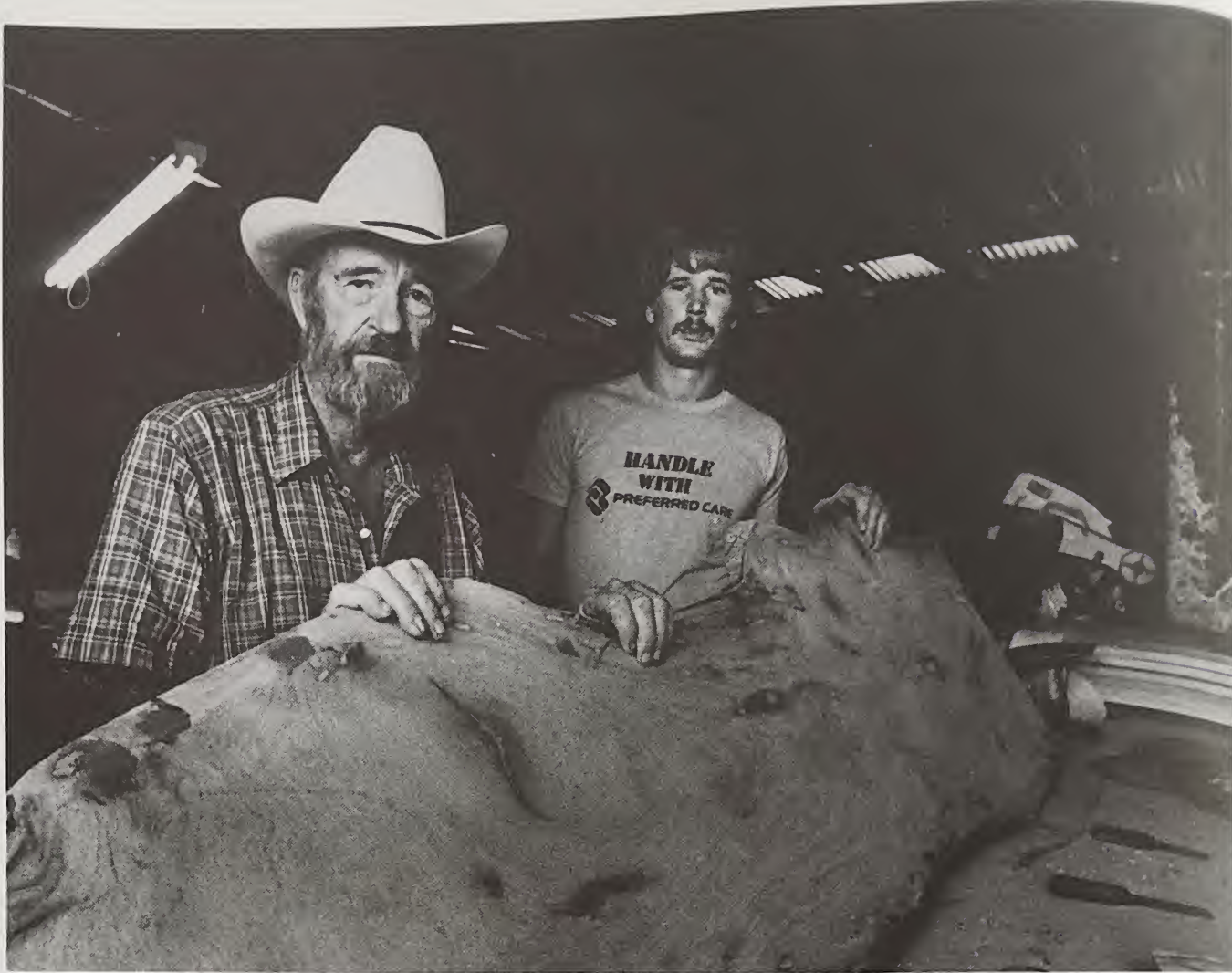
When cattlemen came, they saw fence posts in the thick branches of the trees growing in riparian bosques (the wood holds up well in contact with the soil), and they discovered to their delight that their cows loved to browse on the bean pods and tender green leaflets. What they didn't see was that the cows' attraction to the beans, coupled with overgrazing, spelled the beginning of the end for the lush grasslands of Southern Arizona. The cattle cropped the sweet sacaton and grama grasses that had fueled the periodic prairie fires, fires that destroyed mesquite seedlings before they could become well established. When the fires stopped, the mesquite spread like fire itself, out of the bosques and across the range.

Once established, mesquite is almost ineradicable. Chopping it down is like giving it a severe pruning; the root stems simply grope to the surface to send up new sprouts all over the place. Even poison doesn't work. Naturalist Donald Culross Peattie sees that mesquite "is something more than a tree; it is almost an elemental force, comparable to fire—too valuable to extinguish completely, and too dangerous to trust unwatched."

Bob Abolt is a mesquite watcher, and when he looks he sees board feet. Proprietor and chief sawyer at Desert Hardwoods, supplier of native hardwoods to most of the woodcrafters hereabouts, Abolt probably knows more about where good stands of mesquite grow than anyone in Southern Arizona. He has cut mesquite in Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and Mexico. Abolt earned a degree in nuclear engineering at the UA ("What the world needs is another nuclear engineer," he says), but before he could get a start in that field, he got diverted into the native hardwood business. Now he hauls cottonwood, palo verde, ash, eucalyptus, walnut, oak, sycamore, ironwood and mesquite to his Vail sawmill to be cut up into boards and kiln-dried.

The biggest log Abolt has cut was fourteen feet long and had a diameter of thirty inches. He didn't saw it into boards; one of his customers bought it just for the novelty of it, and plans to keep it intact.

The really big mesquite trees grow in the Santa Cruz River Valley. John Duncklee, owner of the Mesquite Connection down in Tubac, says he's seen one that had a four-foot diameter, but he didn't take it because he thought it wouldn't fit in a saw. He won't say precisely where it is; mesquite sawyers and woodworkers become pretty cagey when you try to pin them down on such things. But mesquite trees of similar proportions, and bigger, have long been reported in the Santa Cruz Valley. One that measured almost fifteen feet around stood in a school yard near Tumacacori. It even merited a



John Duncklee and son of The Mesquite Connection in Tubac.

name: "Old Geronimo."

Most of the Southern Arizona woodcrafters working in native hardwoods buy mesquite from Desert Hardwoods. Owner Abolt, a passionate student of native trees with a headful of arcane knowledge about the drying rates of various woods and

how custom sawing can enhance the beauty of natural wood grains, hopes one day to farm mesquite, much in the same way that others have farmed pine or spruce.

John Duncklee, who scouts out his own logs, is a woodworker who uses Abolt's services. Like a lot of other

craftsmen I talked to, Duncklee took up woodworking after training to do something else. His most recent "real-life" job was as superintendent of the alternative school in Nogales; before that he taught at the University of Sonora for a year; before that he was a free-lance writer; before that he was



Peter Chrisman.

head of the geography department at NAU and wrote the environmental impact statement for the San Francisco Peaks—which he thought more important than the dissertation he was supposed to be writing. Before that he was in the cattle business; and before that he was into a lot of things.

Duncklee comes from a family of woodworkers—one grandfather built a wooden steamboat that plied Atlantic coastal waters for many years (“Only the boiler was steel”)—but his first efforts as a woodcrafter were less than encouraging. In 1963 he took a year off from the cattle business, and everything else, to make furniture.

“I built a dining room table out of walnut, a coffee table out of walnut, and three end tables out of ash. I didn’t do a very good job of it because I didn’t have any tools and I didn’t know what was involved. I just said, ‘Well, I’m going to do this.’ Cattlemen are pretty independent people and they like to do things for themselves.”

What he learned that year was that furniture making isn’t like hammering together cattle racks for your pickup. Figuring he had little future as a craftsman, he went back to grad school at the UA and on to UCLA to work on a Ph.D. in geography. But he kept on making things, acquiring tools, sharpening his skills as a woodcrafter.

Then Sally Antrobus, at that time editor of *Safari* magazine, asked Duncklee to try his hand at a mesquite dining table, pointing Duncklee toward the wood that would win his heart.

“I put the table inside an old iron wagon tire,” says Duncklee. “That was five or six years ago. After that I may have done one or two things out of other woods, but pretty much from then on it was mesquite.”

Of all the woodworkers I talked to, Duncklee’s pieces are closest to the wood in its original state. And so he selects his logs painstakingly: “When I look at a log I look at its diameter, and its length, and how far it’s straight or where it’s crooked. Sometimes when it’s crooked, it bends and you get some really neat stress burl grain on the board.”

After he picks a log he summons Abolt, who arrives in a boom truck and hauls the log back to Vail for sawing. “When he cuts a tree,” says Duncklee, “I get all the pieces from it, little pieces, rounds off the limbs. I want everything—even the scabs.” (Scab cuts are pieces cut from the outside of the log, bark intact; sometimes they’re only a foot or two long. The chair seats we sat on in Duncklee’s Tubac studio were mesquite scabs secured to their chair backs by cold-forged bands of iron.)

For Duncklee, designing with mesquite is not so much a matter of putting something from his head onto the wood as it is a matter of looking hard at the wood to see what’s there.

Mesquites are personalities. “What I like is the grain,” Duncklee says. “It’s different in every piece of wood. The color is different in every piece, in every tree. And the wood is always changing, always alive. It expands and contracts. Even when it’s dead its cell structure is still there and you can see that it was once viable.”

Duncklee has a lot of wood, mostly big thick planks, stored at his place, and he checks out his wood stacks almost every day. “I try to remember just about every board I’ve got, a difficult chore because I’ve got a lot of wood.”

The boards are almost a family. For example, let Duncklee talk about “sister” planks, which match so

closely they’re like leaves out of the same book, except for a tiny bit of distortion where the saw blade has bitten them.

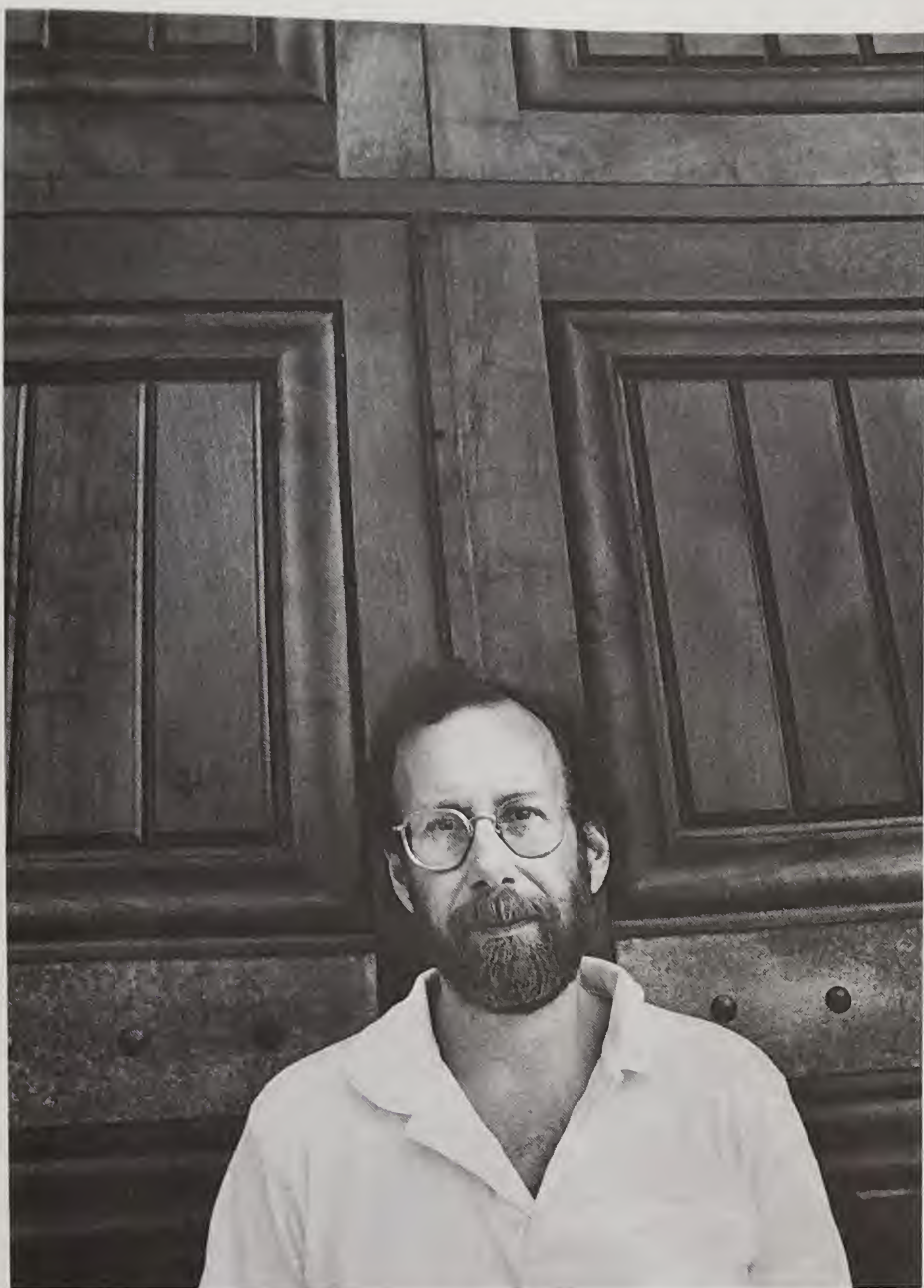
“There’s a pair of sister-cut boards out there in the shop. There was a lady came in and she wanted me to make a mantel out of one of those sister-cuts, and I said, ‘Sorry, I won’t do it.’ I’ll not break those up because they need to be together. And it isn’t a matter of money because I could charge her as much for the mantel as for a table. How many sisters can you get like that? There’s only one pair.”

When the wood has spoken, Duncklee works it—cutting, sanding, smoothing, polishing—and then designs a trestle or pedestal for the piece

to enhance the character traits of the wood. He considers things like grain, curvature, knots, checks, voids, mass, density, length, width and thickness. One of Duncklee’s designs is what he calls the “stacked trestle,” a loose-looking assemblage of blocks and boards that supports the table top and helps to discover the balance point or harmony in the wood.

The finished piece with all of the flaws of the mesquite plank intact—no voids are filled with epoxy, no blemishes softened—is oiled and polished with a German beeswax to a high sheen. All the character that Duncklee saw in the wood in the first place is “sealed in,” made to last, he hopes, forever.

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Wayne Hausknecht and his handmade mesquite church doors.

I found Peter Chrisman working on a pair of \$4,000 mesquite roll-top desks for a customer's business office. His work is what woodcrafters call "straight-line," meticulous in every detail from board selection to hardware attachments.

When Chrisman buys mesquite from Desert Hardwoods, he selects lumber a board at a time. "Part of the charm and drawback to working with mesquite is that it's flawed. Cracks, knots, holes, big voids—you really have to watch what you're getting. Like this knot right here," he says, holding up a board, "with pine you wouldn't want a knot like this; it would fall out. But this knot is really connected to the wood; it's really a good knot."

Another thing you want when you're building furniture is wood that has been seasoned so it is stable and won't dry further and draw, warping the boards after the piece is completed. Abolt kiln-dries boards for his customers, but some, like Chrisman, prefer to let the wood season naturally by stacking it and leaving it out in the weather. "The book says that a one-inch piece of mesquite should be seasoned about a year," he says, "but here you could get by with three or four months. I don't like to use it that soon; I wait at least a year. By then the wood is dry, stable, and has a very low moisture content."

So you want seasoned boards with enough flaws in them to show the character of the wood, but not so flawed as to be impossible to work

with; and of a length adequate to do the job. The average length of a mesquite plank is a little over five feet and its average width is seven inches, rarely bigger. What that means for a mesquite woodcrafter like Chrisman is that design is limited by the size of the available planks. When he went out to buy the material for the two desks, for example, he told his client that the size of the desk would be determined by the size of the boards he could find.

All in all, mesquite presents more problems for the woodcrafter than do other hardwoods, says Chrisman. "With oak or maple, you figure out your board feet and go buy it; whereas with mesquite it's hard to find the exact size you need without having to waste a lot. And when you've got the size you have to make sure the wood itself is workable, and sometimes you don't find that out until you cut into it."

"But when you're finished, it's more pleasing. The harder you work the better it gets. The more you sand, the finer the wood looks."

And there's a kind of mystique about mesquite, Chrisman adds. "It's frustrating, but when you're done with it, people come over and ooh and aah, and that's really gratifying. They don't know the work that's gone into it."

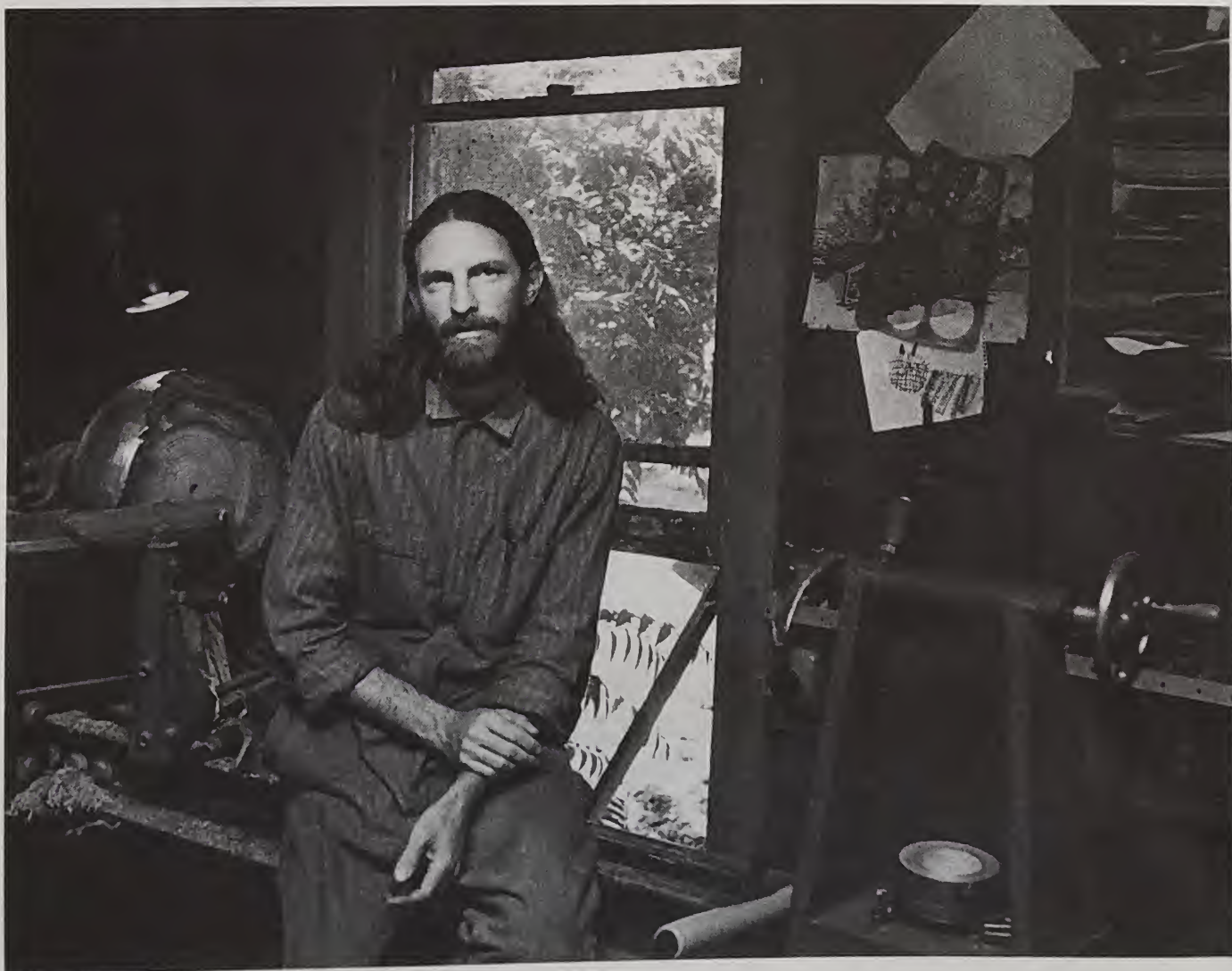
The work often builds to sixty-hour weeks for Chrisman, who is largely self-taught except for about six months of wood shop in high school. And because he works so meticulously, using up more hours than he estimated into the job for his own labor, he often makes very little money on a piece of custom furniture.

He's not complaining, though. "I hope to be doing this the rest of my life," he says. He makes tables, chairs, gun cabinets, bookcases, desks, kitchen cabinets, lamps, beds, picture frames, office furniture and an occasional door in a variety of native hardwoods.

Wayne Hausknecht does doors. Each of the four massive mesquite doors that he built for St. Thomas the Apostle Roman Catholic church in the Santa Catalina foothills measures eight feet high, three feet wide, and almost three inches thick. Transoms above the doors add another two feet to the height, so that overall the four doors create a ten-by-twelve-foot rectangle of mesquite beneath a half-circle of stained glass.

Twenty pounds of copper plating on each door, chemically oxidized to match the greenish cast on the church domes and attached to the finished wood with copper rivets, pushes the weight of each door up to 320 pounds.

Hausknecht, whose name means something like "handyman" in German, had never worked with mesquite before he built those church doors, so he knew the wood only by reputation—knew that good solid pieces to use for doors are rare; knew



Todd Hoyer of Bisbee.

that because of flaws in the wood, like voids and bark inclusions, you could wreck tools and waste a lot of wood; knew that to make it as stable as he wanted it to be for doors it would have to be kiln-dried; and knew that in the end he would have to use lots of epoxy to fill cracks and voids so that light wouldn't shine through the finished doors.

So he figured about one thousand board feet for the job and ordered that much, kiln-dried, from Desert Hardwoods. The toughest part, as always, was finding pieces long enough for the door stiles, the long vertical pieces on either side of the door. But Abolt provided him with some nine-footers that were roughly eight inches wide and four inches thick. Mesquite planks that size are impressively hefty chunks of wood. He bought other pieces in various sizes to use for the door panels.

Except for the copper, which is ornamental, Hausknecht used no metal in the construction of the doors. He made and pre-finished each panel section, then laid the entire project out on a huge work table and fit it together like the pieces of a giant jigsaw puzzle. He used boat-building epoxy to fill cracks and bind the parts, first running weather and destruction tests in his shop yard to see what aging would do to the glue and finish, and also to see how well the glue would hold up under various stresses.

"That church building looks like it's going to last a couple of hundred years," he says, "and I want these doors to last at least two to three hundred years."

The doors face south, and with that in mind Hausknecht created two very different interior and exterior faces on them. The inside panels have a shallow "reveal," a term used by woodcrafters in the same way that painters and architects talk about "relief." The outside panels have a very large reveal, or high relief, producing very deep shadow lines.

"It will be great in the bright sun," Hausknecht said before the doors were hung. "I'm aiming for some really deep lines, so when you look at the door you will see a lot of depth."

The effect he was looking for mirrors that created by the light playing across the canyons, long draws and rincons up in the Santa Catalinas behind the church, moving with the sun, east to west, sunrise to sunset, etching deep ravine lines at dawn, fading to low relief at midday, and building again to high relief toward dusk.

A couple of years ago, the American Craft Museum in New York City featured the works of eighteen wood turners. Todd Hoyer of Bisbee was among them. Hoyer's work has toured the country in a traveling exhibit sponsored by the Smithsonian Institution, and galleries and private collectors in New York, Los Angeles, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington,

D.C., and Santa Fe. Bob Abolt says Hoyer is among the top twenty wood turners in the country, perhaps in the world.

But until five years ago Hoyer was content to make "little wooden boxes and bowls," turned on a lathe his uncle had given him. Then Dale Stubbs, a well-established turner, saw some of Hoyer's things and telephoned to offer a free ride to a wood turners' conference in Utah.

"I went up there and got quite an eyeful of what was going on," says Hoyer. "I saw people who were seriously involved in exploring wood on the lathe. I saw it was possible to make a living turning a lathe; there were other people doing it.

"I came home with the worst headache; there was too much information. The first thing I did was make a cabinet. I couldn't deal with anything round." Now Hoyer is one of the demonstrators and teachers at the Utah conference, and at other craft schools, wood working guilds and museums around the country.

A wood turner, in simple terms, is one who turns wood on a lathe, and shapes it, inside and out, using cutting tools as it turns. After an introductory lesson or two, almost anyone could turn out little bowls, lamp bases or chair rungs. But wood turning as an art form is a very different proposition.

Hoyer, whose geometric mesquite

sculptures often look like vessels but are not intended to be functional, believes that the inherent qualities of the log section he happens to be working are more important than any idea he might have about form. "I've always emphasized the wood itself; the form is secondary. It has to balance, but when someone sees the piece I want them to see the wood and say 'I never knew wood looked like that before.'"

Hoyer works with log sections, which he prefers to burls. "Burls are nice, real colorful, real flashy, but my preference is to utilize the heartwood, sapwood and bark in the finished piece."

With extremely sharp carbon steel bits, he removes bits of wood from the

CITY PORTRAIT.

NAME:
Don Booth

POSITION:
Vice president, general manager, designated broker; *Roy H. Long Realty Co., Inc.* Oversees daily operation of 11 offices, 480 salespeople.

BORN:
Michigan. Family moved here in 1947 when he was two.

AS A KID:
Wanted to be a professional trumpet player.

FIRST PRO MUSIC GIG:
The Sands motel in Tucson, 1961.

HIS LAST:
Put the trumpet away after backing up Johnny Mathis in performance in Tucson, 1975.

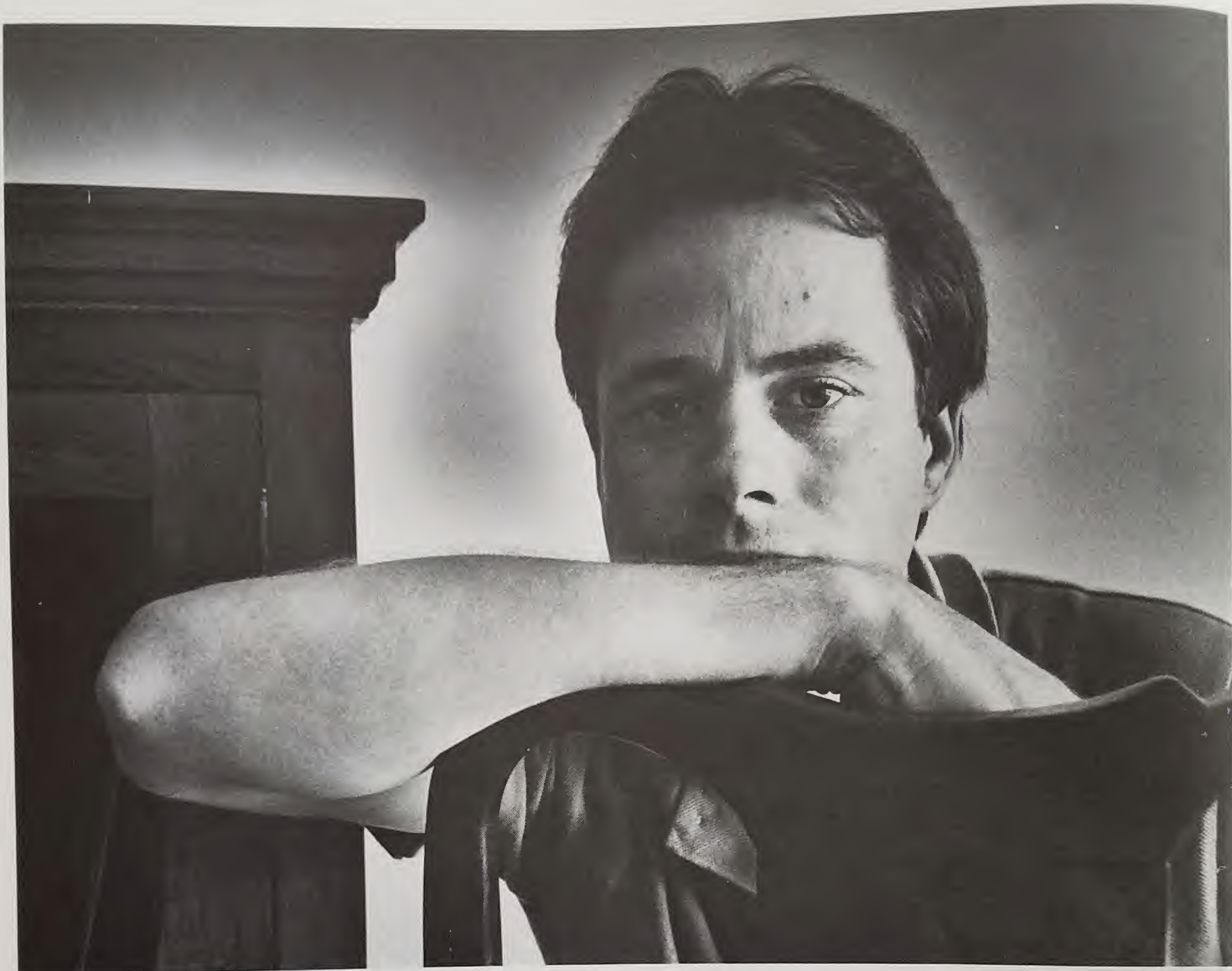
A PROUD MOMENT:
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Stephen Paul of Arroyo Design in Tucson.

outside and inside of the log section. He watches for things like knots, post hole beetle bores, cracks, worm holes and other features that reveal the character of the piece of wood.

"I try to influence as little as possible other than the shape," he says, "and then let the grains, colors and contrasts dictate the rest. I'm always surprised at what's in the wood, and very seldom disappointed."

Sections of log and chunks of burl lie wrapped in plastic in loose stacks in the corners of Hoyer's studio and in the yard outside. The plastic wrap prevents the log sections from drying too fast. Hoyer, like many wood turners, prefers to work with green wood. "When you're turning green wood, the moisture acts like a lubricant, a coolant, and the wood is much softer and turns easier."

"Blind-turning" the piece because he can't see inside the space being hollowed out, he stops often to measure the wall thicknesses with calipers. It takes practice. Shave a wall too thin and it will draw and crack or, more dramatically, blow up on the lathe. Even as skilled a turner as Hoyer, who

can feel his bit cutting down through the various layers of wood, has had a number of pieces blow up in his face.

Working on a variable-speed lathe that he designed and built—talents acquired while studying manufacturing engineering at ASU—Hoyer "roughs out" a piece to within an inch of its finished tolerances, sands it, wets it down, wraps it in five or six layers of cloth, and sets it aside to dry slowly before bringing it to its final form. The layers of cloth serve to wick off moisture very slowly. Drying too rapidly—difficult to avoid in the desert—can exaggerate a crack or drop out a knot and ruin a piece.

But the drying is part of the surprise of discovery in the creation of the form. "When you turn a piece of green wood to final thickness and then let it dry, you get twisting and shrinkage—you get some cracks. That's the way I prefer to work; that way I let the wood have the final say in the shape. It distorts itself and comes out how it wants to."

Turning wood on a lathe is hard work. The turner's concentration is intense, and the physical strength

needed to keep the tool from slipping and ruining the work is draining. Hoyer can only work three to five hours a day on the lathe; the rest of the time he spends at his bench doing the fine work, some of it with dental tools, to finish pieces that are further along.

Like other woodcrafters in Southern Arizona, Hoyer works in other native hardwoods, especially the oaks that are plentiful in the Bisbee area. But there's something about mesquite that intrigues and challenges, a mystique about working with a wood that seems almost to defy the woodcrafter's art.

And furniture craftsman Stephen Paul adds another charm: it's Tucson. He feels mesquite fits with Tucson's adobe heritage.

Paul, who has a degree in education and two years of architecture school, began working with mesquite a few years ago while he was restoring barrio homes and often was asked to reproduce the cabnetwork. Since most of the furnishings that arrived here with the railroad were Victorian, he worked in that vein—but he traded

the ornateness for more simple, straight-forward lines. "Santa Fe wasn't appropriate," he says. "Low-key, Victorian furniture from mesquite is something made in Tucson...a classical style in a rough, grainy wood."

While Santa Fe remains a rage and he also produces it for his customers at Arroyo Design, he sees in that style a pueblo influence that isn't part of Tucson's legacy. Paul now has a fifteen-week waiting list for his furniture, since opening shop in October. Other Tucson stores that feature mesquite furniture include Contents, Territorial Trends and Totally Southwest.

"You don't find many towns out west that have the sense of preservation and identity that Tucson has—except Santa Fe and maybe San Francisco," says Paul. "Yet Tucson doesn't have a lot of its own style."

"But one of the things Tucson has is mesquite." □

Tom Dollar's last successful woodcrafting project was a tie rack he made in the sixth grade. He is a Tucson free-lance writer.

THE CRAVING OF TUCSON

So you
enjoy boasting
that Tucson
is the home of the
hip, liberal
intelligentsia in
Arizona, while
Phoenix elected
Evan Mecham?
Just wait.

By Norma Coile
Photography by
Lawrence W. Cheek



The future of Tucson was leaked, rather ignominiously, in a couple of recent advertisements in Phoenix-area newspapers. One took the form of a cartoon portraying Sun City, the original Arizona retirement ghetto, now being choked by the clogged freeway overpasses, clustered high-rises and airplane-clotted skies of the neighboring metropolis. "Before you retire in Phoenix," it tempted, "sample a calmer retirement just two hours south." Two hours south, of course, is Tucson, which was pictured in the ad as an inviting, peaceful haven of saguaros, hills, sunbathers and golfers.

"Has your retirement community become so overcrowded that the peace and tranquility you once enjoyed is now just another memory?" asked another ad. "Consider Tucson. Imagine waking each morning to the fresh air and spectacular scenery of the majestic Santa Catalina Mountains and the surrounding pristine desert..."

Of course, Tucsonans didn't have to see it in the Phoenix papers; an exploratory drive out Oracle Road beyond Oro Valley tells the same story. There, Tucson's own Sun City is rising, like an omen, in the northern lee of the Santa Catalina Mountains. When completed in the mid-1990s, Del Webb's Sun City Vistoso is expected to harbor 5,000 retirees. Farther east, near the town of Oracle, developer Ed Robson is building Saddlebrook for another 4,000 people, most of whom will be retirees. Next year Robson will join with E.C. Garcia

& Co. in the Saddlecreek project, one of at least two new retirement developments expected in the Green Valley area to the south. Fairfield is finishing up its La Cholla Hills for seniors in the near Northwest, and at least two other retirement community developers reportedly are looking at Tucson: Leisure Tech of California and UDC of Tempe.

It's a logical development—in fact, by most criteria Tucson makes a more logical retirement mecca than Phoenix: better climate, better scenery, less pollution, lower land costs (for now). The reason Phoenix's retirement suburbs developed first was that the money behind them was Phoenix money.

Now the graying of Tucson's suburbs is beginning—and with it will come economic, political and sociological consequences for the rest of us.

It is on a bright summer morning that I drive the ten miles north from the city limits to meet the first two residents of Sun City Vistoso. Approaching the lush green desert of Oro Valley, I find myself following a contractor and a cement truck, and the three of us form a caravan into the booming Northwest. We cross the Canyon del Oro wash, all decked out in cement to greet the suburban population marching into these former ranchlands. Overhead loom the blue, craggy peaks and sheer rock faces of Pusch Ridge. Fat, downy pillows of cloud are gathering in prelude to the monsoon season.

To the left we pass bulldozers gearing up for a day's work; to the right a smudge of dust kicks up on the construction road looping through the foothills to La Reserve Estates. We sail by an amusing highway sign about as believable as Admiral Poindexter—"Construction Ends"—then turn onto broad new Rancho Vistoso Boulevard into the infant Sun City. We hear the growling of more bulldozers. Dozens of uprooted palo verdes wait in their life-saving boxes to be transplanted to new homes.

I am thoroughly steamed by the time I pull into the sales office at the heart of Sun City Vistoso, where picture windows take in awesome views across nearby Catalina State Park and on to Pusch Ridge. But soon I am talking with the first couple of retirees to move here, and they, in contrast to my grumpiness, are luminous with pleasure. Bob and Bettie Butler are as bubbly as sweethearts at a first prom as they open their gift from the developer of the famous Sun Cities: an expensive electric grill for their patio.

Bob, a former aerospace and mining engineer, is mischievous and flirtatious with the young publicists and salespeople who have come to celebrate this grand opening, causing Bettie to blush often and plead, "Oh, he didn't mean that." I can't help but



Jinny Mariner (at the wheel) and Elinor LeVine, Green Valley residents, on the golf course.

Webb's target in Tucson is the retiree with a net worth of at least a quarter of a million dollars.

admire how he thrives on this bantering, and how important one partner is to the other after all these years of marriage. Bob is wearing a bola tie I actually like, a ram's head done in desert tones, which he made himself in a lapidary class. With its horns of gleaming mother-of-pearl, it makes a kind of ironic tribute to the band of bighorn sheep that hangs on, despite urban encroachment, atop the ridge that overlooks the Butlers' new home.

The couple used to live in the foothills on the other side of the Catalinas, closer to the city, where Bettie fed a roadrunner that made daily forays into her yard. When they sold that house, they made the new owner promise to continue the feedings, and she is slightly wistful. But they were ready for the retirement lifestyle, so "now we've moved to the other side of the mountain," Bob explains. Suddenly, all the momentous meaning and finality of that innocent remark floods the Butlers, and they reach for the reassurance of each others' hands. It is a sincere, spontaneous moment; these people could be my own parents. I feel a definite pang of guilt that, just an hour before, I was nursing a self-righteous urge to deny them the chance to live out their lives up here in security and quiet, playing golf and grilling burgers with neighbors of their own ages and similar backgrounds.

Sure, this was gorgeous virgin country before Sun City's cookie-cutter patio homes and golf links displaced nature. But it would have been developed one way or the other, I remind myself. And at this moment

shared with the Butlers, I'm thinking we could have done worse than a neat, well-planned subdivision for affluent retirees.

That was before I paid a visit to the original Sun City, sprawling across former farmland west of Phoenix.

The first thing you notice about the granddaddy of self-contained retirement cities is the white brick wall that runs for miles and miles around the whole place, protecting all 45,000 of its residents from the outside world. The Great Wall of Arizona, with oleander bushes and cooler-topped roofs peeking over.

Once you penetrate this barrier, you'll find wide streets with names like Hitching Post Lane and Wrangler Drive, where one boxy, flat-roofed house looks like another except for alternating yards of green and white gravel, each neatly raked. Ceramic animals and statues are popular, as are wrought-iron roadrunners to hang on garage doors of icy green, pink or beige. In the middle of a torrid July day, these streets are eerily empty, devoid of human activity. But the parking lots of the countless banks, shopping malls and golf courses are a different story, bustling with Cadillacs and tan, fit oldsters in shorts and straw hats.

Farther on, in the newer, 15,000-resident Sun City West, Paul Tatz sits in his office, a businessman in a conservative suit and Arizona tan. On one of his walls is an antique oval painting of Abraham Lincoln; on the others, modern aerial photos of the streets of

concentric circles that make up Sun City. The president and CEO of De Webb Communities, Tatz is explaining that Tucson's Sun City Vistoso won't look much like this at all.

Begun nearly thirty years after the first Sun City, Vistoso will be a whole new ballgame for Webb: much smaller, more environmentally sensitive and less isolated. The first of many scaled-down communities Webb plans to build in the Southwest until the Baby Boomers have retired, Vistoso won't be self-contained and won't have all the costly recreational facilities and shopping centers the developer put into its larger cities in the Phoenix area. Instead, it will be dependent on nearby Tucson, Catalina and Oro Valley. In Webb's early days of designing the retirement prototype, land was cheap, Tatz explains. Today, it would cost Webb's corporate empire, currently struggling because of some money-draining casino-hotels elsewhere in the country, too much to duplicate that first Sun City.

So, in Tucson, Webb has left it to fatcat landholders American Continental Corp. and the Wolfswinkel Group, both of Phoenix, to master-plan and provide infrastructure for the 7,000-acre Rancho Vistoso area in the Tortolita foothills, where 40,000 residents of all ages eventually will live. (Webb's Sun City Vistoso is but a piece of that larger community. It will have \$12 million in recreational facilities, but contrast that with \$190 million worth in the original Sun City and Sun City West.) On the other hand, because this is Tucson with its lush, rolling Sonoran Desert and howling environmentalists, Webb is spending money here to preserve open space and the natural vegetation in it. At Vistoso its homes will have Southwestern touches and will look less bland and Midwestern than their Phoenix sisters. And we needn't fear any Great Walls.

Tatz says there will, nonetheless, be many similarities among the three developments, and paints them as positive. Webb's target market in Tucson is the retiree with a household income, bare minimum, of at least \$25,000 a year, and a net worth of at least a quarter of a million dollars. These are people who bring a lot of cash assets with them and deposit them in local banks, and those banks in turn can loan the money and fuel the local economy, Valley National Bank economists say. Banks in the original Sun City have more than \$2 billion in deposits, Tatz notes. Let's put that into context: 1978 deposits in Sun City's banks amounted to eight percent of all deposits in Arizona, while Sun City contained only two percent of the state's population. Not only that, but Sun City residents, who don't need jobs provided for them, have created about 16,000 (mostly service) jobs in the Phoenix area.

They're a clean industry.

Here are some of the predictions Webb's promotion people like to use to convince wary Tucsonans: After five years, or 1,500 home closings, Sun City Vistoso residents will spend \$16 million on retail purchases and will deposit \$35 million in banks; by "build-out" time (2,900 closings), retail purchases will be up to \$32 million and deposits to nearly \$67 million. This is good news for the struggling Foothills Mall, the closest mall to Vistoso; and for the new Tucson Auto Mall on Oracle Road. Older citizens buy far more luxury cars than any other segment of the population. It's also no wonder that Valley Bank already has applied for a branch office in Catalina, the town between Vistoso and Saddlebrook that is soon to be changed forever.

Webb also expects its Tucson community to attract sixty spin-off businesses, creating possibly 1,000 new jobs. Along with the remainder of Rancho Vistoso, Sun City Vistoso also will inflate land prices in the immediate area and bring "fairly extensive light industry," shopping, medical facilities, family housing and churches over the next twenty to thirty years, Tatz says. He notes, too, that Westinghouse and Hyatt are considering building a major resort in the area.

Despite these glowing statistics, the fact is that age-segregated retirement communities present some contradictions for a companion city like Tucson. Chambers of Commerce love them, of course, for all the reasons Tatz mentions and more: They don't bring crime, do bring money, they organize Neighborhood Watches and other volunteer and charitable groups, and they are a repository of talent and brainpower that younger citizens can draw upon.

But, sitting there all Anglo and affluent and homogeneous, with restrictions on age and rules against children, a Sun City also—let's face it—stirs animosity among other people. Many of us see these places as smug, selfish, insular gray ghettos that vote down school bonds, elect neanderthal politicians and clog the streets with nearsighted drivers in boat-sized sedans. Or worse, putter about in golf carts that barely crawl. It won't do much for the image of Tucson, which likes to think of itself as relatively young, hip and blessed with the closest thing to a liberal intelligentsia to be found in Arizona.

A recent *Chicago Tribune* article, which was syndicated around the country under such headlines as "Sun City gets hot over its spoiled, anti-child image," illustrates the antagonisms between the generations. This one was sparked by *Arizona Republic* editorial cartoonist Steve Benson, who drew a fat old lady with a bikini and a martini, and a geezer playing golf

with an oxygen tank strapped to his back. A road sign warned, "Kids will be shot." "Welcome to Sun City," read the cartoon's caption. "Unincorporated, untaxed, ungrateful."

Residents of Sun City, who are accustomed to being stung by Benson's poison wit, felt this one went over the line. One seventy-one-year-old filed a \$1 million libel suit against the *Republic*. Benson reports that one caller "wanted to flush me down the toilet." But the cartoonist, a thirty-three-year-old father of four, is sticking to his guns. "The trouble with Sun City," he says, "is they build their own Berlin Wall around themselves and drive their golf carts out into the Twilight

Zone....They're saying that we paid our dues, we put in our time, we've been productive citizens, therefore we deserve a break from taxation. They're checking out of reality."

Sun City brought on its own curmudgeonly image. In 1984 it won a county zoning restriction to back up its own covenants prohibiting children eighteen or younger from living there more than ninety days. Last year, residents even filed a complaint against a fifty-five-year-old who allowed his granddaughter to stay with him longer. The six-year-old eventually was forced to leave. It was a bitter case, but you wouldn't know it from the promotional billboards Sun City

posts along the interstate in Phoenix today. They show a smiling grandmother hugging a small child. "Sun City residents do volunteer work with kids in surrounding communities," insists Ken Plonski, public affairs manager for Del Webb Communities. "They really do interact. And grandchildren visit all the time—we even have a video arcade."

Still, this Republican stronghold was notorious in the early 1970s for shooting down school bond issues for its beleaguered young neighbor Peoria, population 13,000. Twelve out of fifteen attempts for school-building bonds were defeated by the retirement giants of Sun City and Youngtown.

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Retirees Bob and Bettie Butler: the first couple to move into Sun City Vistoso.

Finally, in 1975, Sun City was taken out of the Peoria School District.

And critics continue to charge that Sun Citians pay disproportionately low taxes. Because they are unincorporated, they receive all services from Maricopa County, while residents of incorporated cities pay an additional tax for some of the same services. The retirees counter that they use fewer services than young people, so the county actually gets a bargain. The debate rages on.

But as University of Arizona political scientist John Crow points out, the stinginess can cut both ways. "By 1994 the Medicare system will be about out of money, and we have reached no national consensus about this. There is a political conflict among the generations. A lot of the baby-boomers don't believe Social Security will be there for them, so they don't want to pay for what they see as 'a CAT scan for every block.'" People today are living so much longer, they may retire to Sun City with a nest egg that seems plenty big—but isn't enough for twenty or thirty years without an income, especially if they need expensive health care. In this light, a retiree's tight fist seems defensible.

The Tucson area's experience with Sun City Vistoso is likely to be less confrontational, overall. Our new retirement community will have far fewer residents and thus less impact. It also may become part of the incorporated town of Oro Valley, although that question is being thrown to the voters and courts. Pima County and

Oro Valley are fighting for the tax base of the entire Rancho Vistoso project, so they obviously don't see it as a liability. Developer Robson, meanwhile, put Saddlebrook just across the line in development-hungry Pinal County.

Still, many who live in the quiet communities of Oro Valley and Catalina are doing some soul-searching about the voter blocs, service de-

sad history, Amphi officials aren't waiting for a showdown—they're taking creative steps to head off friction between the needs of schoolkids and senior citizens.

"We've tried to go out into the elderly population and say, 'you belong to the Amphi District as much as anybody else,'" explains associate superintendent Les Follett. "In the

By the time they're in junior high, many students already have some unconscious prejudice against elderly people. The modern, transient lifestyle means some of these kids have had little or no contact with their own grandparents.

mands and new lifestyles that the Northwest Side's boom—retirement and otherwise—will bring. Rancho Vistoso is bigger than all of Oro Valley to date, and its voters would dominate the town.

Amphi School District is faced with an eventual bloc of 5,000 senior voters at Vistoso that may be only the beginning—sooner or later, retirement housing usually attracts spin-offs such as RV resorts or mobile home parks for older folks. And there reportedly is some talk in the Saddlebrook area of petitioning to get into Amphi, which already has a significant senior citizen vote within its boundaries. Well aware of Peoria's

smaller (age-integrated) communities of old, the elderly knew the kids in the schools," he notes—and that's the interaction Amphi is working to re-create. The district provides facilities for senior activities, but its big success is the "Aces" program, in which older citizens "adopt" a different grade and class of young students each year. The oldsters, supported by community donations, give parties for the students for Halloween, Christmas and Easter, and the young students return the favor by cooking a Thanksgiving meal for their gray-haired friends.

Program coordinator Melissa Franklin acknowledges that by the time students are in junior high, many

already have developed some unconscious age prejudice against elderly people. The modern, transient lifestyle means some of these kids have had little or no contact with their own grandparents. But by the end of a school year spent "playing" with old folks, attitudes—for both generations—have changed for the better, she reports. "They have this end-of-the-year dance, and by the last song there isn't a dry eye in the house." The adolescents have taught the retirees their punk dances, and in turn have learned some weird dances from what must seem to them ancient history. A side benefit, Franklin adds, is that the senior citizens see how different family life is in the '80s, with its divorce rates and modern pitfalls (including drugs and pregnancy) for teens. So they soften their "just the three R's" attitudes and begin to agree that tax dollars should go for other education programs as well.

Already, Amphi sees signs that this program is paying off at the polls. Earlier this year the district passed a large bond issue that is expected to carry it for the next five years, Follett notes. "At one of our polling places, it was relatively easy for us to observe voters. There was, without question, a preponderance of older people voting." Yet the bond issue broke even there. "Sun City Vistoso, in the long term, is a question mark for us," he adds. "We typically have been able to pass our bonds and our overrides, but we don't know if that community could grow to the point where our margin could be eroded."

Follett, who hails from a small, close-knit family town in Graham County, says he was raised with his grandparents and elders all around. "and personally, I'm sold on that approach to retirement. It has that appeal that made *The Waltons* such a popular TV show. But our world today doesn't always make that convenient, especially in the cities, where we will have to find substitutes—churches, for example—for the family support unit.

"I guess as a school district, we're beginning to ask if we can do the same," he adds.

There's a running gag up north at Sun City that shows the age-segregated retirement community to be a strong support unit, too, Tatz says. It's about "the casserole brigade" that descends on any man who has lost his wife and ensures that he won't be single, or lonely, for long. May the best casserole win.

The lifestyle at an "active" retirement community like Sun City or Green Valley is so supportive, in fact, that several studies suggest it adds years to a resident's life expectancy. Some seventy percent of the first 100 Sun Citians are still alive, Tatz says, even though many were at least sixty

years old when the town opened twenty-seven years ago.

These communities aren't for everyone; some older people who spurn them make cracks about "not wanting to live around a bunch of old duffers or to see the hearse go by every day," chuckles Courtney Cleland, an associate professor of sociology at the UA. But, he adds, many other older people living within our age-integrated cities are lonely. "They could be having fun at a place like Green Valley. At least they could find common spirits."

The baby boomers, heading toward retirement themselves, are among those claiming the lifestyle isn't for them, according to one national study. Having grown up in a youth-oriented culture, the boomers say that moving to a Sun City is like turning out the lights, and they aren't about to do that.

But Tatz, the middle-aged man who plans to build small Sun Cities until all the yuppies turn to geezers, claims not to be worried. "They say that now," he agrees, "but when they retire, we'll have a product that appeals."

Jay Thorne is one of those young Arizonans who looks at Sun City Vistoso and Saddlebrook with trepidation. He figures we're building Mechem Territory out there. "I drive out Oracle Road every couple of weeks, to see a friend in Catalina, and I watch that area grow," says Thorne. "And I shudder to think what it means for Pima County politics."

Thorne, an expert in Democratic Party organizing, should know. Last year, as a consultant to Democratic gubernatorial nominee Carolyn Warner, he watched as senior citizens around the state carried ultraconservative Republican Evan Mecham to victory in a bizarre three-way race. Pima County, still the moderate-to-liberal bastion, voted for Warner, but was overwhelmed by counties with larger blocs of gray-haired voters.

Mecham, a grandfather with an anti-tax platform, took particular advantage of the seventy-one percent Republican registration in the Maricopa County retirement communities of Sun City, Sun City West and Youngtown. He won every single precinct. In Pima County, meanwhile, the only legislative district he won includes the retirement community of Green Valley.

"Senior voters were probably the single most important bloc Mecham had, and they continue to be," says Thorne, who backs up this conclusion with a 72-page election analysis done by his employer, Roots Development Inc. Retirees in Arizona are overwhelmingly Republican, generally conservative, and—taking their civic duties very seriously—they show up at the polls, rain or shine.

The newspaper *Arizona Senior*



Eva Bushong waltzes with Mark Benz during one of Amphi's intergenerational dances.

World recently reported after an informal poll of 1,500 older readers that three in every four continue to "strongly back the job Gov. Mecham is doing." And other, more scientific post-election surveys have suggested a striking polarization between young and old when it comes to the controversial tenure of Mecham. At least one pollster believes Mecham is overwhelmingly unpopular with Arizonans under age thirty-five, which is why leaders of the recall drive are planning to raise money and gather signatures at rock concerts.

Pima County Democrats are understandably alarmed as they watch Vistoso and other concentrations of retirees sprout in the Tucson area. County Supervisor David Yetman, who is impressed by the quality and careful planning of the Vistoso devel-

opment, nonetheless wonders with a grimace if "Democrats will become an endangered species." Priscilla Duddleston, an officer of the local Democratic Party, frets that Congressional District Five—which takes in Vistoso, Saddlebrook and Green Valley as well as much of Tucson—now will be sealed forever as a safe GOP district. It wasn't always that way; the growth district once sent Democrat Jim McNulty to Washington, but has been gaining Republicans ever since. And Jim Kolbe, the district's second-term Republican representative, takes very good care of his senior constituents, smartly employing several as interns in his local office.

But, their gut reactions aside, local Democrats' concerns probably aren't backed up by the actual numbers of senior citizens expected in the Tucson

area in the coming decade. By the time Sun City Vistoso and Saddlebrook are full, for example, Arizona already will have redrawn its congressional districts, adding at least one more. If Democrats have seized control of either legislative chamber or the governor's office by then—as some moderate Republicans fear the controversy surrounding Mecham may allow—they probably will try to throw the 9,000 Sun City Vistoso and Saddlebrook voters into Rep. Mo Udall's overwhelmingly Democratic District Two, where they won't matter. Republicans, on the other hand, might try to carve out a new district that takes in Tucson's mushrooming Northwest and runs north to Maricopa County's retiree-rich East Valley, suggests State Rep. Jack Jewett.

Jewett, a moderate Republican

who has been a critic of Mecham, agrees with most observers that retirees will be just a small, gradual, diluted part of the Tucson area's remarkable growth. And, as a young politician who suspects he may be targeted next year by staunch Mecham backers, Jewett has more than a casual interest in this matter—his Northwest Side legislative district takes in Sun City Vistoso.

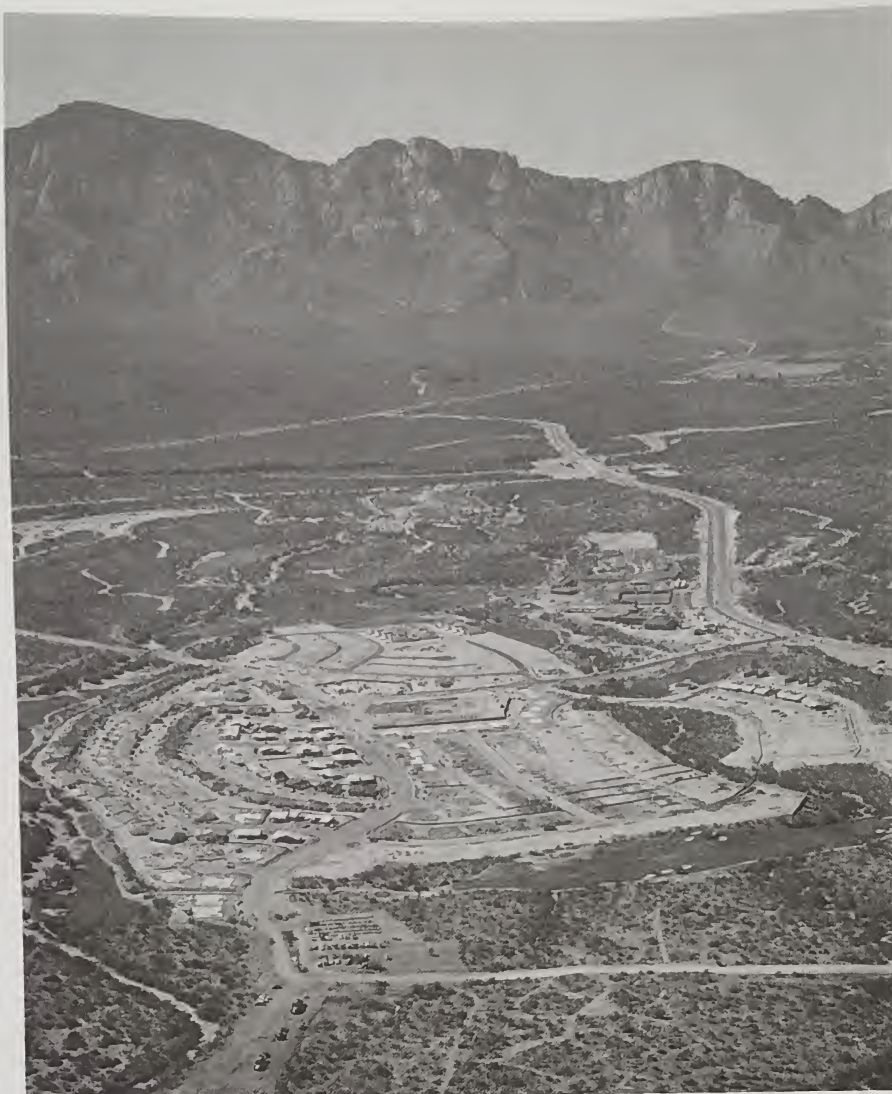
Five thousand older voters accumulated there over several years "will not have a dramatic impact relative to the whole legislative district, which has well over 100,000 voters," Jewett notes. And new retirement communities on the Northwest Side will be offset by middle-income, mixed-family housing growth on Thornydale and elsewhere. "It's always been a mixed demographic up here, not predominantly retired, and it will continue to be balanced," Jewett adds. That's not to say he doesn't expect the area to get more Republican—he does. So does Pima County's GOP Chairman, Bob Stash.

As it has grown in population in the last decade, Pima County, long a Democratic stronghold, has become steadily less so. In 1977, Democrats held fifty-five percent of the voter registrations to thirty-six percent for Republicans. By late last year the gap had narrowed to forty-seven percent for Democrats, thirty-nine percent for Republicans. The share of "independents and others" had grown the most.

Notwithstanding their logical analysis downplaying the future clout of Vistoso and Saddlebrook, local politicians need only look twenty miles south to Green Valley to see how concentrated blocs of retirees can wield far more influence than their numbers would suggest. Former Pima County Supervisor Conrad Joyner had many Tucson constituents, but it was Green Valley he *always* jumped for. And although GV has just seventeen percent of the registered voters in his district, state Sen. Jeff Hill credits his political career to it. That's because of the retirement community's amazing turnout, year after year, of eighty percent of its Republican voters (compared to sixty-five percent in Tucson).

Jewett knows this phenomenon all too well himself. As leader of last year's attempt to pass a county sales tax for road construction—some of it needed to handle the future traffic load from Rancho Vistoso—he watched in great disappointment as Green Valley and the South Side turned out to crush it.

Dave Taylor, a city planner who dispenses witty insights and rat-a-tat statistics from a cubbyhole office filled with books and clippings and tall gray filing cabinets, knows more about Tucson's demographics than any man alive. And he maintains that retirement communities like Sun City Vistoso will be just a blip on the computer



An aerial view of Sun City Vistoso.

Most of the Maricopa County retirement communities are exhausting their share of land... the Tucson area is now developing just the way Phoenix did.'

screen compared to the growth we'll see in our working-age population—"oh, from about yuppie age up to near retirees."

Seniors aged sixty-five or older make up just shy of twelve percent of our metro-area population now, and that proportion will expand to about fourteen percent by the year 2000, Taylor predicts. "But if you look at the absolute numbers, that's not a big wave. Generally speaking, the idea that Tucson will be a Gray Panther heaven is not anything we foresee. The real story for Tucson will be with residents aged thirty to sixty-five, who will increase from 200,000 in number to 400,000 in fifteen years."

But there's no denying that the whole U.S. population is aging as birth rates slow down—Taylor says we'll reach zero population growth by the year 2025—and as those infamous baby-boomers head toward their golden years. Already, there are more people over fifty-five in this country than there are elementary and high school students. And by the turn of the century, the share of population under age twenty-five in Pima County will have shrunk, while middle-aged

and older populations will keep growing.

The Tucson area will be graying, then, even if developers don't try to entice more retirees to move here—and they will. Taylor, who jokingly calls his work the science of thumb-sucking, is more than willing to concede that brilliant marketing jobs by new retirement communities could bring a significant increase in senior residents.

Developer Ed Robson is among those who think Tucson will begin to eat into Phoenix's share of the retiree market in a major way. "Sun City West will soon be sold out, Leisure World only has a few more years—most of the Maricopa County retirement communities are exhausting their share of land," notes Robson, who built the successful Sun Lakes community near Chandler. "And new land there will cost too much. With the lower price of land in Tucson, they can offer the same home for \$30,000 less."

As a result, Robson says, "The Tucson area is now developing just the way Phoenix did." His partner in the future Saddlecreek project near Green Valley, executive vice president

Bill Martin of E.C. Garcia & Co., agrees: "Del Webb, Robson—those guys are the experts, and they think something is happening here. What it amounts to, basically, is that people like them are seeing things in Tucson they saw in Phoenix fifteen, twenty years ago."

Webb, for example, looked at numerous cities throughout the Southwest for its first Sun City outside of Phoenix, and Tucson came out at the top of the list. Its size, lack of pollution, natural beauty, infrastructure, cultural offerings and university, closeness to a "hub" airport (at Phoenix)—all of these impressed Webb's market researchers. Another big plus for Tucson, they say, is the availability every winter of a flock of snowbirds who can be targeted and enticed to buy a house and stay.

And just as Phoenix is beginning to be seen by some retirees as too congested and polluted, "we're seeing a lot more buyers here from Florida, as well, who are disenchanted with the crowding there," said Webb promotions manager Plonski. Californians, who can't find land any more, much less afford it, also are looking to our area for retirement.

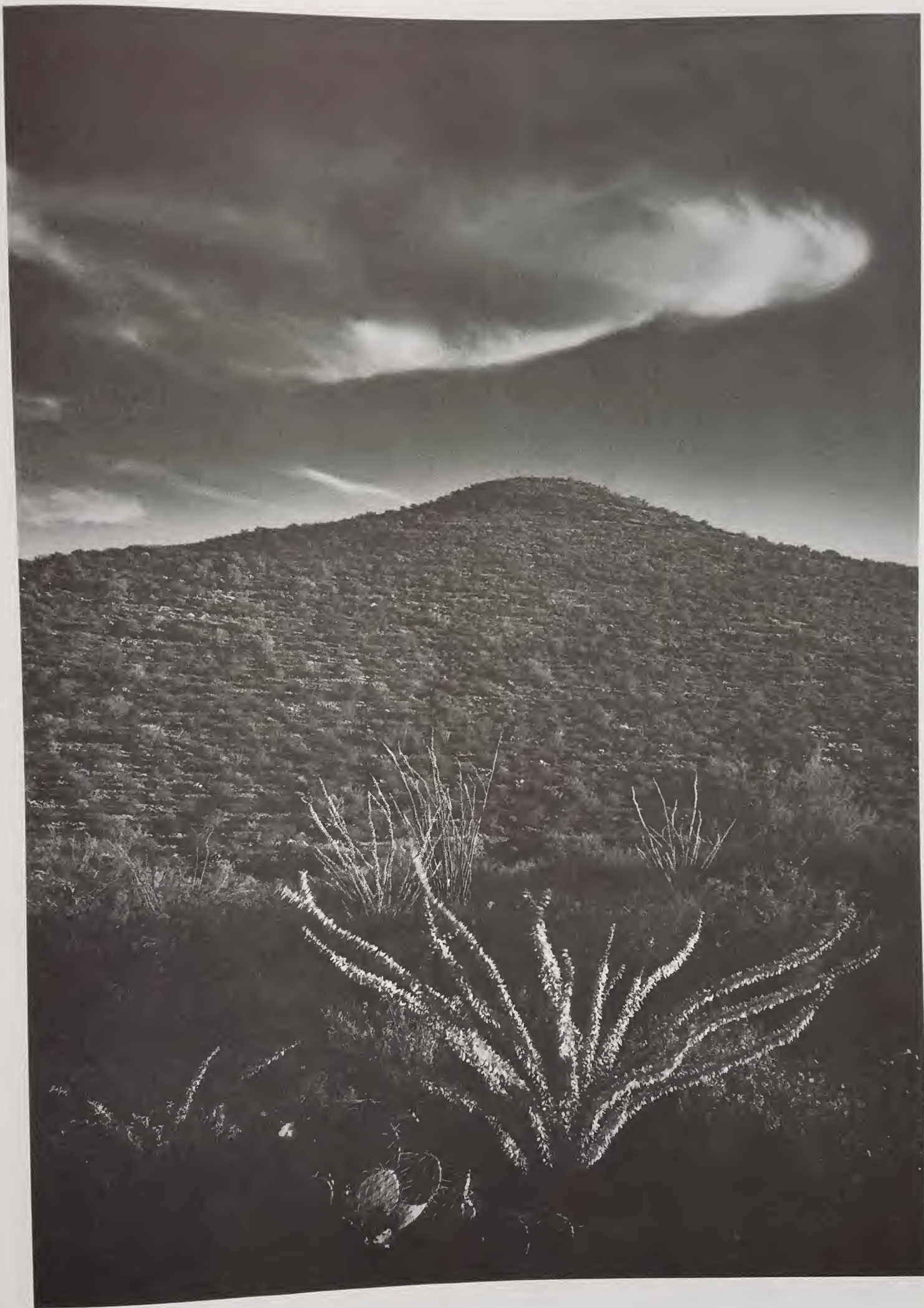
Tatz says house sales are so brisk at Sun City Vistoso that Del Webb may be looking for more land in the Tucson area within three years for a second community about the same size.

Even so, some longtime local observers think most of this is just marketing hype—that Tucson will continue to get its share of retirees, but not all that many more than it has for years and years. Roger Giachetti, executive vice president and general manager for Fairfield's Green Valley is one of these. "I don't see more retirees coming," Giachetti says. "Just more builders—more builders competing for the same retirees."

"The fact that there are more builders, each with a marketing effort, may increase the (migration) activity to a degree," he concedes. "But not to any significant degree."

But if Robson, Del Webb and others are right about Tucson being a throwback to the Phoenix of twenty years ago, we may be amazed by the future. Listen to Plonski, as he grimaces and waves his hand around at all the spinoff development surrounding the original Sun City. "This place has really gotten built up—retirement apartments, lifecare centers, trailer parks, subdivisions. There are seventeen different competing developments around here. That's one reason some of our Phoenix residents are looking to Sun City Vistoso."

Twenty years from now, when the next wave of developers are running ads in the Tucson papers, talking about how you can't see the mountains any more for all the buildings and dust and exhaust fumes, where will the gray pilgrims go next?



TEXTURES

By Keith Schreiber

The making of a photograph begins as a response to seeing. Mostly I look. If I see, I make an exposure. Sometimes I see what I am looking for. Sometimes I see what I am not looking for. I cannot say which is the more arresting experience.

STRAIGHT SHOTS



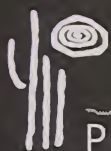
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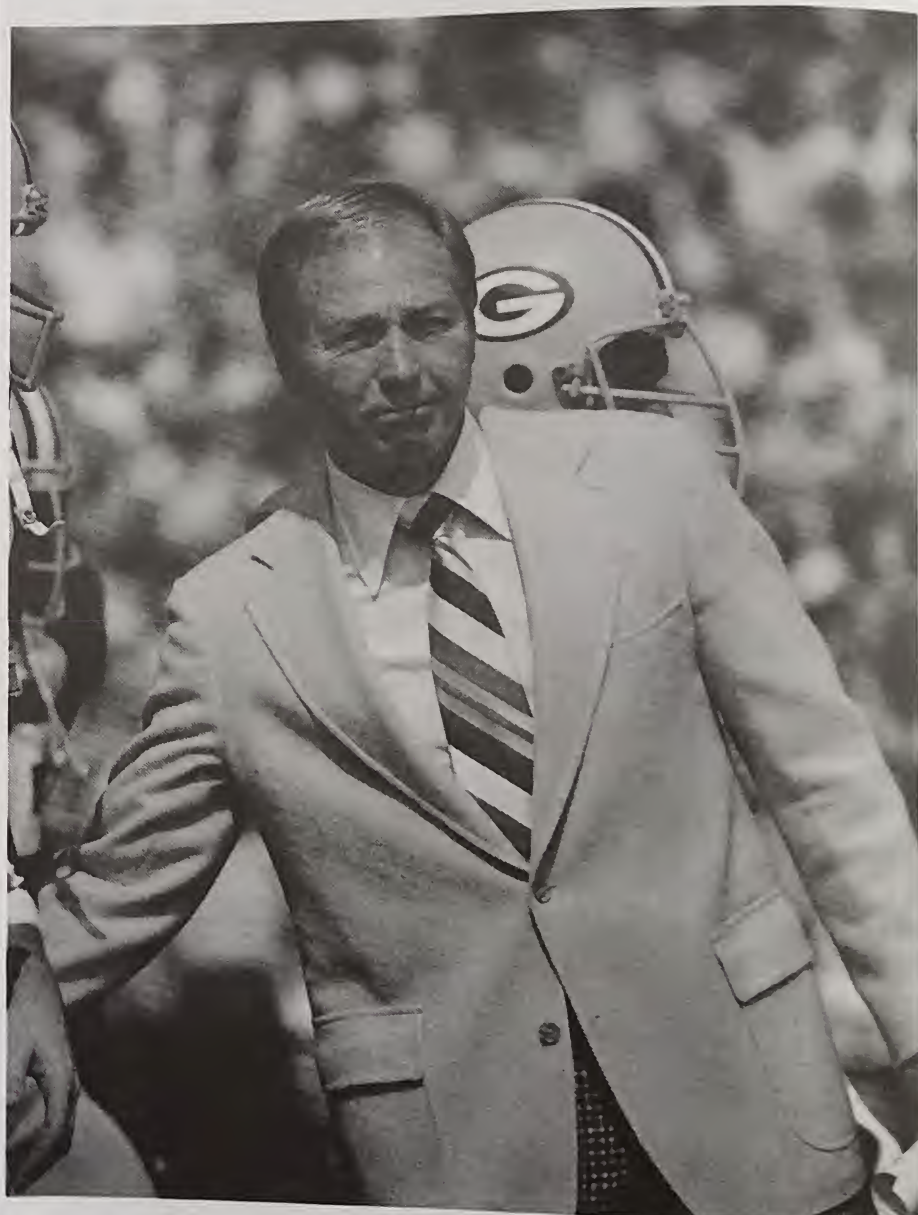
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SPORTS

THE ARIZONA STARR

He used to work miracles in Green Bay. Now it's first-and-ten in the desert.

BY RICHARD S. VONIER



The hair is thinning, the jacket is disappointing green polyester, the talk is not of quarterback sneaks to steal the championship from Dallas but of balance sheets and high stakes in the National Football League franchise wars.

But for a middle-aged scribbler who was young in Wisconsin during the glory years of the Green Bay Packers, shaking the hand of Bart Starr in a Tucson hotel in 1987 still brings a crop of goose bumps to the surface. It's like being a theater buff and bumping into Shakespeare at the Samaniego House.

Overstatement? Not if you had been there. During the sixties in Wisconsin, when Starr was marching the team from the tiny northern meat-packing town to four NFL titles and the first two Super Bowl championships over the great cities of the

U.S.A., the Packers weren't just local pride, they were religion.

You hadda know someone just to get on a zillion-year waiting list for end zone tickets. On Sunday afternoons in November, the world stopped in Wisconsin as every tavern and living room filled with devotees inhaling Schlitz and clustering around the tube and wishing they were among the lucky thousands who were crammed into the Green Bay stadium, bundled in four layers of wool against a twenty-below chill factor, their collective breath steaming like a smelter.

What was it Vince Lombardi supposed to have said? Something like...winning isn't everything—it's the *only* thing. And damn, remember Paul Hornung shaking himself to get his pads straight after every tackle, or the bulldozer runs of Jim Taylor or the

SPORTS

great hands of Max McGee? Damn, those guys were *animals*! Ray Nitschke, Jerry Kramer, Forrest Gregg, Herb Adderly, Boyd Dowler, Willie Davis, Willie Wood, Dave Robinson, Don Chandler...when the Pro Football Hall of Fame Committee picked the All-Sixties NFL Team, twelve of the forty-four players were Packers.

But Bart Starr was the prophet of the Packer religion, the guiding hand, the brilliant tactician. He was in the record books with rankings in every category, not at the top of any, but there was no smarter quarterback who ever played. Remember the 1967 NFL championship against Dallas? Thirteen below in Green Bay with a fifteen-mph wind. Packers down 17-14, twenty seconds left, no time-outs, third-and-goal on the one. Starr snubs the thought of a tying field goal or a pass that might stop the clock and carries it across himself behind Kramer's bruising block to win the game. The man was all class. And he was a gentleman, someone stable in the crazy social ruptures of acid and ghetto riots and bloody Vietnam protests. He was the forerunner of the million-dollar media quarterbacks. Only he didn't have to model panty hose or wear pimping sweatbands or suck expensive white powder up his nose to de-

fine who he was.

When Bart Starr retired in 1972 after seventeen years with the Packers, the political cigars talked about him for governor, for senator. But he went to CBS as a color analyst, and then took over the failing Packers as head coach in 1974. It was then that Starr became mortal in Badgerland. Year after year, the faithful kept pumping themselves that surely the Pack Would Be Back, now that Bart was in charge. But the Pack never came back—except for a couple of false flurries—and the owners let Bart go in 1983. A dark day in Wisconsin.

This July, Byron B. and Cherry Starr sold their house in De Pere, a small town outside of Green Bay, and moved to Phoenix. His business card reads: Partner, Arizona NFL Expansion Franchise, Ltd. For the last three years, Starr has been fronting a group trying to bring NFL football to Arizona. There have been failed attempts to reel in existing teams. Now the dream is expansion.

So at the Hotel Park Tucson recently, he and another partner, John D. Colbrunn, were talking what Bart is famed for—strategy. But this time he's playing on a field where money and influence and ticket sales are the *only*

thing. The opposition is tough and twofold.

First half: Sometime in 1988, the NFL may recommend two expansion sites. Phoenix is high in the running. So are Jacksonville and Memphis. Oakland, Baltimore, Orlando, San Antonio and a couple of other cities also are contenders. The opening kickoff came August 15 when the Packers and the Broncos played an exhibition game in Tempe. The gate will be compared to exhibitions scheduled later between the Cardinals and the Chiefs in Memphis and the Falcons and the Patriots in Jacksonville.

Colbrunn says it costs \$24 million a year to operate an NFL team, and if you sell every ticket to every season game, you still lose about \$10 million. The profits depend on TV deals, endorsements and exhibition games. The other NFL owners want to know where they can regularly count on making a buck on August exhibitions in a steambath—in Phoenix, Memphis or Jacksonville? Colbrunn, Starr and company put up some dough to bring the game to Tempe. They needed to sell 50,000 tickets (\$16-\$20 a head) just to break even, and 70,000 to bury the two competitors.

Second half: Even if the other NFL owners give Phoenix the nod as the site—and Starr is nervous that the Val-

ley boosters are overconfident—then the business competition to own the franchise kicks off. At least three other groups are vying with Starr's group for the contract. That produces all the talk that filters down here about domed Phoenix stadiums, double deals with major league baseball, arrangements with the Sun Devils, etc., etc.

But it's going to take many millions of dollars up front to existing franchise owners just to buy into the league, and many other millions to build a stadium, before anyone even gets around to the estimated \$24-million annual operating tab. So it is mighty serious business, and you can bet that any team will be called the Arizona somethings and that the eagerness of Baja Arizonans to make the drive across the Gila on Sunday afternoons will be a big factor.

"Any person who has ever been a resident of a city or a state with a National Football League franchise knows the fantastic impact it has," says Starr.

Believe him. Ask anyone who was in Wisconsin in the sixties.

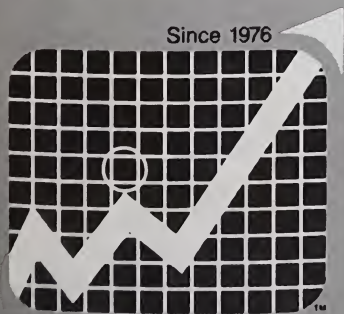
Now Starr lives in Arizona. And already the cigars occasionally drop his name. Governor. Senator. Can it happen again?

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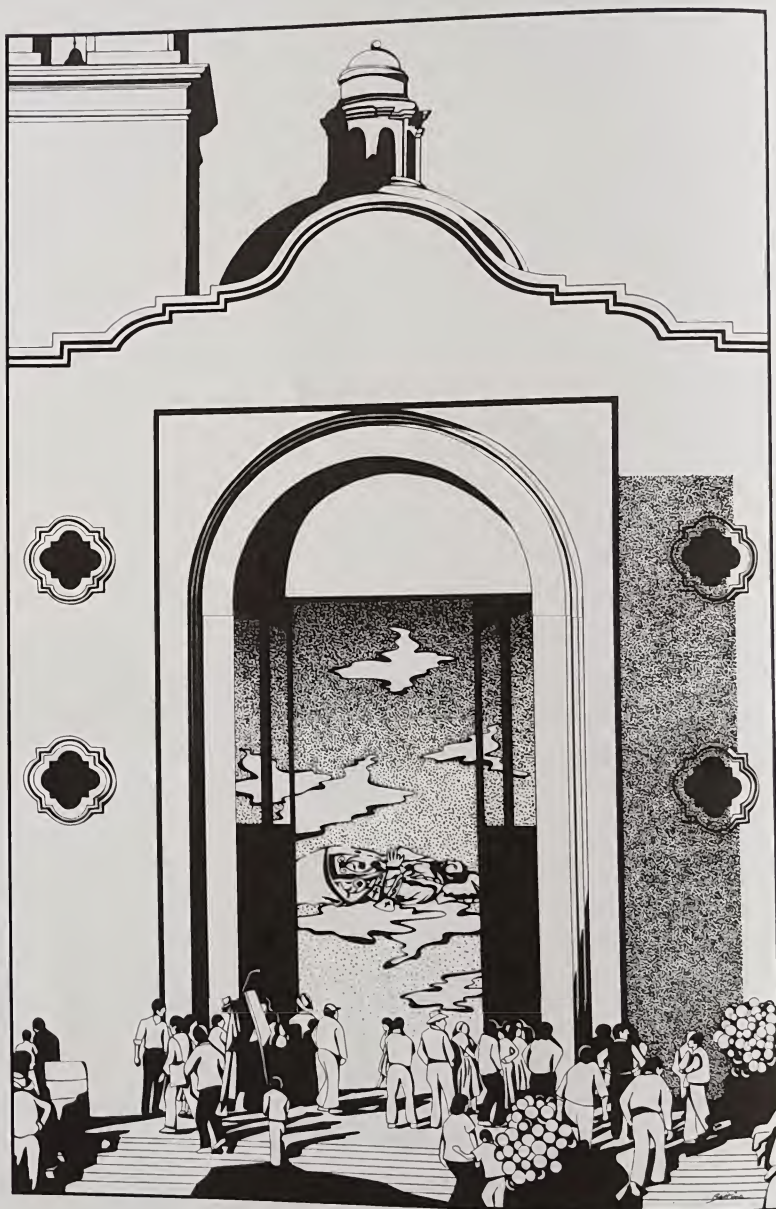
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MAGDALENA MERRIMENT

Remembering when San Francisco came to town.

BY JIM GRIFFITH



Bettina

Well, we've just about survived another one. The arrival of September is always a good sign that things won't last forever the way they are. Next comes October, with cooler nights and even some rainstorms again. At some point it will be time to turn off the swamp coolers—at first only at night, then for the winter. And with the cooler weather arrives one of our most fascinating annual events—the fiesta and pilgrimage of San Francisco at Magdalena, Sonora, on and just before October 4.

This is going to take a little explaining, as it is one of those events tied into this area's unique history.

This event also is pretty confusing, a fact that simply reflects the amazing cultural complexity of that history.

As we all have been given endless opportunities to discover this year, Father Eusebio Francisco Kino entered our region, the Pimeria Alta, in 1687. He stayed here the rest of his life, working as a missionary among the O'odham, and died in Magdalena in 1711. He had gone there to dedicate a chapel to San Francisco, and that's where he was buried. Centuries passed, the chapel disappeared, and Kino's grave was lost. Then in 1966, a combined Mexican-U.S. archaeological team found his remains, still

LOCAL CUSTOM

within the foundations of the old chapel. They can be seen under glass today in the plaza that faces Magdalena's church.

Kino's patron saint was San Francisco Xavier—St. Francis Xavier—a 16th Century Basque Jesuit who worked for much of his life in the Far East and is now buried in the old Portuguese colony of Goa, India. His body is in a state of natural mummification, which is why many of the statues of this particular saint represent a man reclining on his back—a corpse, to put it bluntly. Such was the original statue that Kino is said to have brought to Magdalena, and such is the statue that lies in the church today. Little wonder that some worshippers have confused the dead man in the church with the dead man in the plaza, and have concluded that San Francisco and Father Kino were the same person!

But that's just the beginning. Every saint has a special day in the Roman Catholic calendar, and San Francisco Xavier's day is in early December. But if that is so, why am I talking about a fiesta in October? After the Jesuits were expelled from all Spanish dominions in 1767, they were replaced by the Franciscans, another missionary order with its own traditions.

Their patron saint is Saint Francis of Assisi, whose day is October 4. Apparently they tried to get the devotion in Magdalena changed to their own San Francisco, but only succeeded in changing the date of the fiesta. And to make things just a little more confusing, the supine statues that are sold in the Magdalena plaza depicting this Jesuit saint whose feast is celebrated on someone else's day, and who is often confused with another Jesuit, usually wear the brown robes of a modern-day Franciscan!

Whoever he is, the San Francisco of Magdalena, Sonora, is the object of great devotion throughout this region. He is believed to be a great worker of miracles, and is asked for help in all kinds of situations where ordinary human resources have proven fruitless. He especially is helpful in effecting miraculous cures. But there's a slight rub. This saint is believed to exact a price for his assistance, and woe betide the individual who has promised but not delivered the payment of a pilgrimage or some other such action of self-sacrifice and devotion.

When pilgrims arrive in Magdalena, they go first of all to the small room in the church where the statue lies. This statue itself is the sub-

ject of considerable legend. I have been told that when Kino originally brought it to Magdalena, he was intending to take it elsewhere. But the burro carrying the statue refused to move as long as it was loaded, forcing plans to be changed. And during Sonora's church-state conflicts earlier in this century, the statue was taken to Hermosillo and burned in the furnace of a local brewery...or was it? I have heard detailed accounts of both its burning and its rescue at the hands of devoted Papago Indians. Many people slip a hand under the statue's head and try to lift it. The belief is that if San Francisco allows you to do that, you are in good standing with him; if not, you are in serious trouble. And I have heard eyewitness accounts of men who, unable to lift the statue's head, knelt in prayer with tears streaming down their cheeks and tried again and again and again.

So each year in the final week of September and the first four days of October, thousands of people converge on Magdalena. O'odham, Mexicans, Yaquis and a few Anglos, they come by train, car, bus, and foot. A popular vow involves walking from the border crossing in Nogales to Magdalena, a trek of about seventy miles, and drivers on Highway 15

need to be careful of the many pilgrims who throng the road day and night. They arrive in Magdalena, stand in line, greet the saint, and then proceed to have a ball. Magdalena during this time is crowded with merchants selling trinkets, food and drink; rides for the kids, fortune tellers, musicians (I counted seventy-five groups in two plazas one year!) and a host of other folks providing goods and services. People sell medicinal herbs, pottery, and factory-made blankets and tablecloths. These latter are peddled from the backs of vans by salesmen equipped with small microphones and an endless store of patter. Craftspeople make and sell wonderful painted glass frames for holy pictures. Pilgrims stay in nearly every hotel, spare bedroom and back yard in town, as well as along the river and the railroad tracks. It's an incredible scene of activity, sacred and secular, traditional and modern. And it's all because Father Kino, now sleeping peacefully in the midst of it all, showed up 300 years ago with a new language and religion (along with a statue loaded on a burro).

Jim Griffith is director of the Southwest Folklore Center at the University of Arizona.



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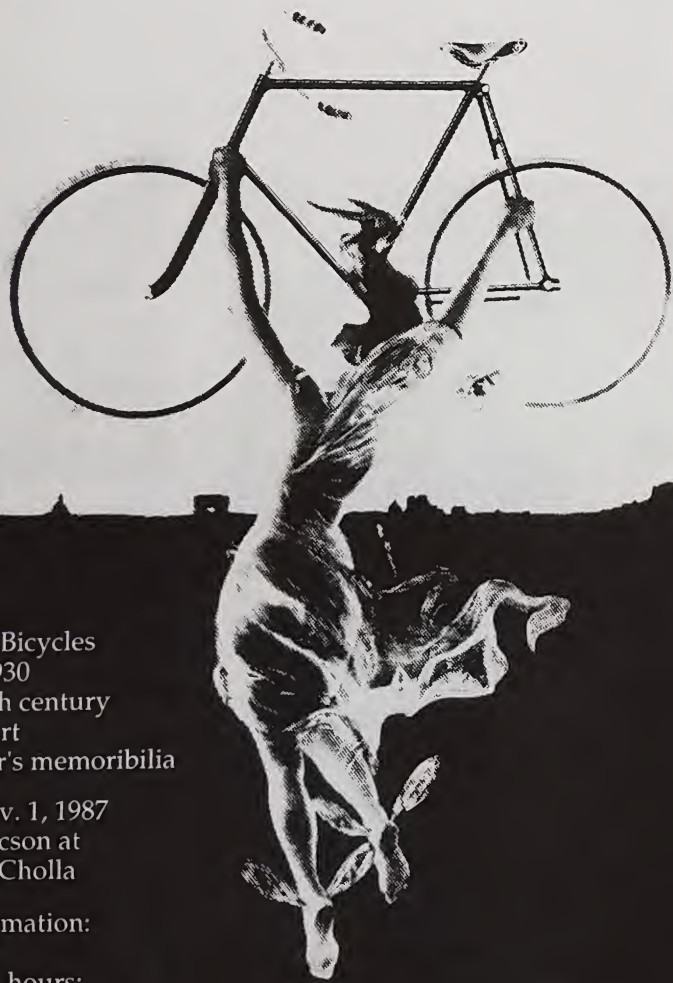
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BYRD

SWEARING BY ST. JUDE

The miraculous creation of two local shrines shows how he won't let you down.

BY BYRD BAYLOR



Lawrence W. Cheek

Edith Espino's shrine to St. Jude.

St. Jude, the saint of desperate circumstances, hopeless cases, impossible desires...

I don't know about people in the foothills, but down on the south side of town you can be sure somebody is lighting a candle to Jude right now.

Get five or ten people together, sitting outside on a summer evening, and you'll hear talk of St. Jude's newest miracles...miracles that happen around the corner, down the street, to people everyone knows. They say he doesn't fail you. He may take a long time to answer and he may surprise you with the solution he had in mind, but amazing things do happen. This is common knowledge.

Look at the classified section of the newspaper any day and you will find notices that say, *Thank you St. Jude for favors received*, or *Thank you St. Jude for taking care of my father*, or *Jude thanks for finding job*, or *Dearest St. Jude thanks for granting urgent request*. These notices are signed with initials, sometimes a first name, sometimes a full name.

Now and then, you'll see the entire St. Jude novena printed among the personals. This is not a thank-you. It is a public request and a promise to publish the result. The prayer must be repeated nine times a day, and the solution can be expected by the eighth day.

If you are curious, you keep watching for that particular set of initials, hoping the *thank you Jude* will appear. When you read the paper, you find yourself turning first to the personals to see how the real world is progressing, to find out if help has arrived.

Once in a while, you'll see *Prayer not granted*, but that is rare and is often followed a month or so later with *Forgive me for doubting you St. Jude*. You'll see that if two or three people announce their wishes granted, you'll feel fine yourself all that day.

Last month there was even a billboard thanking St. Jude. Most people, however, just buy a candle and make a pretty spot in the house for it. It is nice to place his picture there by the candle, perhaps a paper flower, too. Besides that, they say it is good to go to one of the special neighborhood St. Jude shrines.

Everybody knows Mrs. Espino's large rock grotto down on South Ninth just south of 22nd Street. People will walk miles to stand there in front of this shrine even though they might pass two or three other St. Judes on the way. They say there is something special about that place, and that just walking through the gate makes you feel better. They say good feelings surround you. And certain people who touch the face of the statue say it can

BYRD

feel like a living person's face.

Here is the way it began:

Nineteen years ago, Edith Espino used to look out the window of her little rented house and gaze at the home across the street...not a fine house at all, yet there was something about it that made her know that was where she should be. There was plenty of open space behind the house, and when she looked over there she could visualize how she would make it beautiful with grapevines and chinaberry trees and queen's crown. But, of course, all this was fantasy because the house was not for sale, and even if it had been, there was no way in the world she and her husband, Antonio, could buy it. Still, she thought of it all the time.

But finally the house was for sale, and she heard herself saying, "Just give us three days before anyone else has a chance at this place."

She still remembers how she and Antonio looked at each other then because they barely had money to buy food and pay the rent from month to month. But she told him they would manage. When he asked her, "Pero como?" she said immediately, "San Judas." So they lit their candles and made vows. Edith Espino promised St. Jude that as long as she had one breath of life, she would keep a candle

burning for him night and day, and that she would celebrate his saint's day each year with a fiesta.

So it happened that without any credit at all, they walked in and borrowed the money. Within three days, Edith had the \$2,000 down payment in her hand.

The shrine has grown from a small saint in the house to a large saint in a shadowy outdoor grotto with many lights and candles and wind chimes and flowers. Every year people donate their own treasures, do rock work, help with the fiesta.

That fiesta is a beautiful thing, too, with huge pots of menudo, good bread and tortillas, whatever else anyone brings. The priest comes to say mass. Friends bring guitars. Sometimes she has mariachis.

The saint's day is October 28, but Mrs. Espino celebrates on the 27th instead. Because of the importance of her vow, she can't take a chance that some emergency might come up, something might go wrong, and she would have to cancel. This way, there is that extra day to work things out—though so far she hasn't needed it.

The gate to her shrine is unlocked from early morning to night, and people often knock on her door to tell her how Jude has helped them solve the most difficult problems.

One person who used to stop by Mrs. Espino's shrine maybe three or four times a day during certain hard times in her life is Mary Carmen Rivera.

As she says, "I got my start there. Without having any idea why, I was drawn to go in that gate and see that saint."

She says St. Jude is for hopeless cases and she was a hopeless case.

Now she owns a little one-acre ranchito over by the Santa Cruz River on 21st Street between Santa Cruz Lane and West Kroeger Lane, and she calls it St. Jude's Ranch. You might say just owning it is a miracle.

She and St. Jude run a happy place for chickens and ducks and horses and two cows (named Henrietta and Princess), and a few goats as well as several handsome dogs.

She will tell you about dozens of miracles, both small and large, which have happened there, miracles for people who come for help, even miracles for the animals who live at St. Jude's Ranch.

Miss Rivera's statue came from Sears. It is heavy cement and the price was \$18.95. So she had two problems. He was too heavy to carry home without transportation, and besides that, she didn't quite have \$18.95.

But she spoke to him right there in

the store. She told him, "You help me get the money, and you help my nephew pass his driver's test so he can drive over here to get you, and then I'll take you home."

Her nephew passed the test with no trouble at all, every answer perfect. And she was able to borrow the money.

Now St. Jude stands in a rock shrine with a small pool of water where there is a fountain you can turn on when you want to. The animals like to drink his water better than the water in their own pans. Passing birds like it, too.

Over the years, the paint fades and chips and is repainted. Everything is spruced up for the fiesta in his honor in October (Miss Rivera's date is earlier too, to accomodate the schedule of the priest who will say mass), and other people sometimes show their thanks by sponsoring extra fiestas. This year there will have been three celebrations there.

Each fiesta seems to be the best. That's how it is with the saint of the impossible. □

Byrd Baylor has written several award-winning children's books and a novel about Indians in Tucson, Yes Is Better Than No.

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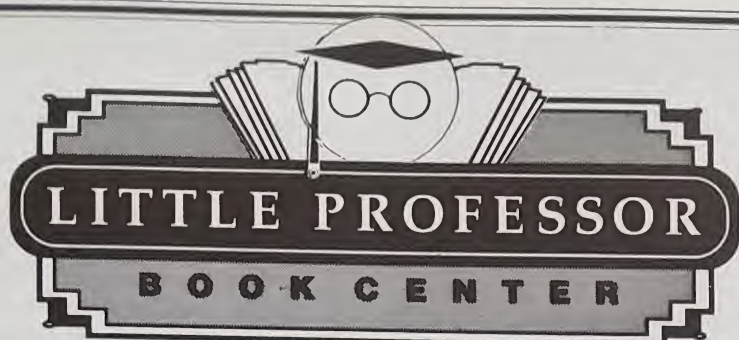
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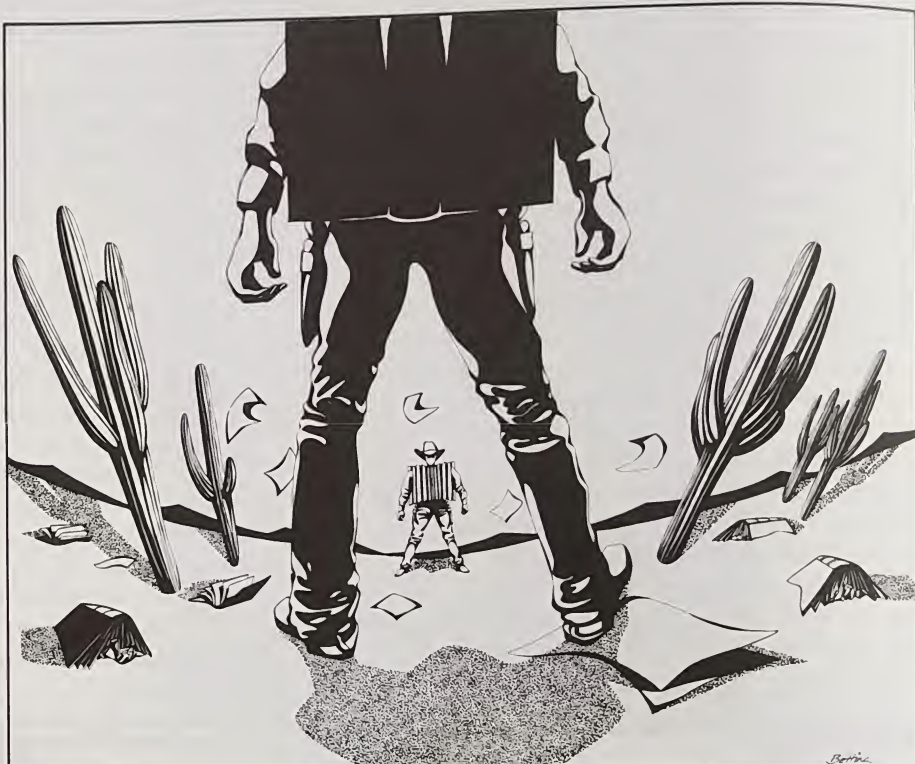
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BOOKS

KILLING THE PAST IN THE SOUTHWEST

Our history is too sexy to be left to the historians.

BY CHARLES BOWDEN



When I first saw Boot Hill at age twelve, I did not know what to make of a row of bones sleeping under piles of rocks with bits of doggerel ("Here lies Lester Moore/ Four shots from a .44/ No Les, No More") dancing across the cheap headstones. I still don't, but if it's any comfort, neither do the historians.

The latest effort from the University of Arizona Press to explain one of the West's most notorious gunfighters is Jack Burrows' *John Ringo: The Gunfighter Who Never Was* (1987, \$21.95, 242 pp.). The book is a fair example of the problem. Ringo, who died an apparent suicide in July, 1882, along Turkey Creek in the Chiricahua Mountains, has been considered by many novelists and hacks the baddest of bad; yet Burrows discovers there is only one sure kill that can be assigned to his gun—his own death. The author spends many pages examining various theories of his demise (did Wyatt Earp sneak down from Colorado and do him in? Etc.). In fact, the book is not a biography but a bunch of quibbles about early accounts (best left to the footnotes), and this dull pudding is interlarded with Burrows' efforts to deal with living members of the Ringo family who apparently do not desire to deal with him.

The writing in this book is pretty damn bad ("Credibility deliquesces in

the absence of tangible documentation"; "If one might seek analogy in nature, Tombstone was like a tankful of barracudas into which was dumped a bucketful of piranhas; around and about all these swam a jellyfish, charged with keeping the peace."), but that is not the major problem. This history is not about the nineteenth century West itself, but about the quarrels among the buffs who dote on the era of the gunfighter. Thus, we chew on ideas such as, "The Western myth has itself become a myth." Anyone out there who understands that sentence can drop a postcard to this office and share their insights with the simple souls that staff this periodical.

We have no adequate history of the Southwest, and I have begun to fear we may never get one. What we have are various cuts at the past by different interests—pulp fiction writers harvesting the purple sage; anthropologists zooming in on cultural contacts and exchanges; buff historians getting lost in the trivia of where the men stood at the gunfight at O.K. Corral; professional historians of the Borderlands and New Spain looking for heroes in the early padres, soldiers and politicians; profs facing the torpedoes of Publish or Perish and cranking out journal articles and monographs on bits and pieces of the past—or, in the words of a friend who is an aca-

BOOKS

demographic historian of the West, "answering questions no one ever asked."

What they are missing is the vitality of the region's past, a rawness that continues to wow people. Good God, we still have truck drivers dressing like gunfighters and aesthetes seeking any shred of the aboriginal and Jesuit past like fragments of the true cross. The Southwest dominates our minds and is an endless story we love to hear. That's fine—I was brought up on the Lincoln County War and the hellish ways of Curly Bill and Geronimo. But at some point we ought to figure out what really happened and what it all means for us.

I'd like to suggest a few clues. The Southwest was largely settled by marginal people. In the case of the Indians, it was tribes drifting in from other regions (the Apache and Navajos walked down from Canada, arriving about the same time as the Spaniards) or tribes being crushed in their efforts to mimic the more complicated style of life found farther south (that's why we have so many nice ruins). The Europeans and Americans were basically rejects from their own cultures. The Southwest then and now has always been on the edge of the world, not at the center, and the kind of people who wound up here, until quite recently, were either redundant at home or driven out for criminal tendencies. This was the playground of folks nobody wanted.

As it happens, there is a book about another frontier that could serve as a model of what should be done here: Robert Hughes' *The Fatal Shore: The Epic of Australia's Founding* (Knopf, 1987, \$24.95, 688 pp.) The text has a simple thesis: "Now, this coast was to witness a new colonial experiment, never tried before, not repeated since. An unexplored continent would become a jail." According to the author, Australians are a little ashamed of their convict past, and so he dives deeply into early Eighteenth Century England to explain the world the emigrants came from, the class of people who were shipped out, and rigors of the passage (an African slave suffered six weeks on the southern passage, an English convict eight months). It was a land that consumed eight million gallons of gin in 1743 at a time when all of England and Wales contained about six million people. So much for the horrors of our cocaine epidemic.

We learn in detail just what kind of crime got a person transported to the other side of the world:

Elizabeth Beckford, the second-oldest woman on the First Fleet, was seventy. Her crime, for which she got seven years' transportation, was to have stolen twelve pounds of Gloucester cheese. At the Stafford Assizes, a laborer named Thomas Hawell went down for seven years for

"feloniously stealing one live hen to the value of 2d., and one dead hen to the value of 2d." Elizabeth Powely, twenty-two and unemployed, raided a kitchen in Norfolk, took a few shillings' worth of bacon, flour and raisins...and was sentenced to hang; but a reprieve came and off to Australia she went....

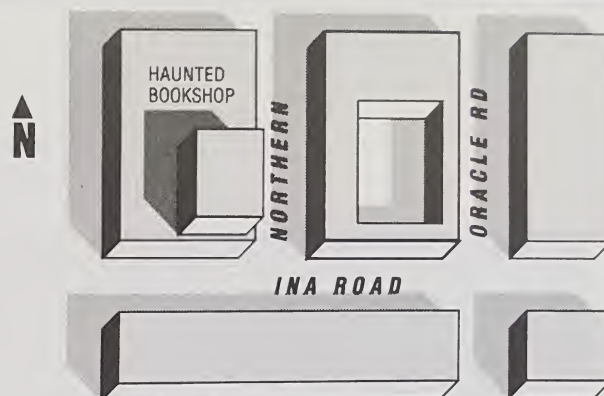
William Rickson, a nineteen-year-old laborer, made off with a wooden box which proved to contain merely a piece of linen and five books. James Grace, an eleven-year-old, took ten yards of ribbon and a pair of silk stockings. William Francis stole a book entitled "A Summary Account of the Flourishing State of the Island of Tobago"....They all went down for seven years.

Hughes tells who founded Australia, why, and what the experience felt and looked like. The book is both alive and thorough, and we visit the dead who are suddenly alive. This is the convicts' first night ashore in their new home:

A fortnight passed before enough tents and huts were ready for the female convicts. On February 6 their disembarkation began....The last of them landed by six in the evening. It was a squally day, and thunderheads were piled up in livid cliffs above the Pacific; as dusk fell, the weather burst. Tents blew away; within minutes the whole encampment was a rain-lashed bog. The women floundered to and fro, dragged as muddy chickens under a pump, pursued by male convicts intent on raping them....Meanwhile, most of the sailors on Lady Penrhyn applied to her master, Captain William Seer, for an extra ration of rum "to make merry with upon the women quitting the ship"....And before long the drunken tars went off to join the convicts in pursuit of the women, so that [one man remarked] "it is beyond my abilities to give a just description of the scene of debauchery and riot that ensued during the night." It was the first bush party in Australia, with "some searing, others quarrelling, others singing—not in the least regarding the tempest...." And as the couples rutted between the rocks, guts burning from the harsh Brazilian aguardiente, their clothes slimy with red clay, the sexual history of colonial Australia may fairly be said to have begun. Its political began the next day.

Hughes, as it happens, is the art critic for *Time* magazine. Perhaps that explains why he could produce a readable yet intelligent history, and why academic historians generally can write neither. Hughes comes to his subject with questions beyond establishing a chronology or fixating on meaningless facts. He, as an Australian, wants to know just what kind of people he and his nation sprang from.

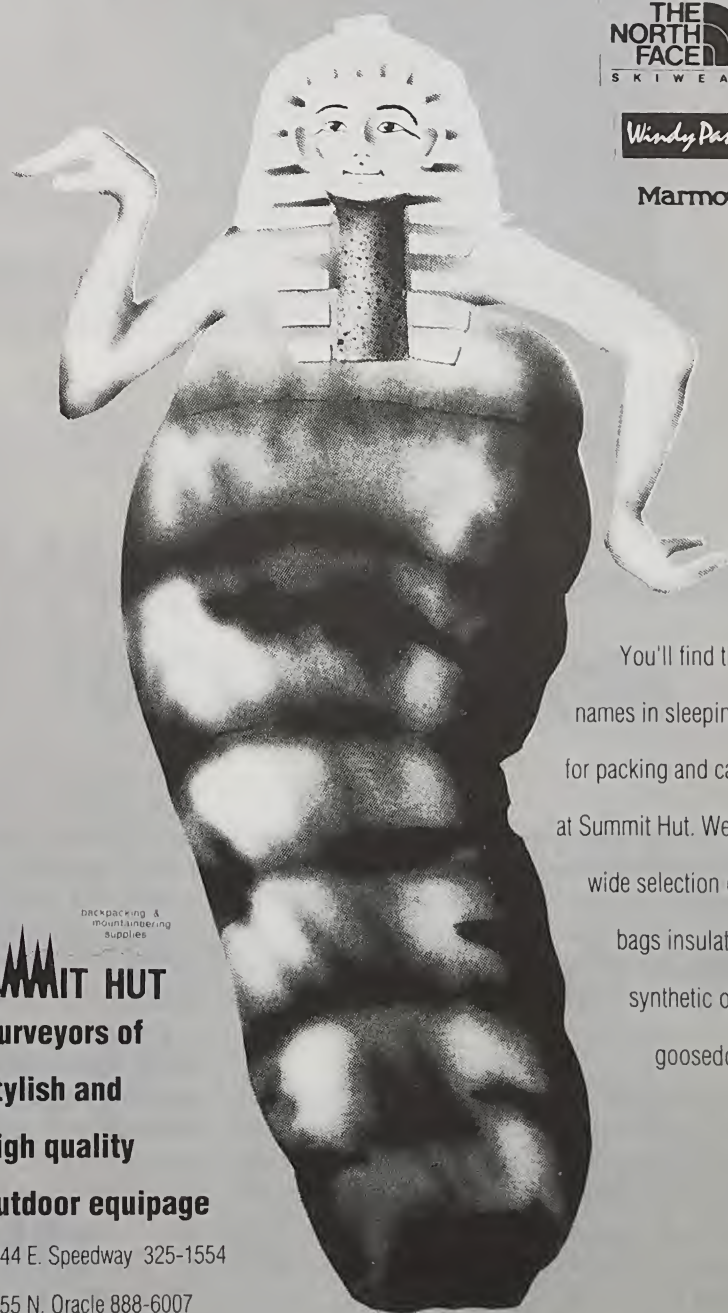
We are still waiting for a person with such an ambition in the Southwest. □



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Lynn Pyeatt

She is twenty-three, five foot three and three-quarter inches, manages production at Nordensson Lynn & Associates, a local ad agency, and was born in Northern Arizona on a ranch. Five days a week she works in the city. And then on the weekends, she leaves and becomes something else: a calf roper in the rodeo.

I was born and halfway raised in Winslow, Arizona. My father rodeos, my brother rodeos, it's kind of my background. Roping is just like any other sport. I'm an athlete, a rodeo athlete. It's that satisfaction of winning, of doing good. It's a high, I guess. I don't hurt the calf or anything, I don't tie him; I just rope him.

It started when I was about seven. I've been riding horses since I was about three. I've never been

hurt roping—just rope burns. It's Friday, I go home, I load up my horses, gas up my truck and go to a rodeo. I'll go to New Mexico or anywhere in Arizona. Sometimes I drive all night. I make a little money, a small profit. But it's the satisfaction of doing good—that's mainly why I'm in it.

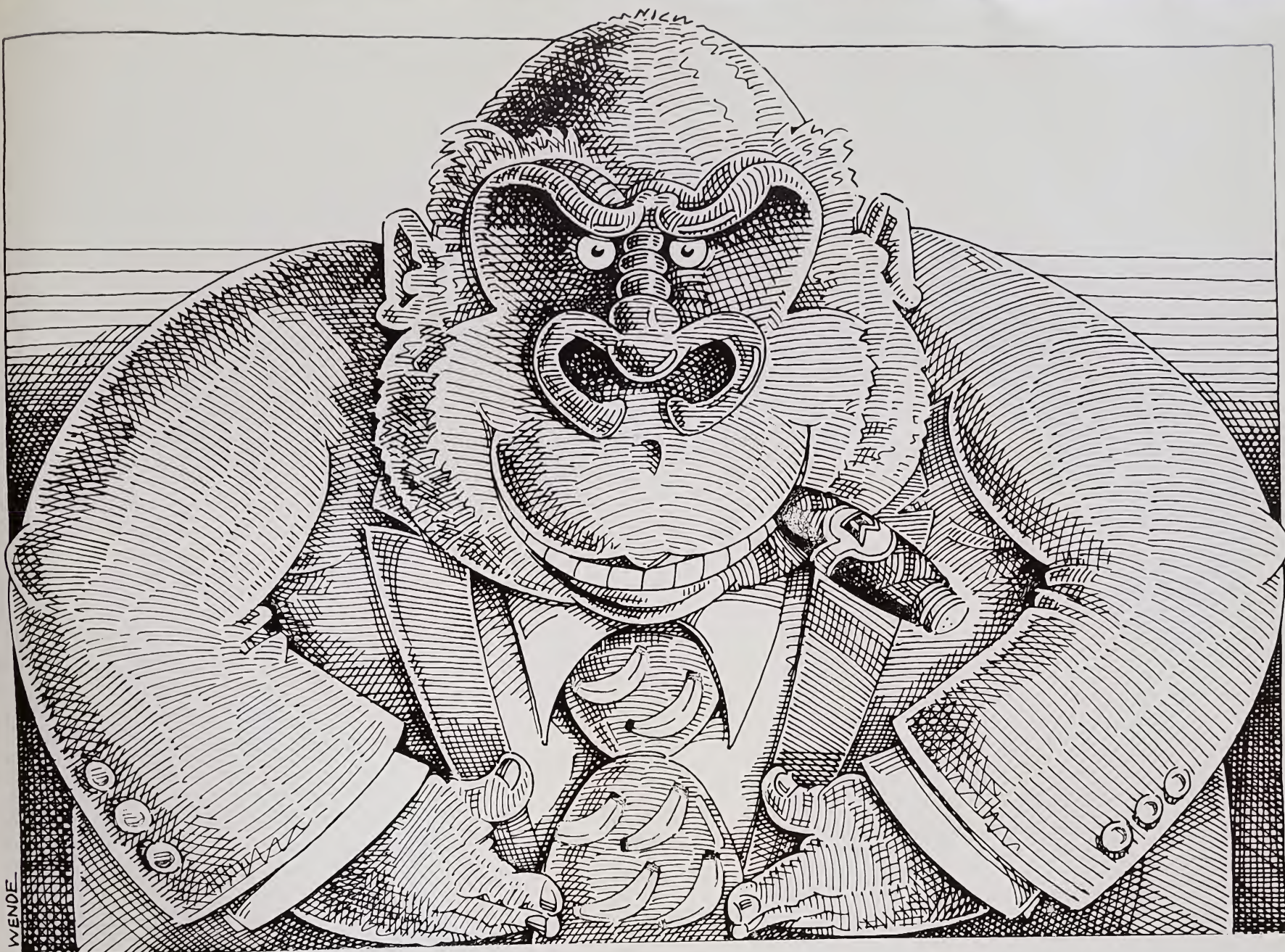
Women can't stay in the sport as long as men. Right now I'm training a barrel racing horse, so maybe I can stay in the sport a little longer. Why do women quit? Well, you might want to get married and have kids. After a while you want to quit—I don't know what it is that makes a woman want to give it up.

The majority of my friends rodeo also, so to them what I do is no big deal. But the people at the office here tease me sometimes—'Oh, I can't imagine you on a horse'—that's what I hear a lot of. I

don't want to grow up. I just want to do what I do now. I want a ranch, I want to raise cattle, I want privacy, I want to get out of the city. I'd like to go up north, Colorado maybe, or Montana, somewhere where there aren't very many people.

I've got two horses, mares, and I try to ride them every day. It takes about eight months training before I take them to a rodeo. I spend two to four hours a day with them. We hit about twenty rodeos a year.

The best part of a rodeo is just winning. I was going to the UA one semester, and the coach of the rodeo team wouldn't give me a scholarship. And I didn't have the money to go full-time to college. He wouldn't let me on the team, that's what it amounted to. But I beat all his girls in the first rodeo we had. That's what was so good—just proving to him that I had something backing me. Ability.



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